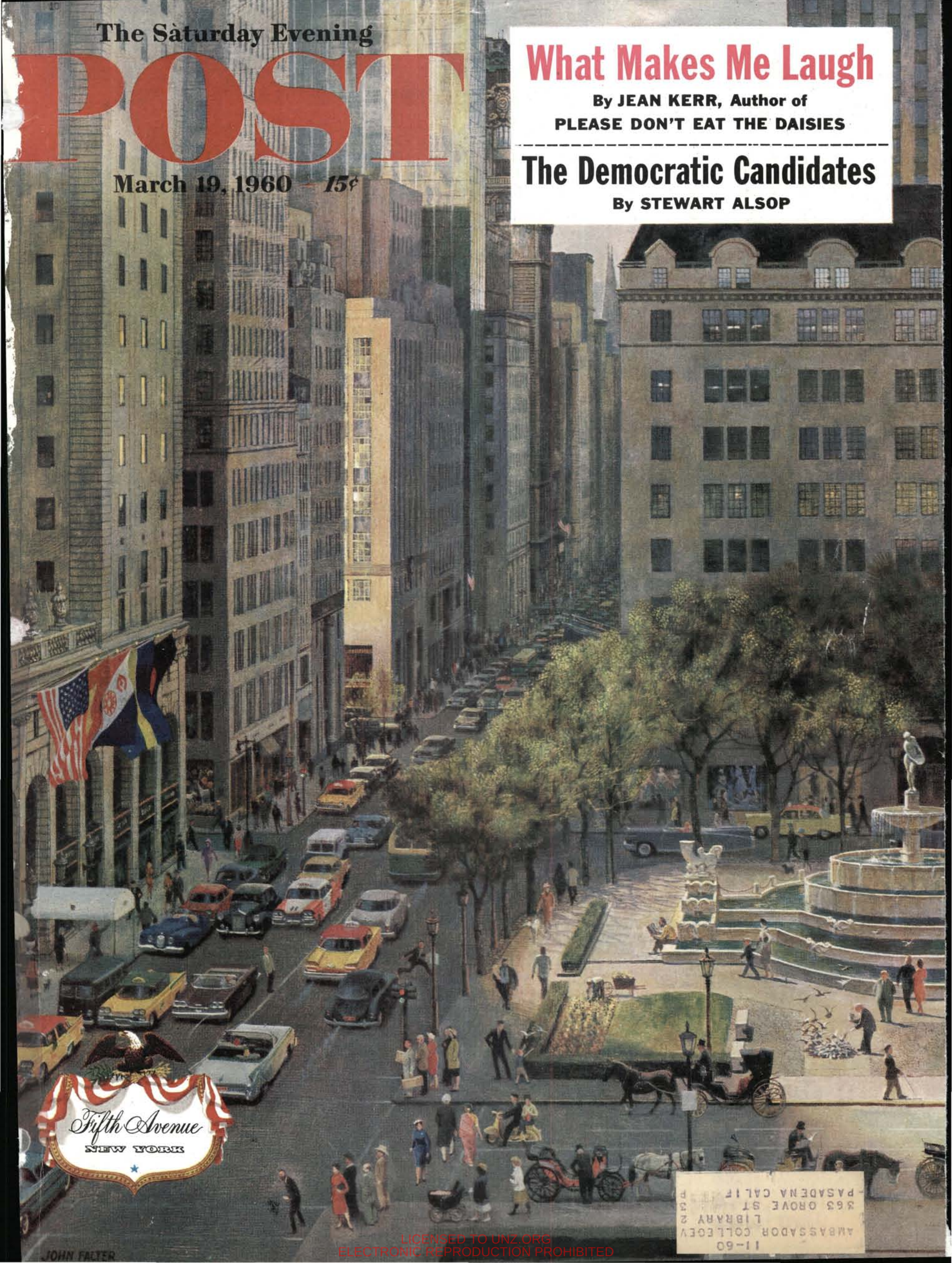
The Saturday Evening
POST
March 19, 1960 — 15¢

What Makes Me Laugh

By JEAN KERR, Author of
PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

The Democratic Candidates

By STEWART ALSOP



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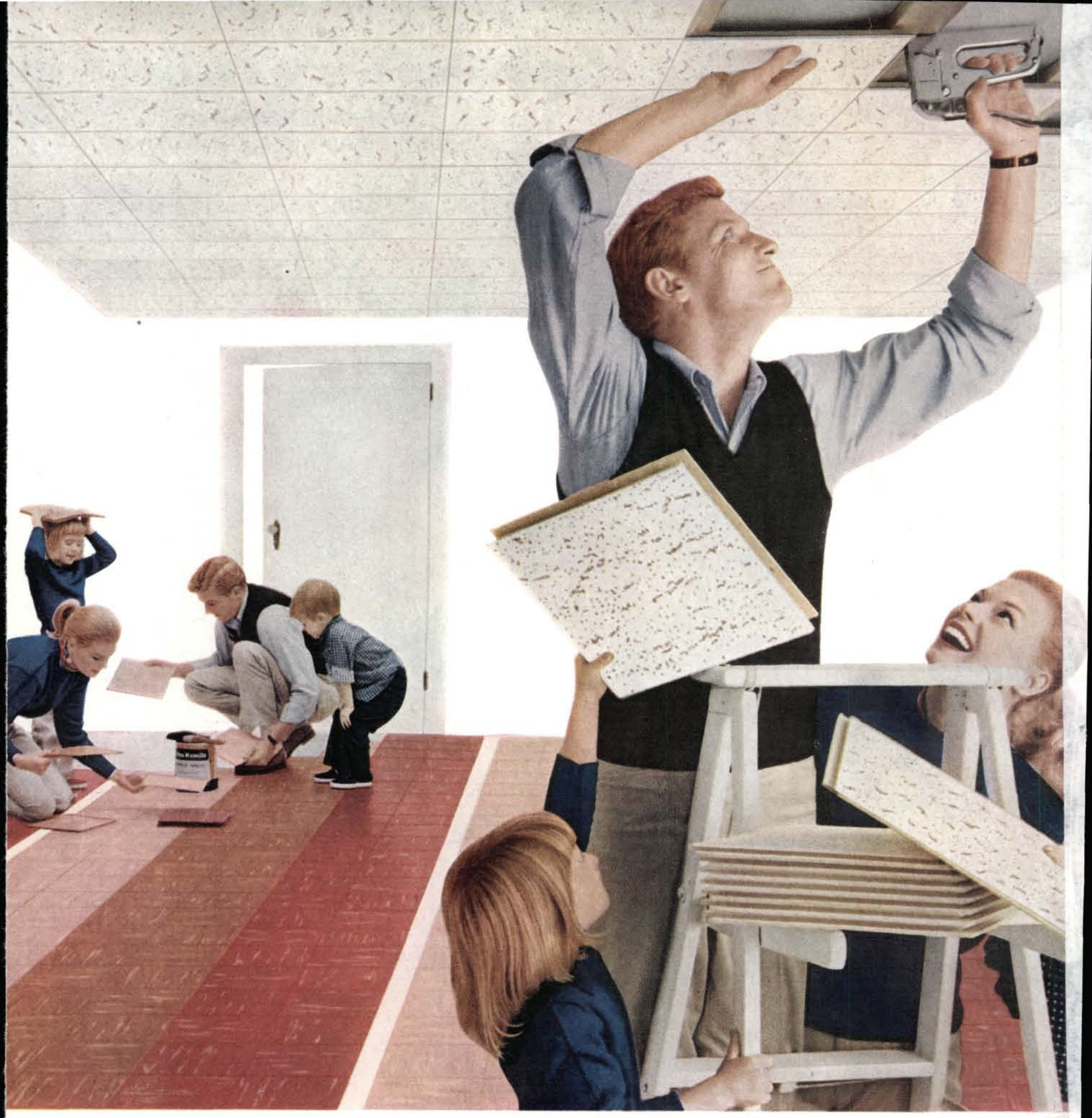

Create an exciting new floor . . . with stylish, glamorous J-M *Terraflex Vinyl-asbestos Floor Tile*. Smart, beautiful. Cleans with a swish of damp paper towel. Many colors and styles, including gold-metallic. An easy do-it-yourself project. Cost? Enough for an average room, about $37.50.

Sh-sh-h-h-h! Stop that noise . . . with Johns-Manville *Acoustical Ceili Panels*. Extremely decorative, they soak up 75% of the room noise that strik them. Great for children's rooms, family areas. They go right over cracked soiled ceilings. Easy to do yourself. Panels for an average ceiling, about $

nds of dollars to gly little money)

A few dollars wisely spent on improving your home can make its real estate value shoot way up. Often many times what you spend! By consulting the ideas suggested here, you can transform your present house into a glamorous new one—worth more, and more delightful to live in.

For help to get started, just visit your Johns-Manville dealer at his Home RENEWAL Headquarters. He'll answer questions—give you ideas and tell you about his fine J-M 7-Star Value Products. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages – under *Building Materials, Flooring, Insulation, Roofing, Siding,* or *Plastics.*

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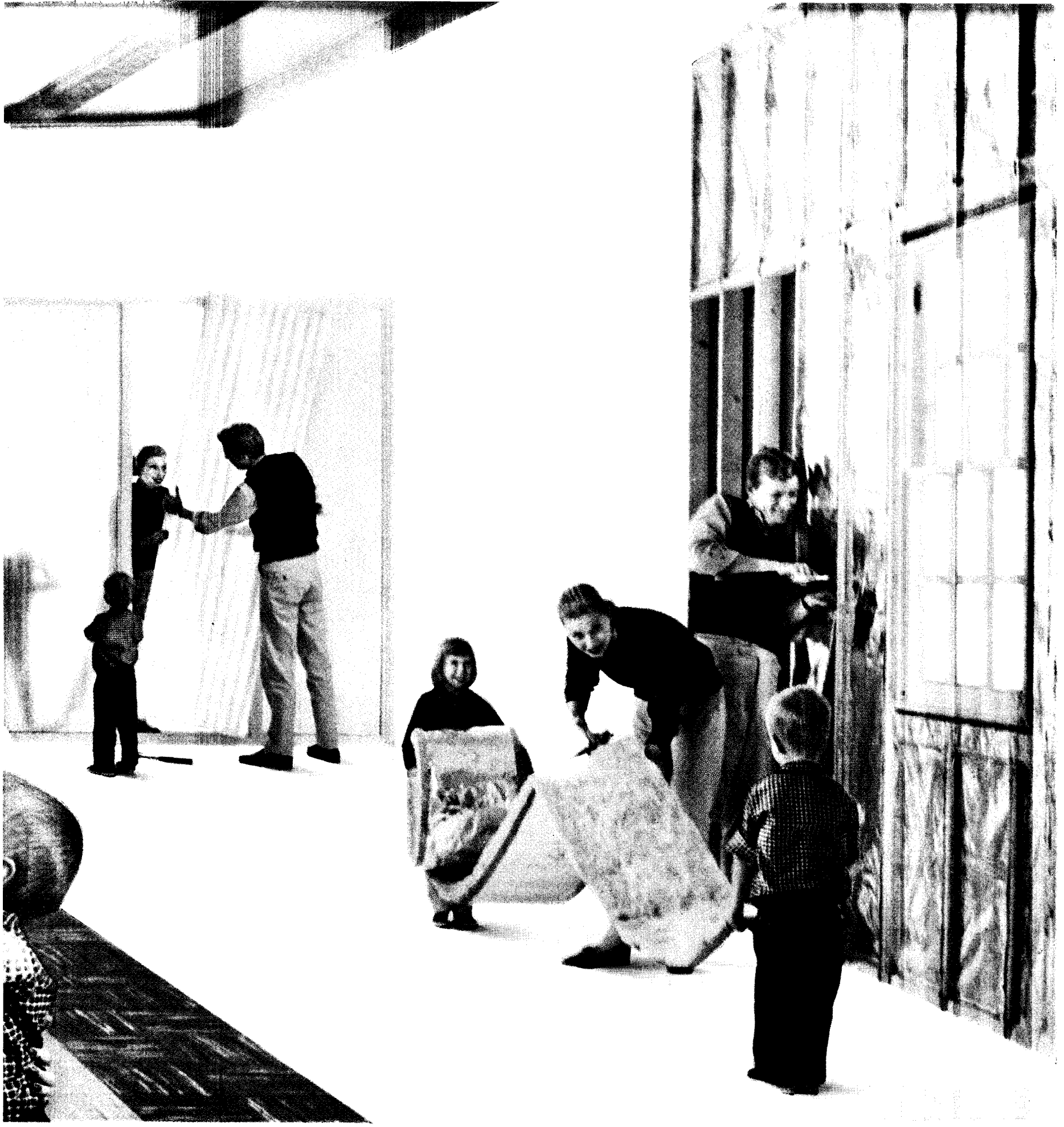
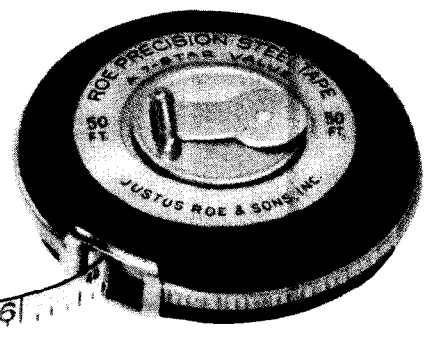


Turn sunshine into color . . . with the new, translucent *Corrulux Panels*. Looks like glass, but it's shatterproof. Can be sawed and drilled. Comes in beautiful colors, can be used cleverly for patio roofs, screens, awnings, and room dividers. An unusual way to add beauty to your home. About $35 for an average room divider.

Save money on heat, air conditioning . . . with light-weight Johns-Manville *Fiber Glass Insulation*. Saves up to 30% on heating bills. Keeps your home warmer in winter, cooler in summer. Clean and easy to handle. One man can insulate a whole attic in hours. 200 square feet, about $17.

J-M

THIS $4.95 STEEL TAPE—ONLY $2.00 with coupon from any Johns-Manville Dealer. Here's how to own this fine Justus Roe & Sons 50-foot precision steel measuring tape! Come in to your Johns-Manville Dealer for a coupon. Mail coupon with cash, check or money order. It's that easy to get this offer—ideal for all do-it-yourselfers. At JOHNS-MANVILLE DEALERS.



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Even before move-in day arrives, a neighborly welcome to Winter Park is extended by telephone man Richard Anderson to the Allen Trovillion family.

Florida is building its biggest boom

Telephone "pre-wiring" cuts cost, adds convenience—and it's typical of the services provided by Independents everywhere.

Winter Park, once a quiet retirement haven of 10,000 people, is expected to house 130,000 by 1970. Here's how this lake-studded city is welcoming "overnight" change . . . with the help of an *Independent* telephone company.

When the electronics industry moved nearby, Winter Park became its bedroom. A $20 million missile plant in neighboring Orlando brought more thousands.

For the *independently* owned and managed telephone company in this residential community, fast growth required fast action . . . and foresight.

The Winter Park Telephone Company, founded in 1910 by the late Carl H. Galloway, Sr., and now managed by his three sons, boosted telephones in service from 2,421 in 1946 to over 19,500 today.

Profits from $1,600,000 in operating revenues, together with funds from outside investors, will help expand that number to 41,000 within the next 5 years.

Because telephone facilities keep pace with population growth, Florida's biggest boom—3,000 new people every week—will continue its dynamic ways. And the case of Winter Park Telephone is not unusual.

It is, in fact, merely characteristic of the 3,600 Independents serving 11,000 growing communities from Key West to the Klondike . . . to help you reach *all* America.

For an interesting picture of this vital, vigorous industry, write for "An American Story." Dept. 33, *U.S. Independent Telephone Association, Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D.C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Fifth Avenue—showcase of fashion, hub of big industry, parade ground for visiting celebrities, home to the very rich. In her 135 blocks between Greenwich Village and Harlem are such landmarks as the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Metropolitan Museum of Art—but nowhere is she quite so magnificent and vivacious as here at Fifty-ninth Street, gateway to Central Park. Between the sun-splashed windows of Tiffany's (left center) and the forlorn figure of Eloise, gazing down from her perch at the Plaza (right), artist John Falter has captured a brilliant Saturday morning in April. (After studying our scene long enough to spot the pickpocket, turn to page 126.)

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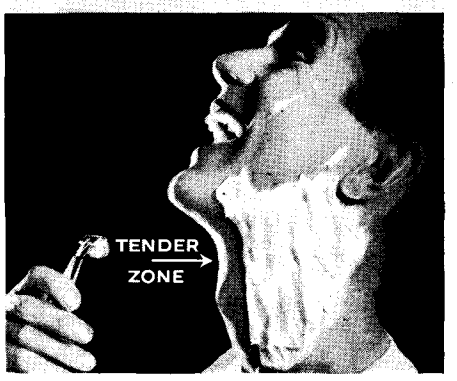

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Letters

"Not With a Bang, Not With a Whimper"

Dear Sirs:

Stewart Alsop's series I SAW WHAT MAKES COMMUNISM WORK [Jan. 30–Feb. 13] is the only reasonable explanation for the endurance of this terroristic and tyrannical form of government.

ROBERT I. LEE
Raleigh, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

[This sentence from the second article in the series] should be required reading for every American: "This may really be how the world ends—not with a bang, not with a whimper either, but with a gradual descent into a kind of gray dustiness in which beauty and elegance and freedom are all traded in for a full-bellied bovine security in which there are only the occasional small, private pleasures to leaven the great gray lump of life."

Security and existence have become a fetish. . . . Thank you for Mr. Alsop's excellent analysis.

D. S. CAMPBELL
Fairbury, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

After almost twelve years in North America . . . I must point out that we here live in fear, too—a different kind, but not less damaging to the human spirit. What happens to a man when he reaches the ripe age of forty and is no longer considered employable? Or when he gets sick? Let's not be so smug. After a whole year without a job, I consider freedom a quite useless article.

JOHN JURKA
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

And who are we to sneer at the Russians' "poorly made" products? Haven't you noticed that appliances, from irons to cars, are needing more and more repair calls? To top it all off, it is getting very difficult to find a truly good repairman.

BARBARA HILDENBRAND
Springfield, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Here is news for Mr. Alsop. Working girls in our own land of freedom and plenty also wear imitation cashmere sweaters—the real things are too costly. And that bit about "occasional small pleasures" amid "full-bellied security" fair tears me heartstrings. The American worker, in this credit economy, is usually one-half a jump ahead of a horde of creditors, a nervous consumer of happy pills and a prime candidate for ulcers and breakdowns, only too aware of his frantic hand-to-mouth existence. . . .

"Communism's cynical youth," eh? Well, just what do you think our youth is? They are imbued with a hard "gonna get mine at any cost" attitude, and they are the victims of a vicious exploitation in the name of freedom by our purveyors of amusements. Shoddy morality is certainly a part of our free world.

S. CHASE
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps in our smugness we had better heed Luke 4:23: "Physician, heal thyself."

JAMES V. RYAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

[As a Hungarian refugee] I am suspicious when I start to read any article about the satellite countries. . . . [But] Mr. Alsop's every conclusion . . . was perfect.

JOHN HORANYI
Dayton, Ohio

"Are They for Real?"

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished your series I CALL ON PRINCESS GRACE [by Pete Martin, Jan. 23–Feb. 6]. Well-written articles on a useless and obsolete type of society.

B. E. SHEPARD
Perry, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Grace is certainly an American product in which we can take just pride—so unspoiled and unaffected, yet able to assume responsibility in a truly regal manner. All the world loves a fairy tale, and this is enchanting.

ALICE A. BUXTON
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

After the handsome prince on his white charger rides into Hollywood and carries off his princess to his never-never land of Shangri-La, how come there

(Continued on Page 8)

STAB IN THE BACK?

Dear Sirs:

The men working on the old mission in New Mexico [THE FACE OF AMERICA: NEW FACE FOR AN OLD CHURCH, Feb. 13] must be hardy descendants of the conquistadors. One fellow has his arm thrust right through the red-shirted fellow's back.

J. A. BURGOON
Columbus, Ohio

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A WORD TO THE WISE:

"THEY ECONOMIZE!"

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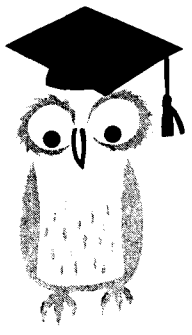
Economy to Florsheim means *Quality*—shoes built better, to wear longer, and cost less by the month and by the mile! The Florsheim "Three-Season" Shoes are typical—lighter, softer, more flexible—but built to live a *triple* life—from Spring through Summer—and right into Fall!



Upper left: The BELFORT, *20612, plain toe blucher in smooth black calf.*

Center: The ROYCE, *30013, center gore slip-on in Perfecto Brown smooth calf; in black, 20011.*

Lower left: The LAUREL, *31673, mocc-front blucher in Perfecto Brown Walnut calf; in black, 21639.*

Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95

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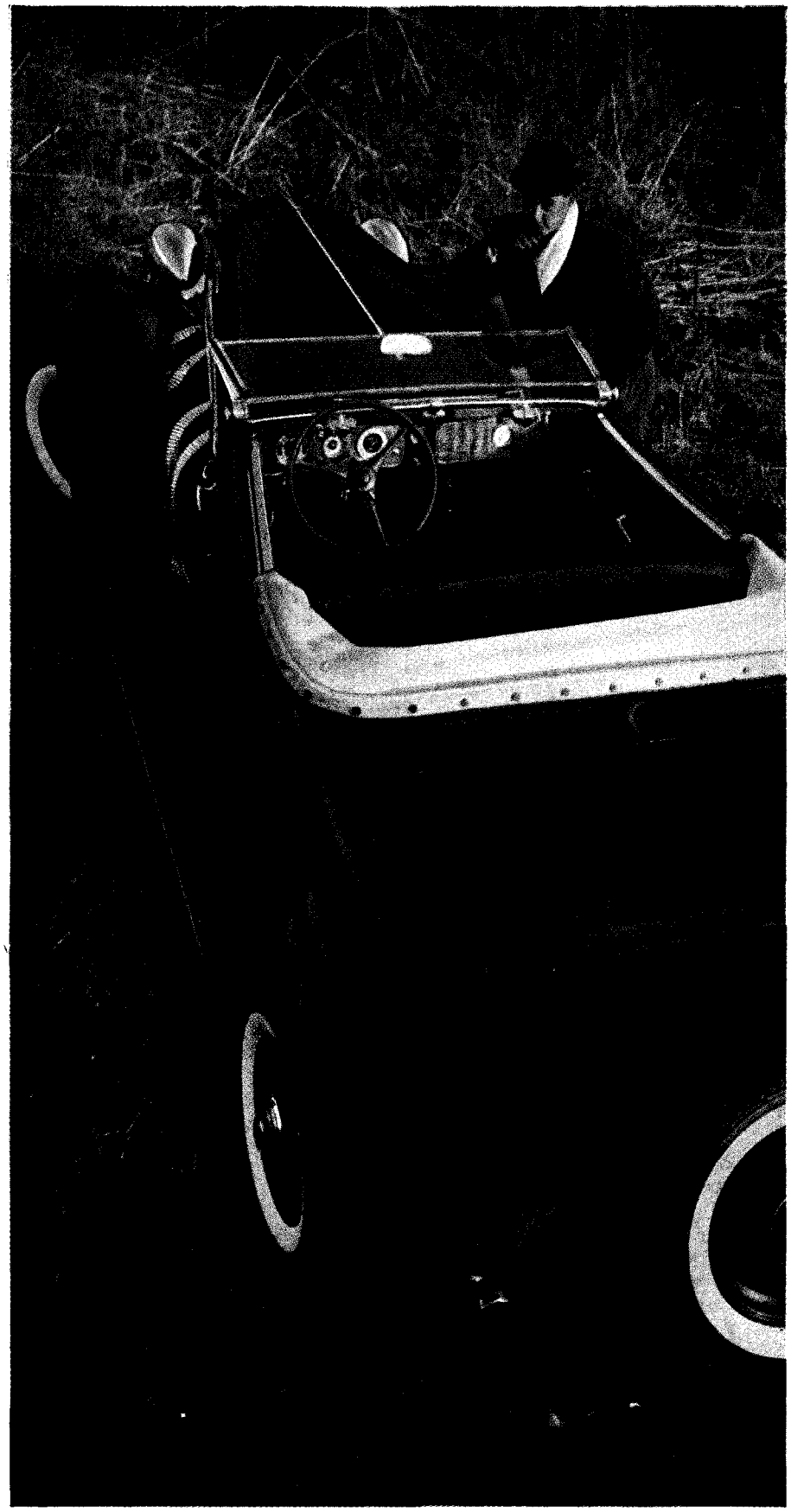

The handsome classic car is a 1936 Auburn Cabriolet. The owner is Denis Drysdale, of Lafayette, Indiana. He keeps it in superb condition, and the motor oil he always specifies for its engine is Quaker State.

"Quaker State keeps my classic Auburn in like-new condition...and my new car, too!" If you care for your car, give it the finest motor oil money can buy, Quaker State. Refined exclusively from pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil to give your car complete, long-lasting protection. Available almost everywhere. Always ask for it by name.

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For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Letters (Continued from Page 6)

isn't a mean stepmother lurking around to louse up things? Tsk, tsk, the story doesn't even contain a witch who at the drop of a broomstick will turn the prince into a green frog.

As Jerry Lewis would say, "Are they for real?"

L. L. TEMPLE
Granby, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I suspected that my daughter Grace might be rather difficult for Pete Martin to interview because I remembered when she was in pictures she refused to discuss anything personal with writers.

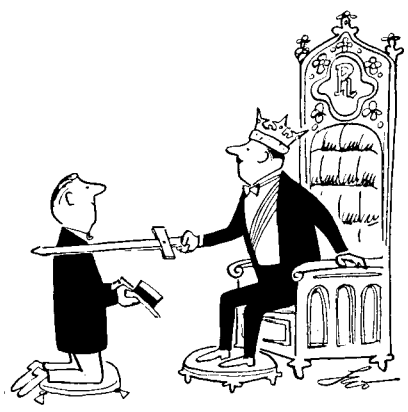
Now that I have read Martin's articles, I want to congratulate him. He has given the world a better understanding both of Grace and the prince.

JOHN B. KELLY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

No doubt Princess Grace and her prince are two charming people, but are modern Americans supposed to take seriously their tiny comic-opera state with its silly trappings of royalty?

JOHN A. PRITCHARD
Charleston, S.C.



Dear Sirs:

I am tired of the antics of . . . Rainier, the prince of a half section of land. Possibly I should rank as Sir William of Beverly.

WILLIAM A. LAIRD
Beverly, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

The only bright spot in the first installment was when unawed Bob Hope popped up in Monaco with an encouraging word for overawed Pete Martin.

MRS. MICHAEL DE CAVALCANTE
Wynnewood, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Not only does Mr. Martin always give a graphic picture of the person he is interviewing, but I think he unconsciously tells the sort of man he himself is. He likes people, likes to find and bring out their best points. It would seem that most anyone, after being interviewed by him and reading his report, would have a desire to be just as nice a person as he says they are.

T. G. SPELMAN
South Haven, Mich.

Revamping Camping

Dear Sirs:

We thoroughly enjoyed the story in the January 30th issue THE BOY FROM THE WOODS [by Richard Savage]. The philosophy expressed and unwritten . . . was certainly in keeping with that of our association of camps. . . . There is a great need to re-establish this pioneer instinct within the souls of our American youth.

FRED V. ROGERS, *President*
American Camping Association
Martinsville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

We are currently changing our complete camp program and physical setup, confirming [Savage's] ideas, in order to bring the Boy Scouts in our council back to the basic understanding of the wonderful life that exists in the forest.

EDWARD P. LEIGHT, *Scout Executive*
State Line Council
Beloit, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The power and mystery of the forest came through well.

MARTHA CLIFFORD
Del Mar, Calif.

Should Guns Be Blamed?

Dear Sirs:

Re your editorial on firearms laws [GUN LAWS SHOULDN'T BE AIMED WILDLY AT ALL SPORTSMEN, Feb. 13]. Dr. M. E. Wolfgang, University of Pennsylvania sociologist, reports that of 588 homicides in Philadelphia in 1948–52, less than a third involved shootings. Nearly two thirds were caused by stabbings (39 per cent) and beatings (22 per cent). Inanimate weapons do not commit homicides; people do. Therefore, let's not blame it on guns. Any legislative action may best be directed toward the restraint and improvement of human behavior.

JAMES E. SERVEN
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

You do not disarm the criminal by passing gun laws which will be obeyed only by the law-abiding citizen.

CHARLES WALDRON
Flushing, N.Y.

Late at the Plate

Dear Sirs:

In Louis Paul's story DEAR JACKSON [Feb. 20] the author says that the baseball game in question is a double-header. But on page 79 Mazie says, as it grows near to eight o'clock, ". . . we are no longer going to make the first inning." I have never heard of a night double-header starting at eight o'clock. Most start at five-thirty or six.

RICHARD E. OAKES
Baltimore, Md.

● *Paul admits to being caught off base.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Don Blair. • 21–Culver; Wide World; Culver; Pictorial Parade; Culver; Wide World. • 23–Philippe Halsman. • 24, 25–Walter Skor. • 26, 27–Eugene Kammerman. 28, 29–Peter Stevens. • 30–Sid Avery, two by Mike Shea. • 31–Two by Mike Shea; anonymous; Sid Avery. • 32–Robert Jones. • 33–New York Times; map by Zen Yonkovig. • 34–Ollie Atkins. • 35–Two by Ollie Atkins; Wide World. • 36, 37–Earl Mayan. • 38–From Norman Rockwell; Norman Rockwell; two from Norman Rockwell. 39–Morgan Kane. • 40, 41–George Harvan. • 44–Bruce Bomberger. • 103–Eugene Kammerman. • 126–Culver; Sid Avery; M-G-M.

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Up to 30 miles to be exact!
Getting in and out
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They're Falcons for price—America's lowest-priced 6-passenger wagon! They're Falcons for size—more compact, more maneuverable—yet they have the longest cargo area of any compact wagon! They're Falcons for gas savings—up to 30 miles a gallon!

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You have a longer cargo area than in any other com wagon—over 7 ft. long (practically no wagon job ever for more!). And the passenger area in these new Fa wagons is built-for-people with full headroom, hat r hip room, leg room for six husky adults. Door opening wide. Windshield posts are swept forward out of your for easier exits and entrances. Room for people? Ind

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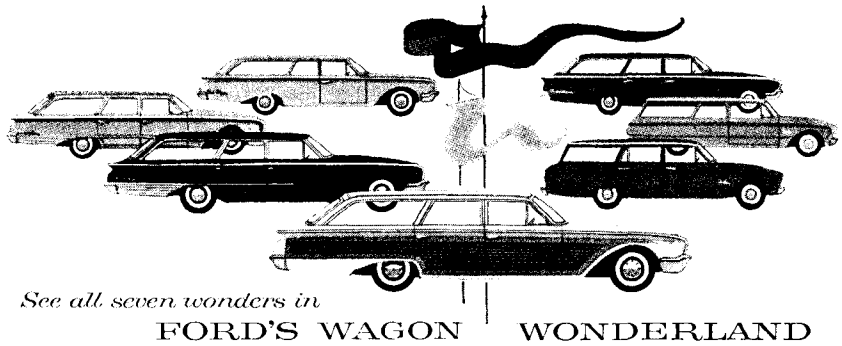
ıe Falcon is America's lowest priced 6-passenger wagon.* ıd the thriftiest! You go up to 30 miles on a gallon of gular . . . can save up to 15% on insurance . . . cut repair sts to a minimum . . . change oil only once every 4,000 miles. You save because of all the "extras" you get but *don't* pay . Fine upholstery . . . arm rests . . . coat hooks . . . sun sors—are all included in the one low price. You'll find *ılcon* economy grows on you! FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company,*

ıed on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices



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Editorials

A Race in Welfare Programs Is Just What We Don't Need!

Renewed controversy over socialized medicine and allied subjects is promised by consideration in Congress of the Forand bill and its running mate in the Senate, the Kennedy bill, both of which provide broad health and medical services for those covered by the Social Security program. This could trigger a can-you-top-this competition in welfare promises. Politicians seldom accept the truth of a remark by D. W. Brogan in the *New Leader*: "People are less grateful for benefits than irritated by minor annoyances accompanying the benefits."

Indeed, the necessary increase in Social Security taxes on workers and employers—estimated at around $2,100,000,000—would outweigh in many minds the attractiveness of the additional hospital, medical, nursing and clinical services provided in both these bills. Both bills are under heavy attack as constituting the longest "breakthrough" yet toward socialized medicine in the United States.

The above comments do not mean that the Social Security system is perfect. For one thing, there is no reason why fifty should remain the minimum age at which workers are eligible for disability benefits. The age limit was put into the bill in 1956 as a concession to members of Congress who feared that the disability provisions would bankrupt the plan. Although chronic illnesses occur more frequently in older people, men and women under fifty also become disabled, and it is difficult to see why their troubles should be ignored on the theory that they are too young to have troubles.

Another reform is one we have urged before—namely, the removal of the limitation on the earnings of Social Security annuitants between ages sixty-five and seventy. This limitation is widely regarded as unfair and discriminatory. It produces a sense of frustration in men who are often upset by retirement from routine employment, besides denying them the opportunity to offset to some extent the effect of inflation on their Social Security checks. It is doubtful that this change would add greatly to the cost of Social Security as an appreciable part of the earnings of annuitants would be recouped in income tax.

Another possible shoring up of the disability provisions lies in the field of administration. Rep. Cleveland Bailey of West Virginia reports complaints of inconsistent rulings by Social Security officials on applications for disability allowances. He cited one case of a man who had been described as totally disabled by a life-insurance company, but was turned down for disability allowances as not disabled within the meaning of the Social Security law. Congress might well set up uniform standards to govern these procedures.

In any event, there is no virtue in jumping headfirst into state medical care without attempting to smooth out the bulges in the existing system. Neither the Forand bill nor the Kennedy bill seems to take account of the existence of hundreds of public, private and mixed hospital and health plans all over the country. Stimulated by threats of Government health programs, the private insurance business has come up with all sorts of new security devices. The Insurance Information Office of Pennsylvania is authority for the statement that 123,038,000 Americans are already protected for medical and hospital care—including 40 per cent of all persons over 65.

This awakening might well have occurred earlier. It is true that an insurance company is required by law to maintain reserves against emergencies, while the Government, if faced with an insolvent insurance plan, need only increase the tax. Nevertheless, a little intrusion of political prescience into actuarial calculation might avert the trend toward welfare socialism in this country.

As President Eisenhower has said, "The Federal Government alone cannot and should not undertake to meet all these needs. Where assistance is needed, much of the initiative is rightly being taken by the states and communities, by families, employers, labor organizations, voluntary groups and religious bodies throughout the nation." If anything could weaken the determination of such groups to take care of their own—not to mention the desire of individuals to provide for their own "rainy days"—it would be the news that everything was being taken care of by the welfare state.

Russia's Overdue Hydroelectric Progress Shouldn't Scare Us Into Public Ownership

One item in the "Russia's catching us" field seems singularly nonfrightening. The reference is to a staff study and report to the Senate committees on interior and insular affairs and public works which declares that Russia is building hydroelectric plants faster than we are. The report is the result of a trip to the Soviet Union by three senators—Moss of Utah, Gruening of Alaska and Muskie of Maine—who were accompanied by a group of public-ownership-minded experts including Clyde Ellis, general manager of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, and Michael Straus, once Harold Ickes' first assistant secretary.

The report includes statements like these:

"The U.S.S.R. is catching up with the United States in electric-power production. . . .

"The U.S.S.R. constructs big hydroelectric dams faster than the United States does."

"The Soviet Union plans to have 178,000 miles of transmission lines by 1965, a projected annual average increase of 20 per cent. In contrast the average increase in the United States from 1948 to 1957 was 3½ per cent."

Also, on page 45 of the report is a graph purporting to show that, at the present rate of growth, Soviet plant capacity will pass United States plant capacity in 1975. Curiously enough, the rate of growth of Soviet plant capacity is given as 8,857,000 kilowatts per year, while United States growth is stated as 10,660,000 kilowatts. There may be a statistical answer to this, but how Russia can overtake us although moving at a slower pace is a mystery to outsiders.

Whether these presentations are true or phony, the important thing is that they are irrelevant. It should be obvious that the Soviet Union, which is trying to industrialize and is short of power, must add to its power-producing facilities at a faster rate than the United States, which is intensively industrialized already. Because Russia is building needed power facilities there is no reason why we should build unneeded power plants!

What about the rapid percentage growth of transmission lines in the U.S.S.R.? It should be obvious that, for a country which has one transmission line, the addition of another transmission line would represent "growth" of 100 per cent. But a country like the United States, which has transmission lines to every neck of the woods, could add ten times as many lines as the U.S.S.R. builds without adding materially to its percentage of increase.

We may well be concerned about the end result of Russian power production. Will they use it to build more missiles and ICBM's? Will they flood the world's markets with their goods? Or will they sit back and enjoy prosperity like other people? But those are questions which couldn't be answered by our producing more electric energy than we need, just to make a race of it.

Anyway, as Sen. Wallace Bennett of Utah said, in commenting on this staff study, "The fact of the matter is that we not only are far ahead but are actually widening the gap. Between now and 1965 the United States will add almost twice as much new electric capacity per year as will Russia."

In view of the accomplishments of our electric industry in meeting and keeping ahead of the industrial needs of the nation, not to mention the hundreds of domestic uses which the U.S.S.R. makes no effort to encourage, it seems unnecessary to become too excited over this latest effort to scare us just because Russia is trying to build a modern nation.

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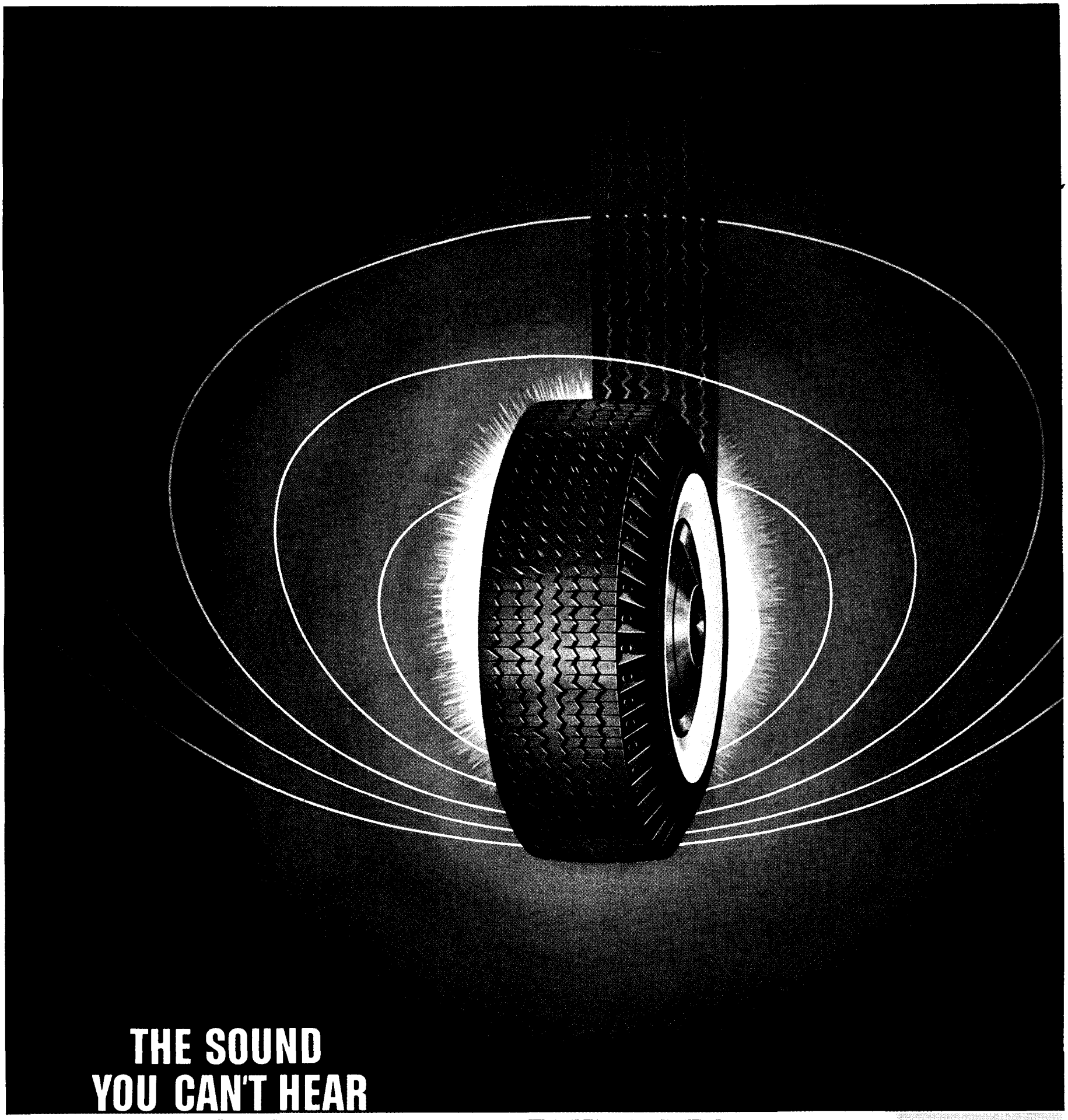

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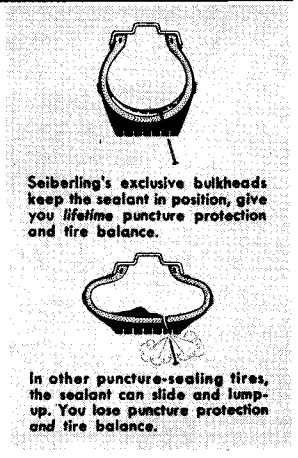

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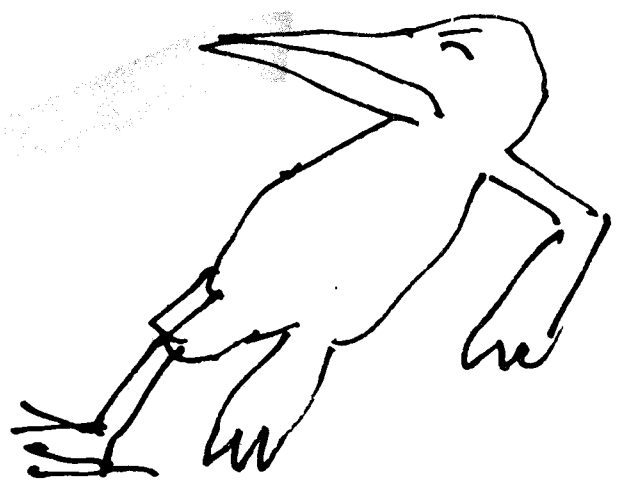

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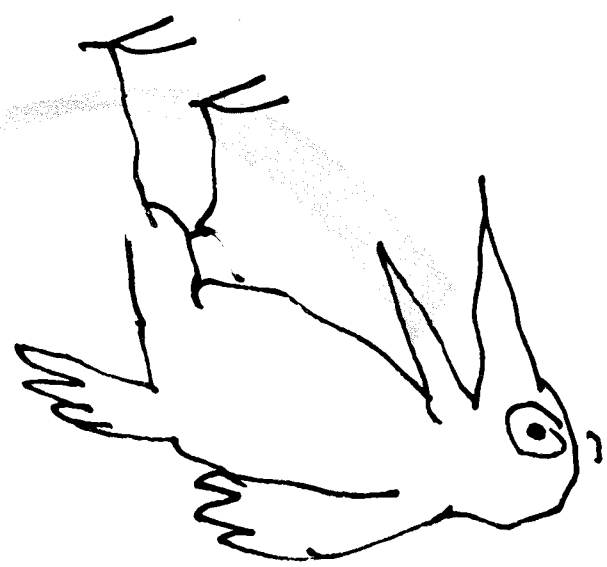

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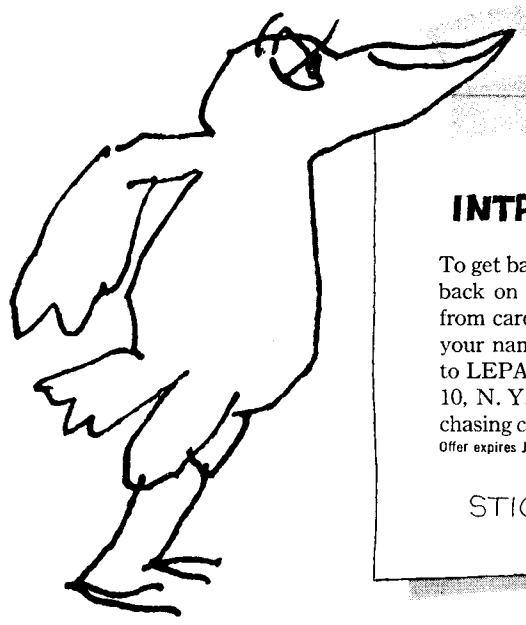

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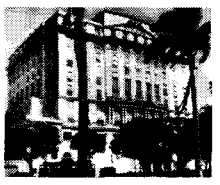

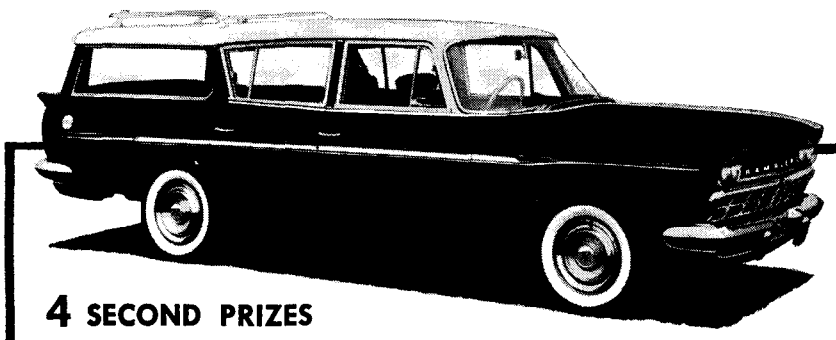

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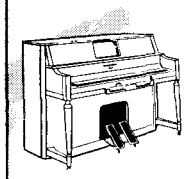

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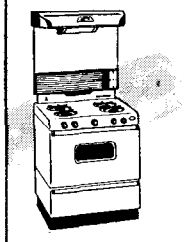

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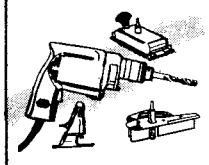

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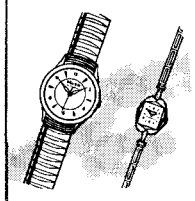

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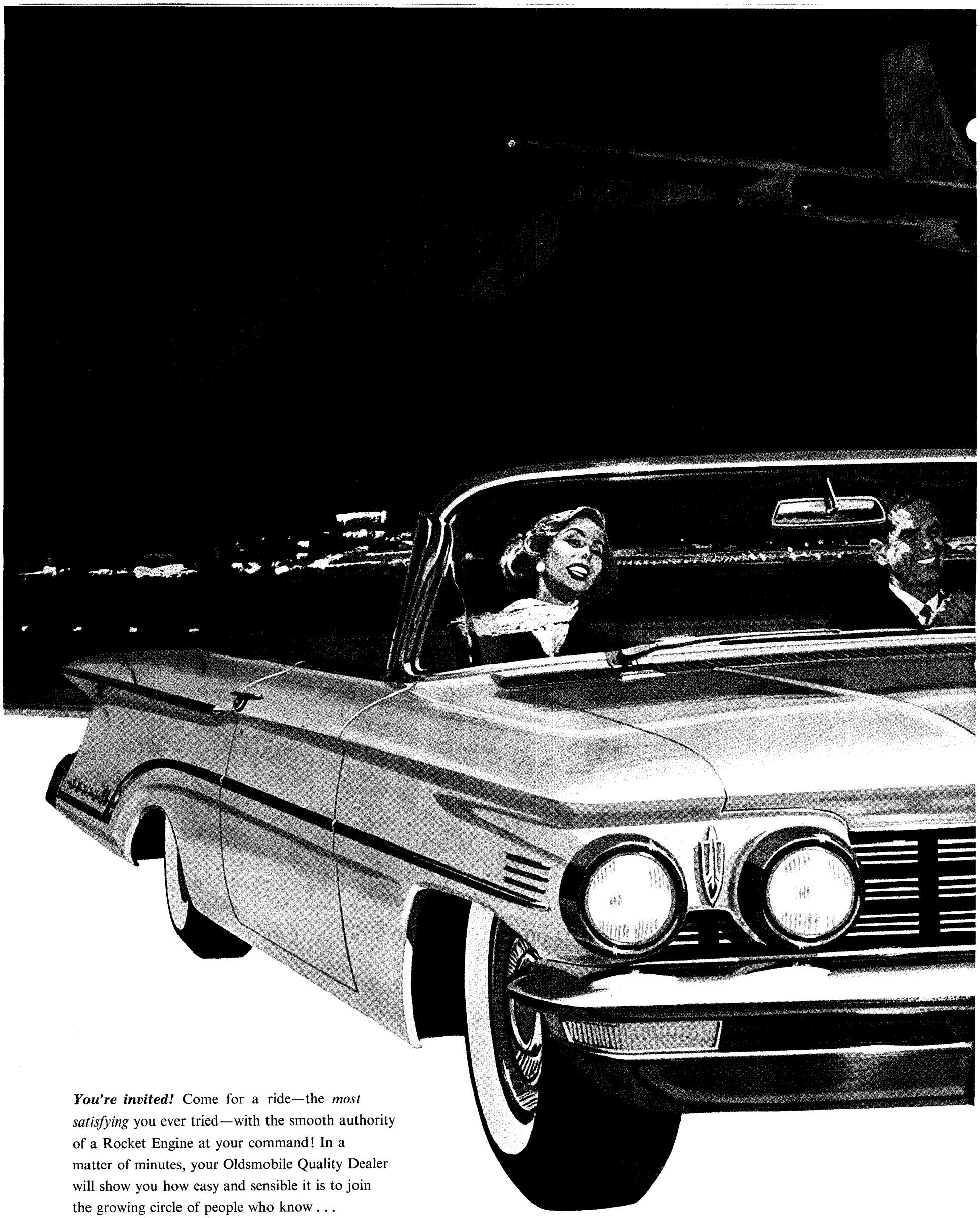

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What Makes Me LAUGH

By Jean Kerr

The author of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* names the special things—and people—that strike her as hilarious. She also reveals her "three rules of humor."

Robert Benchley

Alexander Woollcott

S. J. Perelman

Ring Lardner

Dorothy Parker

In many ways what makes you laugh is as private as what makes you cry. I can no more explain why I am still laughing at books Robert Benchley wrote thirty years ago than I can tell you why I weep uncontrollably any time and every time I hear *Amahl and the Night Visitors.*

Peter Lind Hayes reports that he was once asked to leave a stylish restaurant because he was laughing so noisily over the volume of Benchley he was reading with his lunch. I wish I'd been there. I would have been proud to join him on the sidewalk. With Benchley you get the feeling that he is not really trying to be funny at all, he's just trying to be helpful—as when he writes a short question-answer guide for anxious parents:

Q. What should not be fed to young infants?

A. Ripe olives.

Or when he is explaining the difficulties involved in organizing a barbershop quartet: "A good second bass," he says, "is the hardest drunk to find."

When Benchley is not being helpful, he's helpless. Little things confuse and perplex him. For instance,

(Continued on Page 64)

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The Act of Language

By JOHN CIARDI

At the beginning of *The Divine Comedy*, Dante finds himself in a Dark Wood, lost from the light of God. It was no single, specific evil act that led Dante into that darkness but, rather, the sin of omission. Its name is Acedia, the fourth of the Seven Deadly Sins, and by us generally translated "Sloth."

In American-English, however, Sloth may seem to imply mere physical laziness and untidiness. The torpor of Acedia, it must be understood, is spiritual rather than physical. It is to know the good, but to be lax in its pursuit.

Whether one thinks of it as a sin or as a behavioral failure, Acedia is also the one fault for which no artist can be forgiven. Time, as W. H. Auden wrote in his poem titled *In Memory of W. B. Yeats:*

Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives;
Pardons cowardice, conceit,
Lays its honors at their feet.

In place of cowardice and conceit, Auden might have cited any catalogue of pride, envy, wrath, avarice, gluttony or carnality, and he could still have said that time forgives. The poet may cheat anything else and still win honor from time, but he may not cheat the poem and live.

For a man is finally defined by what he does with his attention. It was Simone Weil who said, "Absolute attention is absolute prayer." I do not, of course, know what an absolute attention is, except as an absolutely unattainable goal. But certainly to seek that increasing purity and concentration of one's attention that will lead to more and more meaningful perception, is not only possible but is the basic human exercise of any art. It must be added, however, that *in art it does not matter what one pays attention to; the quality of the attention is what counts.*

I have just made a dangerous statement; one that will probably breed protest, that will be difficult to explain, and that will turn out in the end to be only partly true. It is still necessary to make the statement first, and then to go the long way round to explaining why it is necessary, and in what way it is true.

The need to go the long way round brings matters back to another parable of poetry that *CONTINUED ON PAGE 82*

About the Author

John Ciardi (pronounced CHAR-dee) is a forty-three-year-old poet, poetry editor and critic (*Saturday Review*), lecturer and professor of English at Rutgers University. He has expressed a personal belief that "poetry is itself a religion; it gives meaning to life." Boston-born-and-bred, educated at Bates, Tufts and the University of Michigan, Mr. Ciardi has published eight books of poems and won six important literary prizes; the last one being the *Prix de Rome* in 1956. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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Beginning
a new serial
by ROBERT BUCKNER

MOON PILOT

The strange story of what happened to the man who was chosen to be our pioneer in outer space.

Illustrated by Walter Skor

Charlie was in orbit. In fact he was whizzing around the earth for his second time since breakfast, at an average altitude of eighteen hundred miles and exactly on schedule.

The Air Force's new satellite had been shot to this astronomical height by a three-stage Zeus-Murphy rocket only fifty-one minutes ago. The nose cone was now swooping triumphantly beyond the tiring orbits of lifeless Explorers and Sputniks which cluttered the lower levels.

The most remarkable feature of this celestial coup, however, was Charlie the passenger. If the wizards who uncorked him could only bring him back to earth, alive and unharmed, through the unknown hazards of outer space and the blazing walls of re-entry, then man would at last be on his way to the stars and the greatest of all his adventures.

Unfortunately Charlie was not enjoying the epic voyage.

It was pitch-black in the small, cramped cone. He sat half reclined amidst a complex maze of instruments whose wires, tubes and dials recorded his every physical reaction; and several of the needles were jumping violently. He seemed rather small, encased in the silvery pressure suit, but he had been chosen because of his size. The apparatus left very few inches to spare.

The huge plastic helmet had a narrow slit for his eyes, provided only for psychological reasons, for there was nothing for Charlie to see or watch. The cone had no portholes, and the electronic gadgets' reports were being telemetered back to earth. He also had nothing whatever to do, but merely to sit there and sweat out the ride where no one had ever ridden before. You would say offhand that he was very brave.

Actually Charlie was terrified. Being weightless, he was tightly strapped in his seat to prevent his floating around upside down. No such stabilizers were provided for the inside of his head. Loneliness is an appalling depressant, and the fearful strain of isolation had begun to tell. He was what spacemen call "hypoxied," which means cheaply but deliciously stewed.

Several weird and fleeting visions flashed upon his tortured brain—lush green jungles, a leering blue hippopotamus and the distorted face of his best friend, Captain Talbot. These are not unusual illusions when at great altitudes. It was also quite normal that he next became a little slaphappy and began to giggle, quietly at first, then hysterically, until his oxygen bellows seemed almost ready to burst.

They were much more serious about him in the control room of the Aeromedical Field Laboratory at Holloman, New Mexico, from which point Charlie had been blasted skyward a scant hour ago.

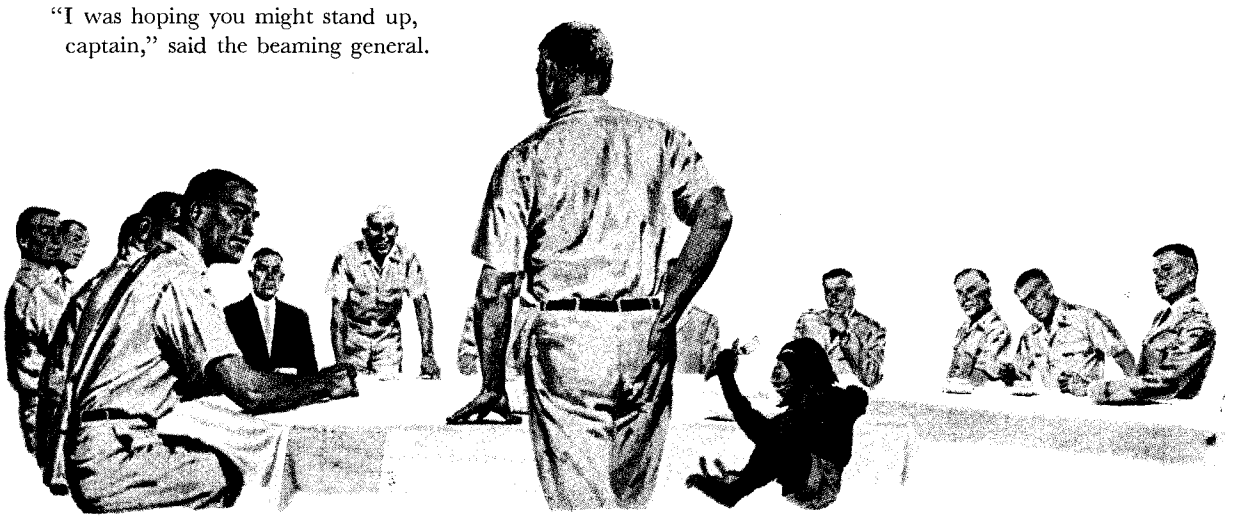
The tense group of scientists known to their rarefied trade as "The Silent Seventy" hovered over their dials and radar screens, following every flicker of Charlie's progress, externally and internally. They could read his heartbeat and breathing rate as well as the bombardment of cosmic rays on the satellite's outer shell. All three clickings were alarmingly loud and rapid.

The scanners glanced around significantly to Maj. Gen. John J. Vannemann, commanding officer of the Air Force base and guiding genius of its vital Project Starfire. This tall lean man with the cadaverous face was America's missile chief and No. 1 spaceman, having wrested that wreath from the brilliant pioneers of a few years ago, away back in the primitive days of 1957. It was Vannemann who took over where the sensational work of Von Braun and Simons and the others left off, skyrocketing literally to the head of the class with his unmanned missile that circled Saturn in 1961.

Backed by the anxious hopes of Washington and a three-billion-dollar budget, Vannemann gathered around him at Holloman the finest team of scientists the free world could provide—space medics, rocketeers, experts in every branch of their unearthly art. All dedicated men, they had worked long and hard for this moment, racing against time—the time of their rivals in Russia—to put the first man on the moon.

This critical test with Charlie was honored by the august presence of the Secretary of Defense and Senator McGuire of the Foreign Affairs Committee. (Continued on Page 112)

"I was hoping you might stand up, captain," said the beaming general.



If the chimp lived through the recovery test, they realized that a man would be next.

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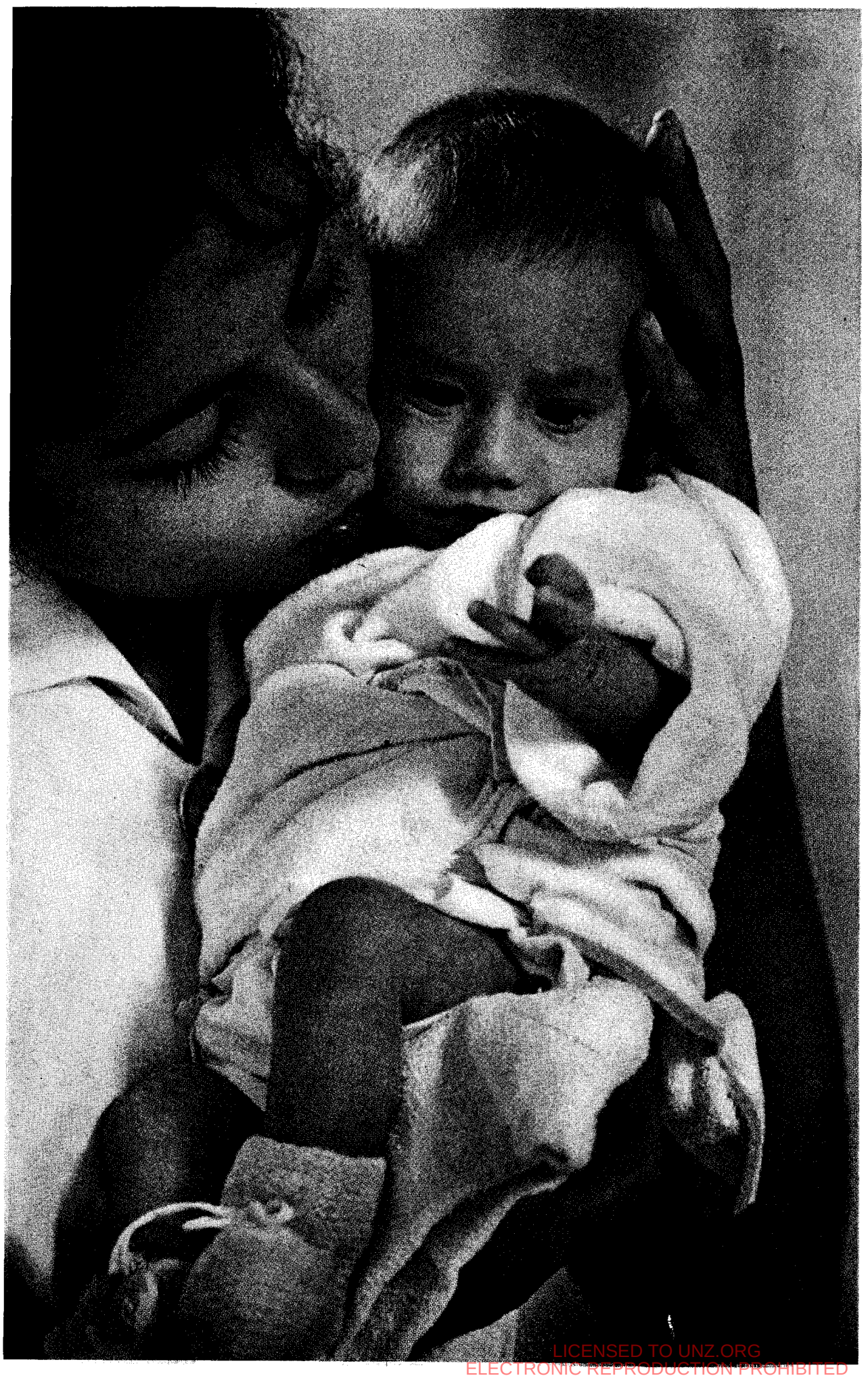
The Happy Orphans of Metera

This Greek institution provides a new kind of care for the babies of unwed mothers, with remarkable benefits for the children.

By Milton Silverman



ATHENS.

In a tiny village on the island of Crete, pretty young Maria Spanoudakis—that, of course, isn't her real name—fell passionately in love with a handsome fisherman. One day she discovered she was pregnant.

"This is terrible!" she told her lover. "You must marry me before anyone finds out."

"Naturally," he said. "But first I must get permission from my parents."

Weeks passed, and the fisherman reported there were still difficulties with his parents. Finally he presented a new attitude.

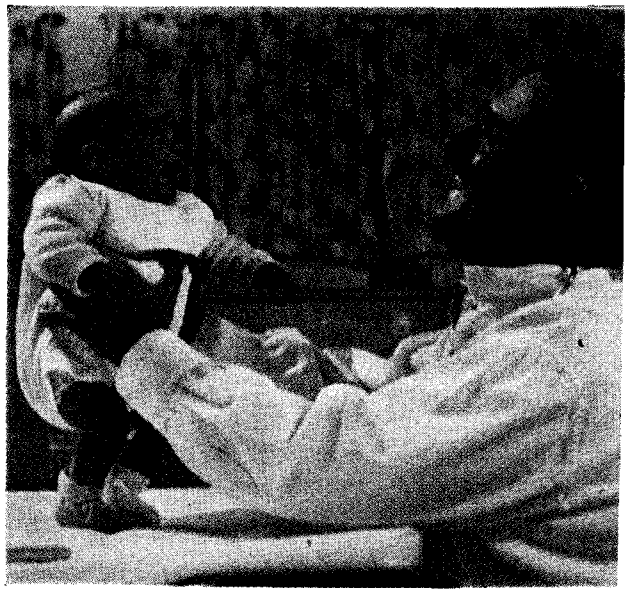
"Why should I marry you?" he asked. "How do I know I'm the father of your child?"

Maria was in real trouble. In Greece, and especially in Crete, village people take an exceedingly dim view of illegitimacy. Countless stories and even police records testify to the old tradition that an unwed girl who becomes pregnant shall be stoned to death. In some remote areas it is the girl's brother who must kill her—and her lover, too, if he can be found. If the brother is brought to trial, he is generally exonerated on the basis of unwritten law.

When the seventeen-year-old girl finally confided in her own parents, her father ominously announced, "This is a very serious business. I must talk with your brother."

Maria, however, fled to Athens. She arrived here with no money, no friends, and was exhausted and terrified. (Continued on Page 101)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



Dr. Spyros Doxiadis, medical director of Metera, which is in Athens. He helped found the orphanage in 1955.

At Metera waifs receive individual love and attention from a dedicated staff of young unmarried nurses. Most of the mothers decide to give up their babies.

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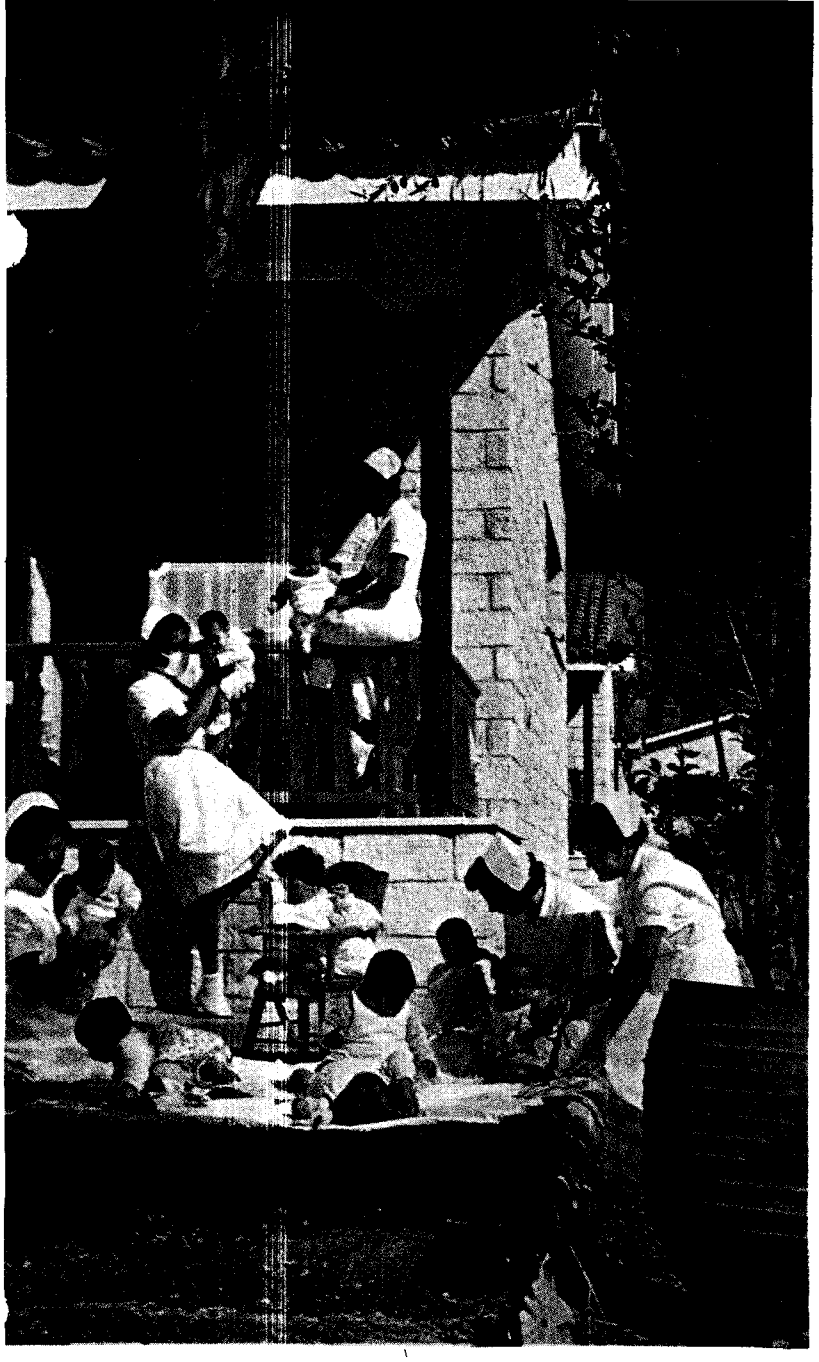

Playtime: Nurses sunning their charges in front of one of Metera's pavilions. The home now has accommodations for 110 infants.

Princess Sophia, eldest child of Queen Frederika and King Paul of Greece. She is a Metera training-school graduate, and serves as a part-time nurse when royal duties permit.

Andreas Hagixenakis and his wife (with their new son, in Metera's garden) met Metera's rigid standards for foster parenthood.

Below: Neil Muhonen, a U.S. Embassy official in Athens, his wife, daughter Suzanne and Pavlos, whom they adopted at age 6 months.

Above and at right, awake, asleep and in the bath, are three examples of Metera's tiny citizens waiting for new homes—possibly in the U.S.

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"You there!" the brigadier said. "Get about your business and take that wretched female with you."

The Girl in the Sentry Box

By JACOB HAY

All by herself the pretty young American disrupted the entire British Army.

It all started with the terrible simplicity of an avalanche, and the first pebble was Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie, that ineffable idiot.

"My dear Miss Brewster," he rumbled jovially through his mustaches, "it's a most unusual business, mind you, but here at the War Office we're rather fond of that American saying of yours: Miracles performed immediately, the impossible takes a trifle longer. Haw!"

"Mrs. Bracegirdle will be too thrilled for words," said Miss Betsy Brewster, smiling prettily. "Then, too, it's a matter of pride with us. Our favorite saying is: If it exists, Mammoth's will deliver."

Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie abruptly ceased riffling through the vast sheaf of official forms on the desk before him. "Ah, here we are: 'Boxes, Sentry, M-one-eight-five-six, Foot Guards, for the use of, Redundant'—you Americans call it 'surplus,' I believe—h'm-m-m, yes. I'll establish a cost figure, arrange an authorization of sale, and everything will be tickerty-boo. Give it my personal attention. You'll find your sentry box at the East London Subregional Redundant Stores Depot in the Whitechapel Road. One of our smaller installations, but I'm sure you'll be able to find it. Sergeant Major Peasmirch is the chap you'll be dealing with."

Her thanks echoing in his ears, Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie gazed with approval upon Betsy Brewster's departing figure. *Confoundedly good-looking girl, all in all. Strawberry blonde, slender, but not one of your willowy types; fine figure of a woman, good bones. Bit young, of course—say in her early twenties. And those sea-green eyes—ah, youth!* Fanshawe-Smylie sighed.

London in the spring was never brighter, never gayer than it looked that cheerful, sunny afternoon to Betsy Brewster as her cab transported her in high-roofed dignity back to her hotel. Before she left New York, Mrs. Eustace Chatsworth, director of Mammoth's Interior Décor Department, had firmly predicted that what she had just achieved would be impossible; but she had done it, and now Mrs. T. Van Wagoner Bracegirdle's whim to decorate the game room of her Long Island mansion with a genuine British sentry box was about to be gratified. And this on her very first buying trip abroad, Betsy thought proudly. It had all been too wonderful—the dreamy timelessness of the silent jet flight across the Atlantic; the expected yet overwhelming beauty (Continued on Page 68)

DIPLOMATIC SECRET

Informed readers will discern that Mr. Hay's story concerns events that could have taken place only before the sentry boxes were moved inside the gates of Buckingham Palace (on October 17 last) to avoid excessive heckling of guardsmen by tourists. On the question of whether or not the Betsy Brewster affair was the final cause of the change, the British War Office is silent. —THE EDITORS.

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Director Castle (with script) and actor Vincent Price (right) devising some eerie effects for the forthcoming "ghoulie," *13 Ghosts*. Price has starred in two of Castle's recent films.

Granada Theater, Chicago: Castle coached model Michaelain Mitchell on how to scream and faint for showings of *The Tingler*.

Castle often plants "fright victims" in the audience. Here, ushers at Chicago's Marbro Theater carry out a candy salesgirl after she feigned a fainting spell.

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Master of Movie Horror

Film maker William Castle specializes in gruesome shockers. Consider what he'll do to scare an audience.

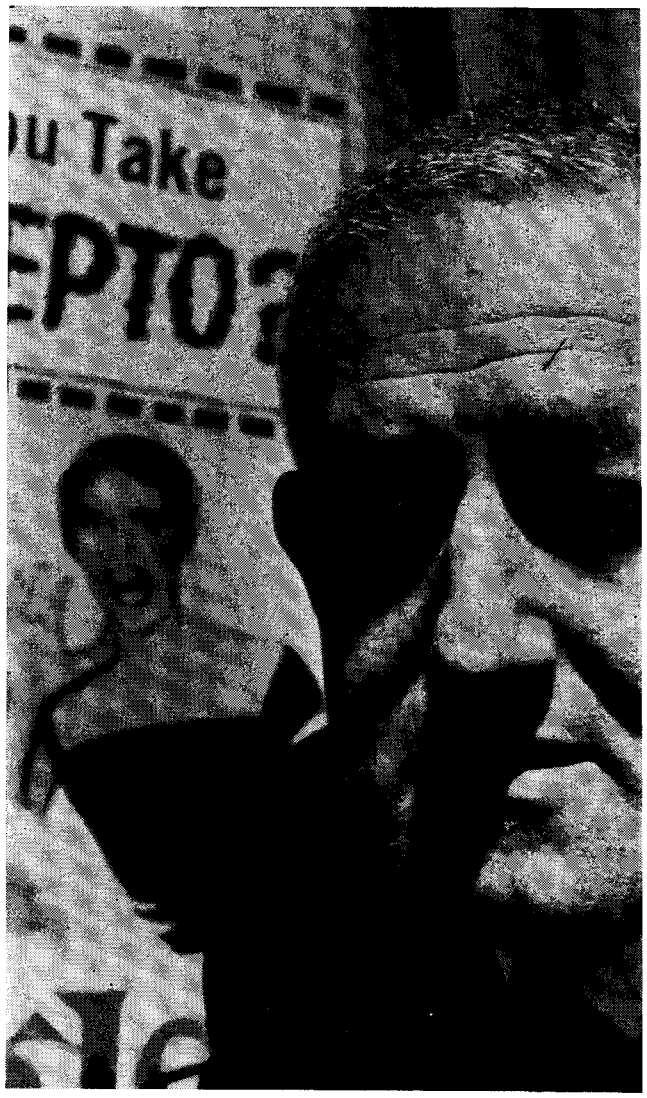
By JOHN KOBLER

Macabre—a low-budget movie thriller variously publicized as "Horrendous! Maniacal! Malignant! The most blood-chilling horror show ever filmed in Hollywood!"—deserves to rank high on any roster of the silliest movies ever filmed anywhere. Conceived, directed and independently produced two years ago by a former character actor named William Castle, in partnership with a former writer of children's books, Robb White, who also fashioned the script, *Macabre* plods along from its opening scene in a funeral parlor to its denouement in a graveyard unimpeded by the faintest intrusion of good taste, literacy or sense. "A wretched thing," declared *Time*'s film editor, an opinion in which author White himself cheerfully concurs.

The next movie Castle and White perpetrated, with the financial abetment of Allied Artists, *The House on Haunted Hill*—"Hollywood's greatest shocker!"—embodies a plot of antediluvian vintage. A rich eccentric offers $10,000 to anyone who dares spend the night in a haunted house he has rented. Five applicants try to stick it out as ghouls gibber, clutching hands threaten and blood drips from the ceiling. "The only shocking thing about this film," observed a Los Angeles reviewer, "is its utter ineptness." The latest Castle-White venture, of which Columbia Pictures owns 50 per cent, is *The Tingler*. "You actually feel real physical sensations as you shiver to its flesh-crawling action! See the screen's first blood bath in color!" *The Tingler* does not quite measure up to the standards of the first two films.

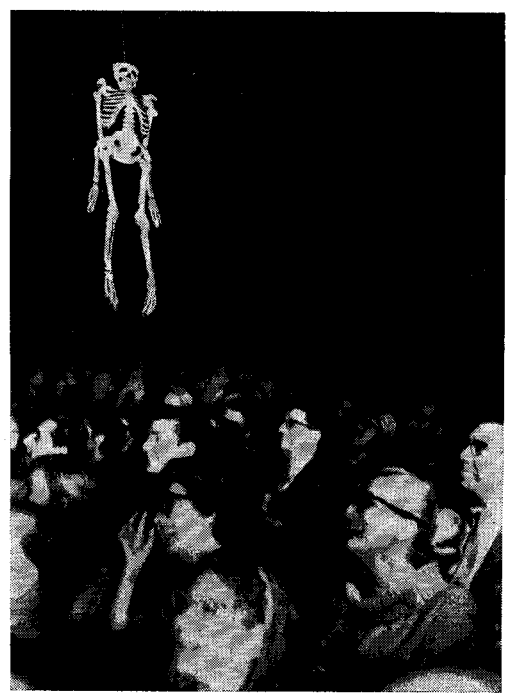
Economically, however, these artistic misdeeds present a bright, indeed a dazzling, aspect. Designed chiefly to allure juveniles, the three films have so far grossed ten to twenty times what they cost to make, bringing the combined profits close to $6,500,000. *The House on Haunted Hill*, for example, which Castle finished in two weeks on a budget of $150,000, and which played last May in some forty Los Angeles theaters simultaneously—"I like to saturate," he explains—has earned more than $3,000,000. In fact, it proved to be one of the country's biggest ticket sellers that month, with the result that Allied Artists, until then beset by deficits, wound up the year in the black.

So marked a gift for converting dross into gold commands immense respect in Hollywood; and after almost two decades of comparative obscurity Castle, a large, jowly, cigar-chomping man of forty-five with nervous indigestion and a penchant for the gruesome, finds himself rising fast toward the top echelons of the industry, the richer by almost $1,000,000 and a three-year, five-picture contract with Columbia. (Continued on Page 97)



"Stars don't mean much at the box office any more," says Castle. "Gimmicks, surprises, shocks—that's what draws the crowds."

An energetic promoter, Castle ballyhoos his films all over the country. Above, he is signing autographs in Chicago.



Illuminated plastic skeletons "terrified" audiences who saw *The House on Haunted Hill*.

At home in Beverly Hills, Calif.: Amateur magician Castle instructing his daughter Georgianna in prestidigitation. Behind him are: (from left) niece Marcia, daughter Terry Ann and wife Ellen.

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"Promise me that you will not judge me until you've heard it all," she said to Janey.

A TOUCH OF SCANDAL

Hidden somewhere in every woman's past is at least one unforgettable indiscretion.

By VIRGINIA CONROY

Zilla Evans sat slim and erect on the Victorian sofa, impeccably groomed, beautifully suited and shod in teal blue, a wisp of iridescent feather crowning her short silver hair. To her daughter, Ruth, crouched in the wing chair opposite her, she appeared poised, rested and completely invulnerable to time, man and the elements.

Actually, to Zilla, the three-thousand-mile trip from California to Massachusetts by plane, train, bus and local taxi had seemed interminable. Her head was throbbing, her feet were killing her, and her neck was stiff with tension. She had sat upright on the base of her spine all the way, clutching at her handbag which contained Ruth's cryptic and maddeningly worded telegram: "Come at once. Janey needs you. Don't phone."

Now satisfied that her granddaughter was at least alive and in one piece and even at the moment playing records in the game room, her jaw relaxed, her shoulders came down an inch, and she kicked off her shoes.

"If Janey is perfectly all right, why is she not in school?"

"She refuses to go any more. She does nothing but moon around the house all day and play those terrible mood records." Stealthily Ruth tiptoed to the cellar door and opened it. "Listen."

"It sounds like music to commit suicide by."

Ruth shut the door quickly. "Don't say that," she gasped and burst into tears.

"Look, darling, if you want to tell me this story before she discovers I'm here you'd better pull yourself together."

Ruth dabbed at her thin, pink nose, tucked back a wisp of hair, sniffed valiantly and began. "Well, she wrote a love letter to a boy. It was really quite—adult in content."

"Body-and-soul stuff?"

Ruth nodded. "Oh, mother, I've lost my baby."

(Continued on Page 107)

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July, 1959. Communist parade in Ulan Bator, Outer Mongolia: Khrushchev (portrait at left) is still top man in this "people's republic"; but Mao (portrait at right) is moving in.

Red China Against Russia?

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

An expert presents evidence of mounting tension between the world's two big Communist camps.

© 1959, 1960 by Harrison E. Salisbury

A Soviet general in civilian dress raised his glass to an American one evening last summer in the government palace in Ulan Bator, less than 300 miles from the China border.

"Really, now," said the general, "standing here in Mongolia tonight can you think of any reason why we Russians and you Americans should fight? Is there anyone here to whom you feel more close?"

The American cast his eyes about. In one corner of the room, aloof and superior, clustered a group of Chinese. Some distance away stood a dozen Russians. There was no communication between the two groups. Little Mongol officials, nervous and ill at ease, flitted back and forth. Ambassador Molotov and his colleague, the Chinese ambassador, exuding false joviality, strolled about, pausing here and there to drink a toast.

The American turned back to the Soviet general. He did feel closer to the Russians than to the Mongols or the Chinese—much closer.

"To peace," he said, raising his glass.

"To peace," said the general, adding with a nod toward the Chinese. "To peace—and the closest friendship of Russia and America. That is what we both need and what we are going to have."

There are specialists in the sphere of Chinese affairs—including many in our State Department—who have long contended that the possibility of a split between the Soviet Union and China is

(Continued on Page 91)

As China's power over the nations around it increases, a mighty Asian force is gathering. Can the U.S.S.R.—with twice as much land, but only one third as many people as China—withstand this rising threat?

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They're Off– And The World Is Watching

John Kennedy. "As the front runner and first serious Roman Catholic candidate since Al Smith, he cannot afford to stumble."

Hubert Humphrey. "He is aware that it will take a series of near miracles to win him the presidential nomination."

By STEWART ALSOP

Each of the Democrats' five front runners thinks he might become his party's candidate next July. Here are the pitfalls in the road each must take.

The Nixons, home from Russia last August. "Any Democratic candidate will tell you Nixon will be very hard indeed to defeat."

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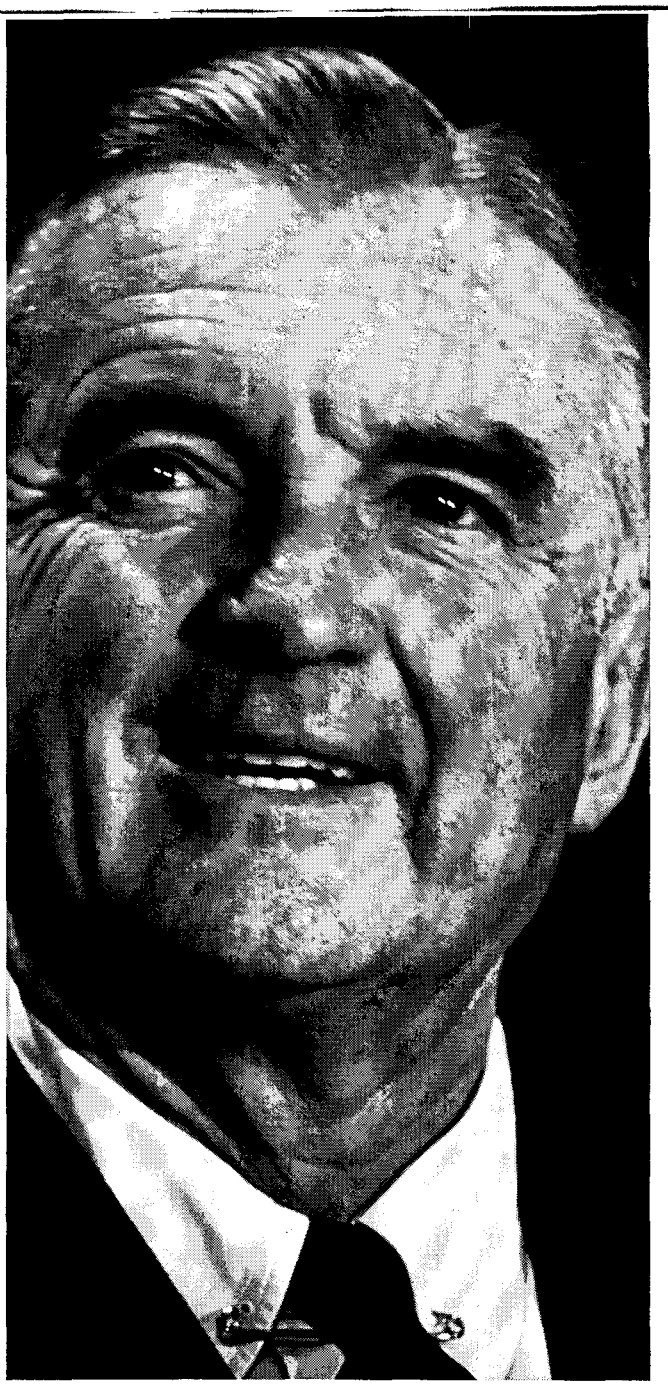
Lyndon Johnson. "The acceptance of the vice-presidential nomination by Kennedy is a vital part of the Johnson strategy."



Stuart Symington. "The Missouri Compromise—a man who can hold the party together and alienate no important faction."

Adlai Stevenson. "The presidential virus, which did seem to be dead in Stevenson a year ago, has inevitably revived."

There is no more insecure way of making a living than politics—except perhaps acting. And it really is rather surprising, when you come to think of it, how much the business of politics has in common with show business. A politician, like an actor, is absolutely dependent on popular favor. Because that is so, a politician, like an actor, may be a mere understudy one day, a great star the next, and a pathetic has-been the day after. And what keeps most politicians in their insecure, underpaid and overworked calling is what keeps most actors and actresses in show business—dreams.

Any actor or actress who has had a couple of good notices dreams of one day becoming the greatest star on Broadway. And any politician who has risen above the county-courthouse level dreams of one day becoming the President of the United States.

As far as 1960 is concerned, Richard Nixon is the only Republican dreamer left, since Nelson Rockefeller bowed out of the unequal contest—though Rockefeller is certainly doing a lot of dreaming about 1964, and one suspects that he occasionally still dreams fitfully about 1960 too. Among the Democrats there are five major dreamers, plus a host of minor dreamers, of the who-knows-where-the-lightning-might-strike variety. Let us disregard the latter and try to reconstruct the five major Democratic dreams, the visions of political sugarplums dancing in the heads of Sen. John Kennedy, Sen. Hubert Humphrey, Sen. Lyndon Johnson, Sen. Stuart Symington, and ex-Gov. Adlai Stevenson.

It is not possible, of course, to be entirely certain of what is actually going on in the secret recesses of these men's minds. But from talking to them and the men around them it is possible to get a rather accurate notion of how each man thinks he might become the Democratic candidate for President.

THE KENNEDY DREAM must come first, for all the other dreams are squarely based on the assumption that the Kennedy dream will first crumble into nothingness. Ask a supporter of one of the four other Democratic hopefuls how he expects his man to make it, and the response is likely to begin: "Well, of course, Jack Kennedy gets knocked off, and then . . ."

The Kennedy dream is the simplest and most straightforward of the lot, although it also involves the most difficult and complex decisions. It is, in essence, this:

When, on July eleventh, the Democratic Convention is gaveled to order in Los Angeles, it is clear to all the world that handsome young Jack Kennedy is the unquestioned choice of the rank and file of the Democratic Party. He has won an unbroken sequence of primary victories. He tops all other candidates in the public-opinion polls. All New England is for him. So are Ohio, Illinois, Maryland and most of New York. He has important support in many other states, so that on the first ballot Kennedy scores well over 500 votes, out of the 761 needed to win. On the second ballot the favorite sons begin to break for Kennedy. Despite frantic efforts to organize a "stop-Kennedy movement," on the third ballot resistance crumbles. John Fitzgerald Kennedy is nominated, the nomination is made unanimous, and when the widely grinning candidate, accompanied by his beautiful wife, mounts the rostrum to accept the nomination, the convention goes wild.

We will examine other aspects of the Kennedy dream later. Here it is worth remarking that it is a dream which can very well come true—on one condition. Kennedy, unlike any of the other candidates, must prove beyond dispute that he really is the favorite of a big majority of the Democratic voters.

There is a kind of animal savageness about American politics. The front runner in a contest for the Presidency is like the leader of a wolf pack. If the leader stumbles, shows signs of weakness, the other wolves are at his throat in an instant. Jack (Continued on Page 94)

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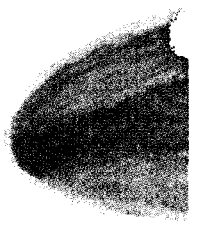
Either he was a liar or he was crazy—they thought.



A Story Complete on These Two Pages

The Hermit

By William Brandon

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

Above the peaks a golden eagle hung as still as if nailed to the fading sky, only its hunting head in motion turning gravely from side to side.

The light of the end of day fell in a colored veil from the high crags of the mountains. In the steep fir forests of the slopes it was night, and below in the mountain meadow where the field expedition's camp was pitched, cooking fires glowed like rubies in a dusk as thick as velvet.

"That there's my eagle," the hermit said. "Her name's Josie."

Doctor Whitaker pretended astonishment, although to keep his face straight he didn't dare glance at Doctor Bowen, his young assistant. "Is that so? Your very own eagle?"

"I'll call her," the hermit said and hurled a falsetto scream into the air. The eagle didn't respond. "She's bashful," the hermit explained.

The hermit's shack, whacked together out of uneven logs and weighed down with rocks on the roof, was dug into a grassy bench far up the canyon wall, between the dark and the

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daylight. The hermit had a strong smell even in the open air, and Doctor Whitaker had no desire to enter the shack.

Bob White, the Indian packer who had brought them to the hermit, sat on his heels some distance away and chewed a blade of grass.

"I've got a shrew, too," the hermit said. "You know there ain't nothing quicker than a shrew? Nobody can catch a shrew. I got a shrew comes and eats out of my hand. I call her Dólly."

"Well, I declare," Doctor Whitaker said. Behind him, young Bowen had a spasm of coughing, and the hermit threw back his shaggy head like a suspicious horse. "That's extraordinary," Doctor Whitaker said, making his voice as sincere as possible. "Really extraordinary."

Reassured, the hermit said, "I got every kind of creature. Some of them comes right in my shack. I got a chipmunk and a camp robber and a whisky jay and a picket-pin and a whistling cony, he comes clear down from the rock slide yonder; and a parmigant and a whole band of elk and for that matter a big old sow bear, she comes to call quite frequently. Then, too, I got creatures nobody's scarcely heard of. This canyon's got strange creatures in it. I've got a little goat no bigger than a rabbit—once he come to see me. I wouldn't even tell folks all the creatures I keep around here, they wouldn't believe me."

"Think of that," Doctor Whitaker said, and young Bowen began to cough again and hastily moved away. "What do you do with all these animals?"

The hermit considered and said, "Mostly I give them names."

The hermit's knobby, sun-blackened face was almost indistinguishable in the rising night, but the whites of his eyes gleamed and flashed. The Indian's bright red baseball cap was turning black, and the fires in the camp below sparkled and brightened as they sank deeper into darkness. The tall sky above appeared distended with the veins of night, and the eagle was descending in long laggardly circles.

"We've seen one of those small mountain goats ourselves," Doctor Whitaker said. "This canyon is perfectly boxed, and evidently certain ecological factors have combined with its isolation to produce pronounced modification in various faunal and floral forms."

"I reckon so," the hermit said uncertainly, and Doctor Whitaker was glad young Bowen wasn't there to hear him.

"But our little expedition isn't collecting animals. We're only hunting bones, specifically mastodon bones. That was an animal that looked rather like a fur-bearing elephant, with curving tusks and a trunk."

"Oh, them," the hermit said. "I've had a whole nest of them under my cookstove once."

Unfortunately Bowen returned to them at that moment and was not able to restrain a delighted guffaw.

"If you don't mind!" Doctor Whitaker said coldly, turning to him, and young Bowen said, "Sorry, sir. I didn't mean anything."

"I named the biggest one Sam Hill," the hermit said, his voice high and challenging, but trembling a little.

"Was he under the cookstove too?" Bowen asked before he could stop himself.

"If you please, Bowen!" Doctor Whitaker snapped.

"Yes, he was," the hermit said defiantly. "And he was happy to be there too."

"If you've ever happened to see any large bones," Doctor Whitaker said to the hermit, "I'd very much appreciate the information. A number of mastodon sites have been investigated on the plateau just south of this ridge. Some of the remains appear to be rather recent, perhaps only a very few thousand years old. We hoped to find even later evidences in this canyon, but so far we've been unsuccessful. Since you must know the area far better than anyone else, I was hoping you might be willing to help us."

"I ain't interested in bones," the hermit said. "I'm interested in living creatures."

"Well, well, yes," Doctor Whitaker said. "But if you should happen to see any ——"

"And I ain't interested in talking to anyone at all that disbelieves me."

"Now, I'm sure no one meant ——" But the hermit had vanished, as if he had dissolved in the darkness.

After the two scientists had left, picking their way down the slope behind the beam of young Bowen's flashlight, the Indian went up to the shack and said, "Hey, Dobe."

"I don't want to talk no more," the hermit's disconsolate voice said.

An immense shadow rushed past just overhead, with a single beat of wings like a muffled cough.

"Good night, Josie," the hermit said. "Good night, girl."

A streak of ivory light still clung to the topmost dome of the sky, but the shack had receded into the night. Bob White sensed that the hermit was sitting there in the doorway, and he squatted down on his heels and got out a cigarette. Something rustled in the duff at their feet.

"And here comes Dolly," the hermit said. "One goes to bed and another'n gets up."

The Indian struck a match for his cigarette, and in the flare he saw the shrew running like a gray streak back and forth over the hermit's outstretched hand. Another mouselike creature scampered up on the doorsill.

The hermit said, "There's one of them come back now," and got up and lighted a nub of candle.

In the doorway he knelt and coaxed the mastodon onto a piece of cardboard. Bob White watched, smoking. The mastodon lifted its head, and its tiny tusks gleamed like the whites of the hermit's eyes under their bristling brows. It trotted toward the hermit's hand, and the cardboard rattled in minute thunder.

"I think this'n's Sam Hill himself," the hermit said, pleased. THE END

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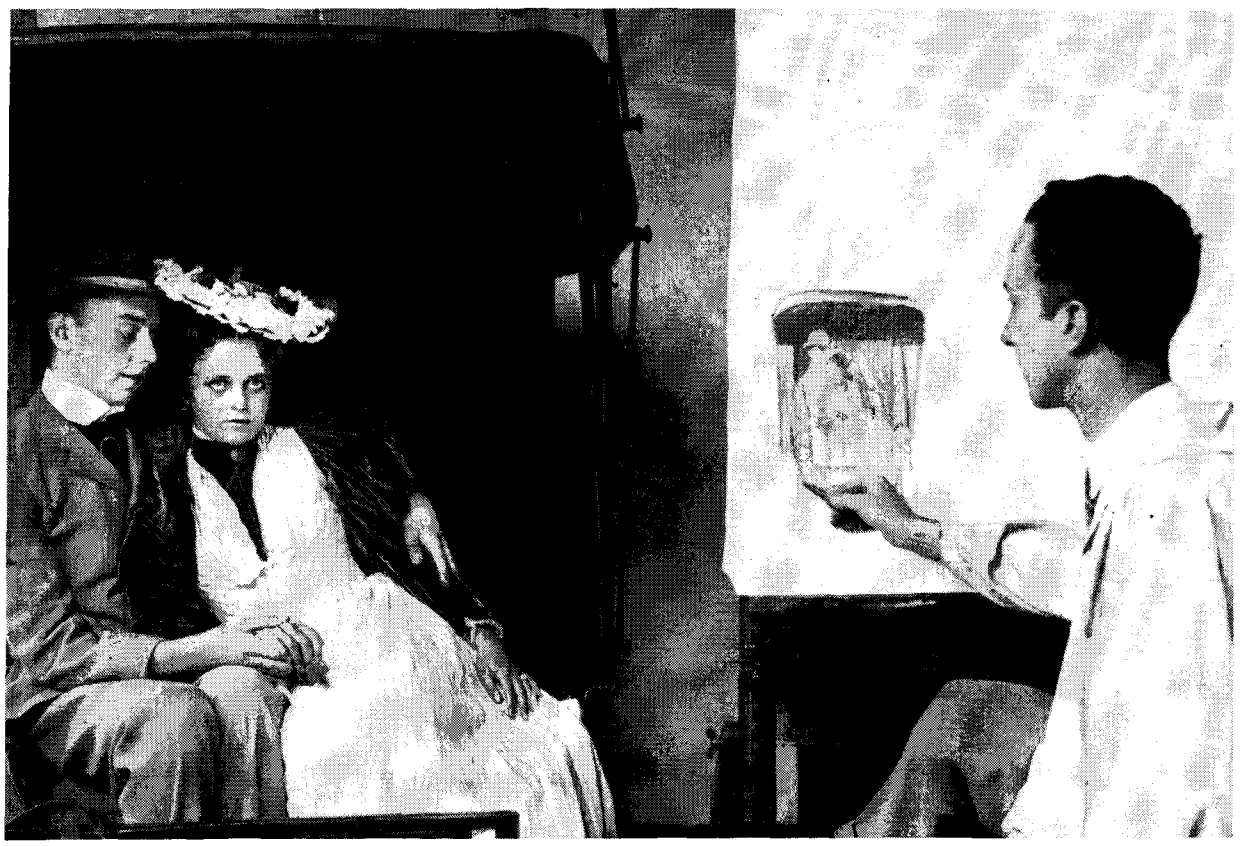

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST
Harry Leon Wilson – Harris Dickson – Octavus Roy Cohen – Wythe Williams
P. G. Wodehouse – Barney Oldfield – Arthur Stringer – Maude Parker Child

Above, left: Rockwell working on a rough sketch of two models in the New Rochelle, N.Y., studio where he worked before moving to New England. The finished picture of the lovebirds in the buggy appeared on the September, 1925, cover shown at right.

Above: Norman and his late wife Mary posed for one of his paintings commissioned by the Ford Motor Company for its 50th anniversary in 1953.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

By NORMAN ROCKWELL, as told to Thomas Rockwell

PART SIX

I Tried To Be a Playboy

The artist tells of his fling with high-living society—which ended when he discovered that he couldn't keep up the pace.

Below: The artist with film star Gary Cooper, who posed for a May 24, 1930, *Post* cover. Rockwell also painted an advertisement for Cooper's 1940 movie, *The Westerner*.

My marriage to Irene jogged along without incident for several years. Then we had trouble. It began one day after a morning's work at my studio, when I put on my coat to go home for lunch—and suddenly balked. I couldn't bear the thought of again sitting at the table with Irene's brothers and sister and mother. Her family had been living with us, off and on, ever since our wedding. It was ridiculous to object at this late date, but I did. I went home and called Irene upstairs. "We ought to have a house of our own," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we ought to live alone," I said, "away from your family."

"But I want to live with them," she said.

"Well, you'll have to choose between them and me."

"I can't leave my mother and Marie and Hoddy and George," she said.

(Continued on Page 120)

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THE TURNING POINT

By N. J. CRISP

The inheritance was rightfully his, but only if he gave up his carefree ways.

Paul Davis caught the single-track branch-line train from Oxford. The engine toddled importantly along, hauling the half-dozen jolting carriages through the suburbs of Oxford into the soft green of the Gloucestershire countryside.

Paul watched the signs as the engine panted for breath at each village station. It was a long time since he had traveled on this line. When they finally arrived at Purbridge, his mother was waiting on the platform. He picked up his grip, climbed out and embraced her.

She said, "I'm glad you came. She wanted to see you."

"I got your letter at Southampton. We docked last night."

"I tried to show her your telegram, but ——" She bit her lip, took his arm, and they walked across the platform. "I thought we'd have the village taxi," she said. "It's such a long walk."

The railway builders hadn't found it worth while to bend the line to go near Purbridge. The village lay nearly a mile to the east.

The driver of the cab straightened up and opened the door. He said, "Hullo, Paul."

Paul nodded. He tried to attach a name to the weathered, dimly remembered face and failed. The driver said, "He's a big fellow now, Mrs. Davis."

They climbed into the big, square, black limousine. Mrs. Davis said, "You mustn't be surprised at her, Paul. She's changed."

The car slipped through the leafy lane, away from the station, and turned onto a broader road, past a copse, a group of cottages, a big field with a combine harvester laboring in one corner. Paul said, "Nothing here seems to have changed."

"No." She sighed. "Only people."

They turned right at the Wolfhound public house, and the driver cha ıged down for the ascent of the hill. (Continued on Page 56)

"It seems," Paul said, "that everyone knew except me."

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The Face of AMERICA

End of Freedom

That little golden fellow prancing out before these eager buyers is a six-month-old palomino colt up for sale to the highest bidder. He and thirteen others like him and one aging stallion were knocked down at the latest annual sale of the Lehigh County-Trexler Game Preserve near Schnecksville in Eastern Pennsylvania. The 1800-acre preserve was a gift to the county by the late Harry Clay Trexler, multimillionaire industrialist and amateur zoologist; a thirteen-mile-long fence encloses a range where bison, elk, deer and palomino horses roam almost as freely as they did in the old wild days. The herds, if left to nature, would soon overcrowd the preserve; therefore, some of the game animals are killed for meat each fall, and some of the horses are auctioned off. The colts go on to a useful, as opposed to merely ornamental, existence and, so doing, add about $150 apiece to the treasury of the game preserve. This money helps to permit thousands of carloads of children and adults to visit the range each year and see what America might be like if there weren't so many people around.

• Photograph by George Harvan

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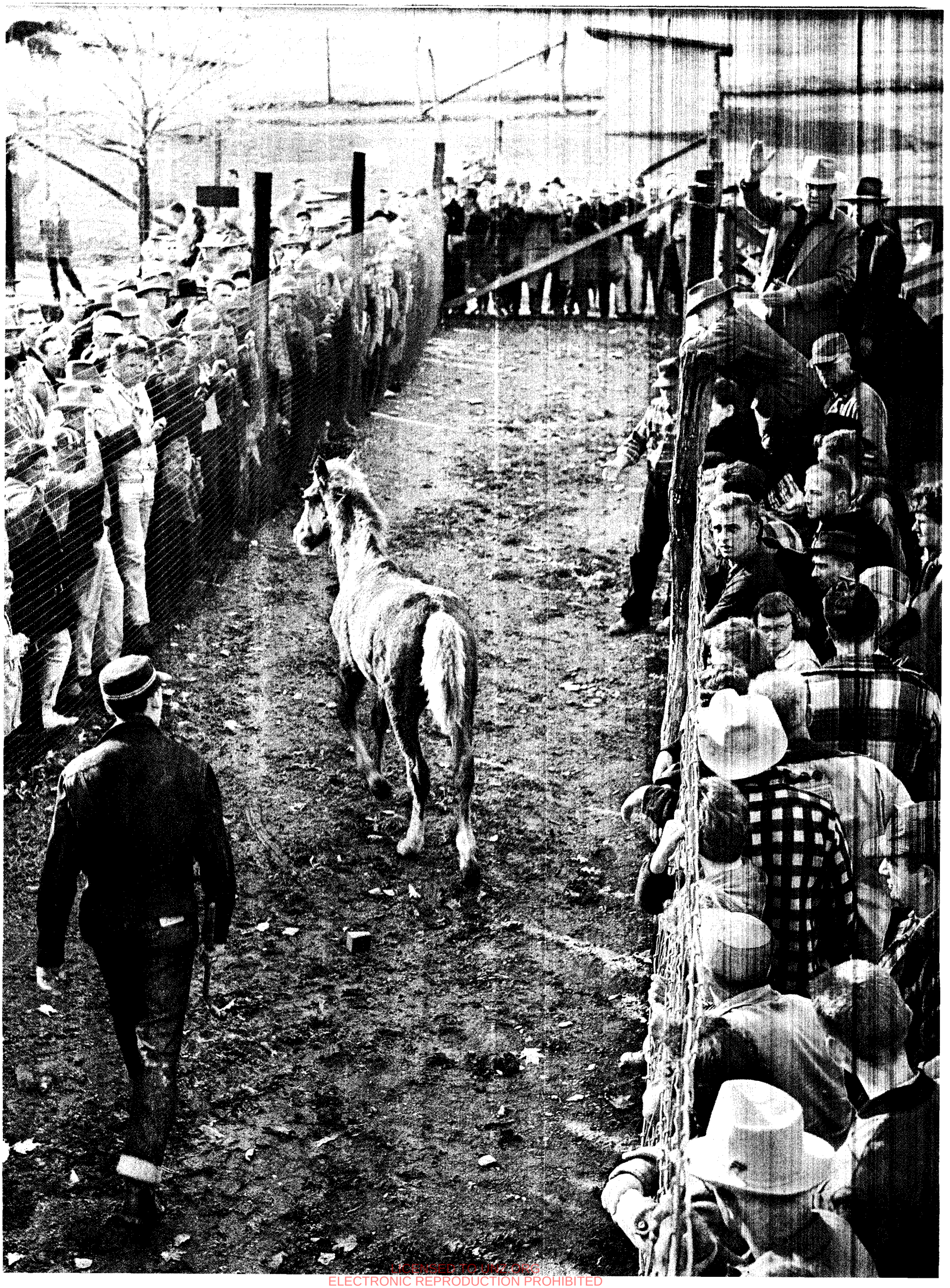

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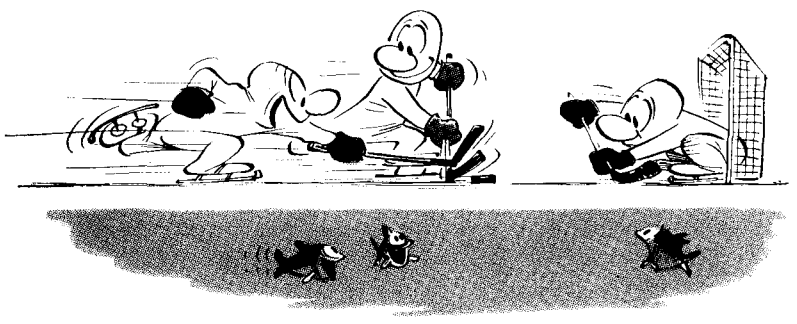
Post Scripts



Over in the Next Booth During Coffee Break

"Hey, I've got an idea that'll really be fun. Let's the two of us take turns doing impersonations and see if the other can guess them."

"Sounds like fun. I'll go first. 'I'm tough, see? Yeah! I'm Little Caesar, see? Yeah! I'm takin' over the ——'"

"Edward G. Robinson?"

"Right! Now, you try one."

"O. K. Let's see. 'Ma - a - a - a - a - a - a - a - ah friends ——'"

"Franklin D. Roosevelt?"

"Right! Your turn."

"Well, let's see. . . . Hey, here's a good one! 'Nope. . . . Yup.'"

"Gary Cooper?"

"Right!"

"Let me think a minute, now. . . . 'We're going to have one of those really big shews tonight, folks—one of those really big ——'"

"Ed Sullivan?"

"Right!"

"'Waal, now, I —— Waal, now, I ——'"

"James Stewart?"

"Right! . . . Hey, here's one. 'WELL! . . . WELL!'"

"Jack Benny?"

"Right! Your turn again."

"Golly, let's see, now. . . . 'And ah-one, and ah-two, and ah ——'"

"Lawrence Welk?"

"Right!"

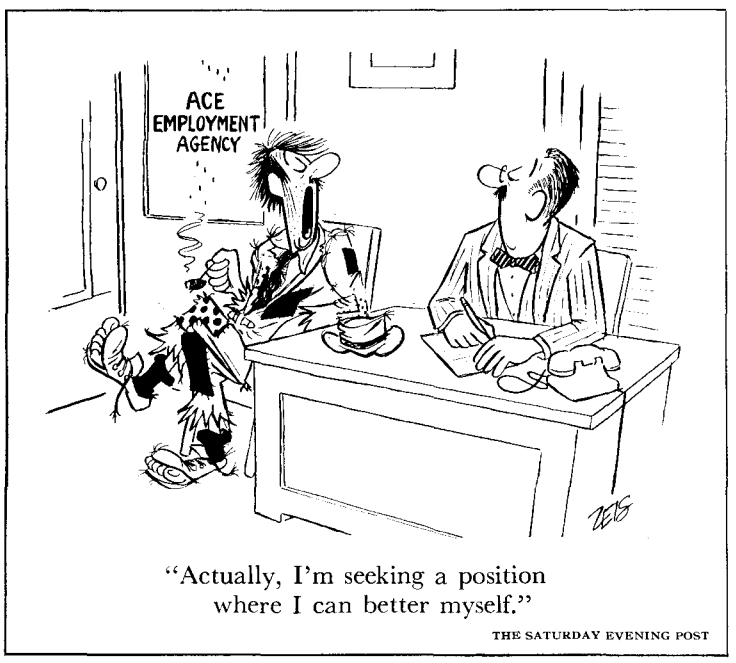
"Hey, here's one! 'When the ba-lo-o-o-o-o-o of the night—ba-ba-ba-boo, meets the gold of the ——'"

VERNON H. KURTZ

They've Got an Edge on Us

Politicians' well-ground axes
Don't get dull from cutting taxes!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Actually, I'm seeking a position where I can better myself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You better start dinner without us. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My Wife Doesn't Seem to Be Paying Attention

It's difficult to get my wife to stick to one subject. This morning, for instance, I was telling her about an interesting article in the newspaper which explained how the moon could be used as a gravitational whip to hurl a spaceship to Mars.

"According to Mr. Ehricke," I said, "it would save a lot of fuel."

"Is Mr. Ehricke our oil-burner man?" asked my wife.

"Hardly," I said. "Mr. Ehricke happens to be chairman of the American Space-Flight Committee."

"Oh."

"How far do you think it is to Mars?"

"Fifty feet?"

"Fifty feet?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh. Excuse me, dear. I was thinking how long my new clothesline is that I want you to put up. Fifty feet."

"Oh. Well, Mars is over thirty-five million miles away. Just think of that vast distance, dear!"

"I am thinking of it. It makes the distance from your easy chair to the back yard pale into insignificance."

"Exactly. Visualize if you can, dear, the trip to Mars—we leave earth, go directly to the moon, swing around the moon and head for Mars!"

"With my new clothesline," said my wife, "we leave the hook on the back porch, go directly to the nail in the oak tree, swing around the oak tree and head for the hook on the maple tree. And this time make it tight, please. I don't want that clothesline sagging down around my chest again."

"Certainly, dear. Mr. Ehricke goes on to say that our first job—getting a man on the moon—will cost two billion dollars."

"As compared with a dollar and fifty-eight cents for my clothesline."

"Both we and the Russians are about ready."

"I'm about ready myself. I don't want those clothes getting a lot of wrinkles, drying in the basket."

"Mr. Ehricke ——" I began.

"I am starting my countdown," said my wife. "Ten, nine, eight ——"

"Oh, all right," I said.

I was in the back yard trying to remember which was the square knot and which was the granny knot when my wife came out.

"Well," she said. "So we're actually going to get it up."

"Yes," I said. "We may even succeed in doing so this year. Of course, there are several details yet to be ironed out."

"You said it," said my wife.

JOHN BAILEY

The Mamma Tackles the Nursery Dept.

"May I help you, ma'am?"

"Why, yes. I thought I might pick up a crib toy for the baby, maybe a stuffed animal or something ——"

"Of course, ma'am! Something cuddly for when baby snuggles off to sleepsin-bye!"

"To where?"

"Sleepsin. . . . The land of Nod. Uh, dreamland."

"H'm? Oh. I get it. You mean when she goes to bed. That's right. Well, and Susie never goes straight to sleep anyway. You know how kids horse around, and the trouble is ——"

"Oh, my, yes, I do know! Like my grandson, the little rascal! Davy has this plush donkey he calls his 'poogie,' and he simply ——"

"His what?"

"His poogie. Davie has lots of funny words. Like he calls me Gum-Gum, that's Grandma, and Grandpa is Ding-Ding, and ——"

"Say, he's got quite a little speech problem there, doesn't h—— Well, anyway, I just thought I'd get Susie some little ——"

"Certainly, ma'am, and here you are—the newest thing in huggable, lovable, tubbable, musical lambies! Squeeze him! Now wind him up! Hear that? It's the complete score of *Sleeping Beauty* with full stereophonic sound!"

"Listen, the way Susie slams things around I'd give it thirty seconds. And anyhow ——"

"Or here! Our adorable Mr. Peter Wabbit, hand-made in Germany, hand-stuffed in Japan, dressed in his wee cashmere coveralls hand-loomed in Scotl——"

"Now look here, if anybody's wearing cashmere around our house it's not going to be some doggone ——"

"But ma'am, surely the best is none too good for ——"

"Maybe not, but here's the thing: We've got a big collie, and he's a nice dog and all, but he chews everything up. I mean, there's cotton batting from here to breakfast, and I ——"

"Or perhaps you'd —— Dog? Dog? Honey, I've been there myself. We had a Doberman once that liked Teddy bears better than T-bones, and I just told my husband, I said I wouldn't spend one red cent on fancy toys till he did something about —— Look, here's what you do. You take some sleigh bells, see? Then you tie 'em to the corner of some old rag—kids usually have some old blanket or something they like—and there you are."

"Blanket? Oh, you mean her banky! It's the cutest thing; Susie's always called her blanket her 'banky'! Sleigh bells, h'm? In a corner, h'm? Say, I'll do it! Thanks a lot!"

"You're welcome, ma'am. Any time, ma'am. . . . Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

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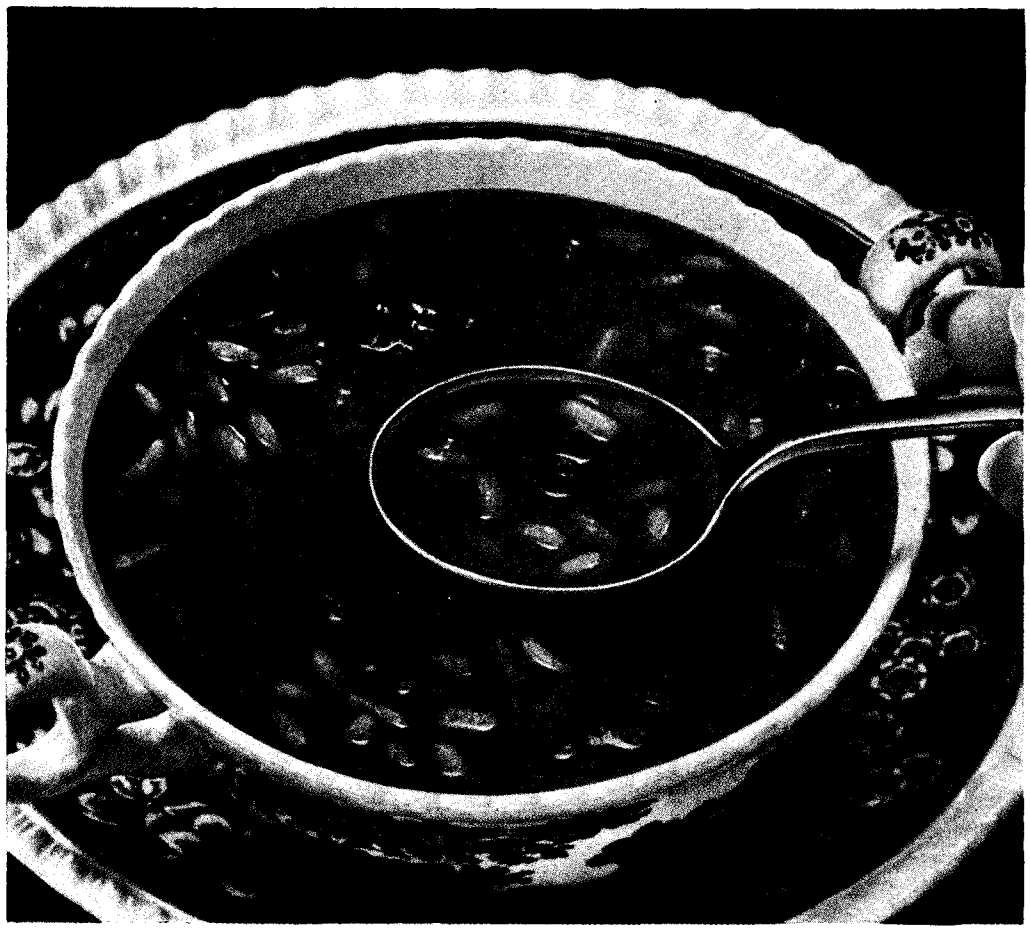
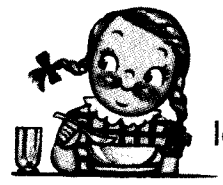
Everybody's coming back for more!

Campbell's 2 NEW SOUPS

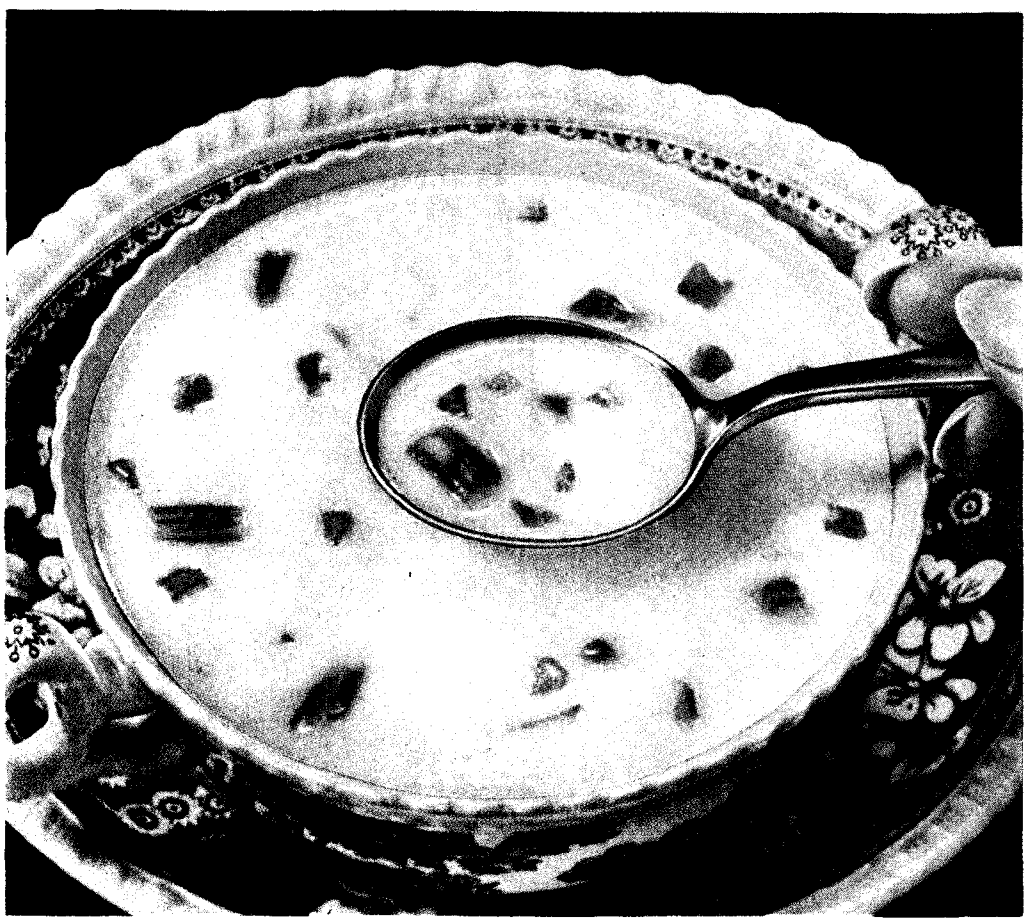




Everybody's loving NEW

Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE

Sun-ripened tomato goodness has made this soup a favorite from the first spoonful. The famous Campbell Tomato (good pieces aplenty!), plus long-grain rice and other garden vegetables, are blended in a hearty broth seasoned just right. Have you treated your family to Campbell's Old-fashioned Tomato Rice? They'll love *you* for it.



Everybody's loving NEW

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

Seven favorite vegetables are in this soup—gently simmered, delicately seasoned and creamed with milk. It's a wholesome country-garden soup — fragrant with fresh-vegetable goodness. Maybe that's why Cream of Vegetable has become such a favorite so fast. Have plenty heated and ready . . . all the folks are bound to ask for seconds!

Good things begin to happen when you have *Campbell's* 2 new soups!

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NIGHT WITHOUT END

Mahler had an alibi . . . but it didn't clear him of murder.

By Alistair MacLean

After the mysterious crash of an airliner near Dr. Peter Mason's scientific outpost on the Greenland icecap, Mason and his colleagues, Jackstraw and Joss, rescued nine passengers, a stewardess and a critically injured crewman. The remaining crewmen and a passenger were dead. All of the survivors had been doped before the crash.

Later someone smashed the outpost radio and murdered the injured crewman. Mason subsequently discovered that the dead pilot and a passenger had been shot. He then took his prime suspect, stewardess Margaret Ross, back to the wreckage. When he confronted her with the victims, she revealed that the murdered crewman had been her fiancé. Evidently she was innocent.

Returning to the shelter, Mason began searching the other survivors at gunpoint for the murder weapon. He was determined to find an answer to this strange series of events before the group embarked on the grueling 300-mile tractor trek to civilization.

V

Joss started on Zagero. He searched him thoroughly—I could see the anger in Zagero's face, but his eyes didn't leave my gun—and found nothing. He moved on to Solly Levin.

"Might I ask why I'm being excused?" Marie LeGarde asked suddenly.

"You?" I said shortly. My eyes didn't move from Solly. "Marie LeGarde? Don't be silly!"

"The choice of words and tone of voice leave a lot to be desired." Her voice was soft and warm, though still shaky. "But I've never had a greater compliment. All the same, I insist on being searched. I don't want to be the one under a cloud if the guns don't turn up."

And the guns didn't turn up. Joss finished searching the men, Margaret Ross the women—Mrs. Dansby-Gregg under icy protest—and neither found anything. Joss looked at me, his face empty of all expression.

"Get their luggage," I said harshly, "the small cases they're taking with them. We'll try those."

"You're wasting your time, Doctor Mason," Nick Corazzini said quietly. "To any characters smart enough to guess that you were going to frisk them, the next move would stick out a mile. You might find those guns you talk about hidden on the tractor or the sleds or buried under a couple of inches of snow, ready to be picked up whenever required, but you won't find them in our grips."

"Maybe you're right," I said slowly. "But if I were one of the killers and had a gun in my case, that's exactly the way I'd talk too."

"As you said to Miss LeGarde just now, don't be silly!" He jumped to his feet, walked over to a corner of the cabin under the watchful eyes of Jackstraw and myself, picked up a handful of small cases and dumped them on the floor before me, his own nearest me. "Where are you going to start? There's mine, that's the reverend's robe case, this"—he picked it up and looked at the initials—"this is the senator's briefcase. I don't know whose the last is."

(Continued on Page 46)

"All I want is your gun," Mason ordered Mahler.

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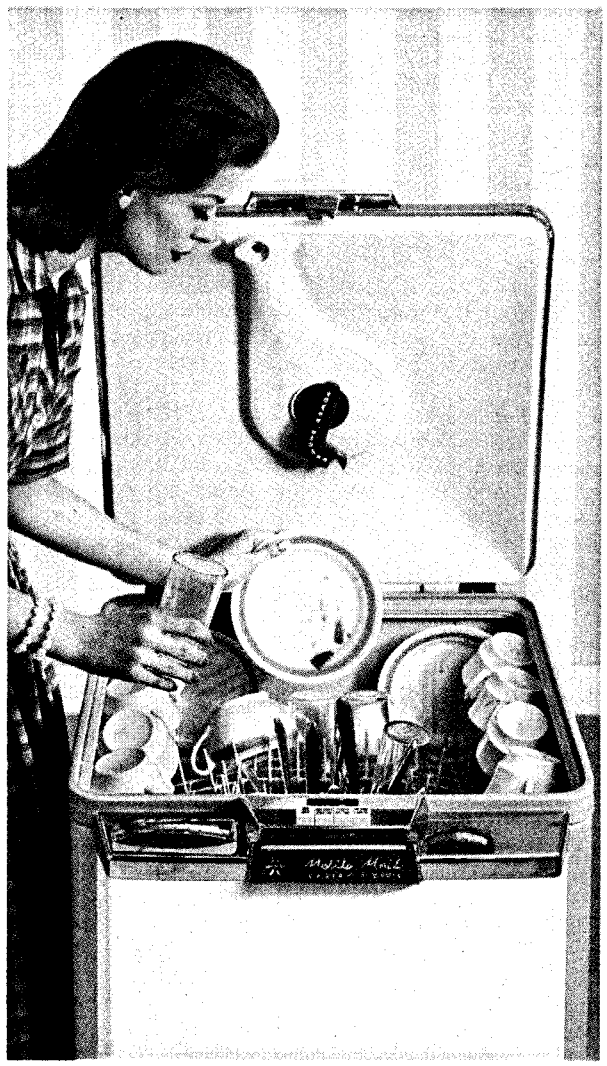
4½ minutes after dessert you're done!



New General Electric Mobile Maid with Power Shower outwashes every other dishwasher including people!

For the first time, a dishwasher that washes dishes from the bottom up *and* from the top down. Only the new General Electric Custom 3-Cycle Mobile Maid with Power Shower washes two ways . . . so there'll be no two ways about the results.

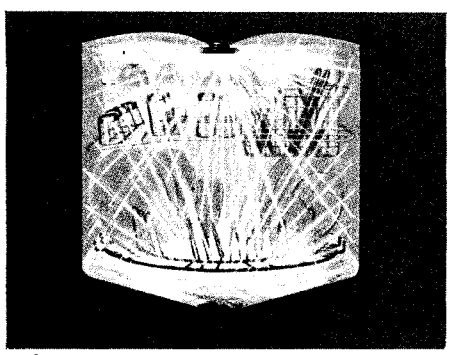
Mobile Maid® is portable. You pay not one penny for installation. Use it wherever there's a sink; roll it away when not in use.

Mobile Maid has Flushaway Drain so you don't have to hand rinse or scrape before putting your dishes in the machine.

Capacity? Throw a dinner party for thirteen* and Mobile Maid washes everything on the table but the tablecloth.

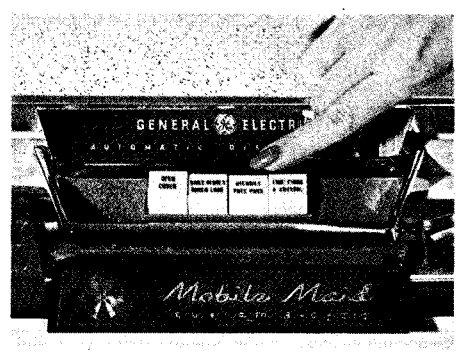
Pleasant thought: if you owned a Mobile Maid, you could be done with the dishes tonight in the time it takes to clear the table!

*NEMA place settings

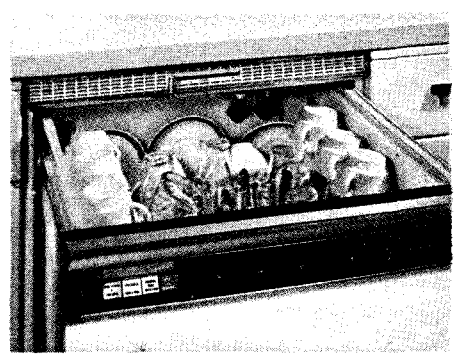


Cleaner dishes for sure! From under the lid, Power Shower swirls hot water over every dish while *more* hot water shoots from the bottom up. Top and bottom washing scrubs away even hard-to-remove soils.

No hand rinsing or scraping! Flushaway Drain does it *automatically*. All you do is remove large food scraps. Soft food is liquefied and flushed away—*before* washing begins. Easier-to-load racks, too.



Coddles china, scours pots! Three washing cycles. One gentle cycle washes fine china and crystal. One vigorous cycle scours utensils, pots, pans. All-purpose cycle scrubs a mixed load of daily dishes.



New Undercounter Model, too! All the top performance features of the new Mobile Maid. Available in five colors, five woods, brushed chrome and coppertone. General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE GOLDEN VALUE LINE OF THE 60's

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(*Continued from Page 44*) "Mine," Mrs. Dansby-Gregg said coldly.

Corazzini grinned. "Ah, the Balenciaga. Well, doc, who ——" He broke off, straightened slowly and gazed up through the skylight. "What—what the devil is happening up there?"

"Don't try to pull any fast stuff, Corazzini," I said quickly. "Jackstraw's gun ——"

"The hell with Jackstraw's gun!" he snapped impatiently. "Have a look for yourself."

I motioned him out of the way and had a look. Two seconds later I had thrust my automatic into Joss's hand and was on my way up top.

The airliner was a blazing torch in the darkness of the night. Even at that distance of about half a mile and against the light wind, I could clearly hear the fierce roaring and crackling of the flames—not flames, rather, but one great solid column of fire that seemed to spring from the wings and center of the fuselage and reach up clear and smokeless and sparkless two hundred feet into the night sky. It was a fantastically beautiful spectacle, but I'd had time to watch it for barely ten seconds when the dazzling colored irradiation turned to a blaze of white, the central flame leaped up to twice, almost three times its original height and, two or three seconds later, the roar of the exploding fuel tanks came at me across the frozen stillness of the icecap.

I dropped down into the cabin, pulling the hatch shut behind me, and looked at Jackstraw.

"Any chance at all of accounting for the presence of our various friends here during the past half hour?"

"I'm afraid not, Doctor Mason. Everyone was on the move all the time, finishing off the tractor body or bringing up the stores and petrol drums and lashing them on the sled." He glanced up through the skylight. "The plane, wasn't it?"

"'Was' is right." I glanced at the stewardess. "My apologies, Miss Ross. You did hear somebody out there."

"You mean—you mean it wasn't an accident?" Zagero asked.

There's a fair chance that you know darned well that it wasn't, I thought. Aloud I said, "It was no accident."

"So there goes your evidence, eh?" Corazzini asked. "The pilot and Colonel Harrison, I mean."

"No. The nose and tail of the plane are still intact. I don't know what the reason could be—but I'm sure there's a darned good one. And you can put these bags away, Mr. Corazzini."

There was silence while Corazzini returned the bags; then Joss looked at me quizzically. "Well that explains one thing at least."

"The messed-up explosives?" I remembered with chagrin how I had listened to the abnormally loud hissing out by the plane, but had ignored it. Someone who had known very clearly what he was doing had led a fuse into fuel lines or tanks or carburetors. "It certainly does."

"What's all this about explosives?" Senator Brewster demanded.

"Somebody stole the fuses to set fire to the plane. For all I know it may have been you." I held up my hand to still his outraged spluttering and went on wearily, "It may equally well have been one of the other seven of you. I don't know. All I know is that the person or persons responsible for the murders were responsible for the theft of the fuses. And for smashing of the radio tubes. And for the theft of the condensers."

"And for the theft of the sugar," Joss put in.

"Sugar!" I exclaimed, and then the question died in my throat. I happened to be looking straight at the little Jew, Theodore Mahler, and the nervous start he gave, the quick flicker of his eyes in Joss's direction, was unmistakable. But I looked away quickly, before he could see my face.

"Our last bag," Joss explained. "Maybe thirty pounds. It's gone. I found what little was left of it—just a handful lying on the floor of the tunnel—mixed up with the smashed tubes."

I shook my head and said nothing. The reason for this last theft I couldn't even begin to imagine.

Supper that night was a sketchy affair—soup, coffee and a couple of biscuits each as the only solids. The soup was thin, the biscuits no more than a bite and the coffee, for me at any rate, all but undrinkable without sugar.

And the meal was as silent as it was miserable, conversation being limited to what was absolutely necessary. Time and again I would see someone turn to his neighbor and make to say something, then his lips would clamp tightly shut and the expression drain out of his face as he turned away without a word, with almost everyone thinking that his or her neighbor might be a murderer.

After the meal I rose, pulled on parka and gloves, picked up the searchlight, told Jackstraw and Joss to come with me and headed for the trap door. Zagero's voice stopped me.

"Where you goin', doc?"

"That's no concern of yours. Well, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg?"

"Shouldn't you—shouldn't you take the rifle with you?"

"Don't worry." I smiled thinly. "With everyone watching everyone else like hawks, that rifle's as safe as houses."

"But—but someone could jump for it," she said nervously. "They could get you when you're coming down the hatch ——"

"Mr. Nielsen and I are the last two persons they'd ever shoot. Without us, they couldn't get a mile from here. The most likely candidates for the next bullet are some of yourselves. You're absolutely inessential and, as far as the killers are concerned, represent nothing more than a waste of priceless rations." With this comforting thought I left them.

The dying embers of the burned-out plane were a dull, smoldering glow to the northeast. The snow had gone completely, and the first faint stars were beginning to show through the thinning cloud above. Twelve hours from now it was going to be very cold indeed.

With searchlight and flashlights we examined every inch of the tractors and sleds, above and below, and if there had been a pin there, I would have sworn that we couldn't have missed it, far less anything so large as a couple of guns. We found nothing.

I straightened and turned to look at the glow that was lightening the sky to the east; the moon, preternaturally large and rather more than half full, heaved itself above the distant horizon and flooded the icecap with its pale and ghostly light. We watched in silence for a full minute, then Jackstraw stirred. Even before he spoke, I knew what was in his mind.

"Uplavnik," he murmured. "Tomorrow we set off for Uplavnik. But first, you said, a good night's sleep."

"I know," I said. "A traveler's moon."

"A traveler's moon," he echoed.

He was right, of course. Travel in the arctic in winter was regulated not by daylight but by moonlight. I turned to Joss. "You'll be all right alone?"

"I have no worries," he said somberly. "Look, sir, can't I come too?"

"Stay here and stay healthy," I advised. "I'll call you up on the usual schedules. You might get a kick out of the radio yet. Miracles still happen."

"Not this time they won't." He turned away abruptly and went below. Jackstraw moved across to the tractor, and I followed Joss down to the cabin. No one had moved an inch, as far as I could see, but they all looked up as I came in.

"All right," I said abruptly. "Get your stuff together and pile on every last stitch of clothes you can. We're leaving now."

We left, in fact, just over an hour later. The Citroën had been lying unused for the better part of a fortnight, and we had the devil's own job getting it to start. But start it eventually did, with a roar and a thunderous clatter that had everybody jumping in startlement, then looking at it in dismay.

We said our good-bys to Joss. He shook hands with Jackstraw and myself, with Margaret Ross and Marie LeGarde and, pointedly, with no one else. We left him standing there by the hatchway, a lonely figure outlined against the pale light of the steadily climbing moon, and headed west by south for Uplavnik, three hundred long and frozen miles away. I wondered, as I knew Joss was wondering, whether we would ever see each other again.

I wondered, too, what right I had in exposing Jackstraw to the dangers which must lie ahead. He was sitting beside me as I drove, but as I looked at him covertly in the moonlight, at that strong, lean face that, but for the rather broad cheekbones, might have been that of any Scandinavian sea rover, I knew I was wasting my time wondering. Although nominally under my command, he had only been lent me, as other Greenlanders had been lent, as an act of courtesy by the Danish Government to several I.G.Y. stations, as a scientific officer—he had a geology degree from the University of Copenhagen and had forgotten more about the icecap than I would ever know—and in times of emergency, especially where his own pride, and he had plenty of that, was concerned, would be extremely likely to do what he thought best, regardless of what I thought or said.

I was darned glad to have him along, as a friend, as an ally, and as an insurance policy against the disaster that can so easily overtake the careless or the inexperienced on the icecap. But even so, even though I quieted my conscience as best I could, it was difficult to push from my mind the picture of his dark, vivacious, young schoolteacher wife and little daughter, and the red-and-white brick house in which I'd lived for two weeks as a guest in the summer.

What Jackstraw thought was impossible to say. He sat immobile, as if carved from stone, only his eyes alive, constantly moving, constantly shifting, as he probed for sudden dips in the icecap, for differences in the structure of the snow, for anything that might spell trouble. It was purely automatic, purely instinctive—the crevasse country lay, as yet, two hundred and fifty miles away, where the icecap started to slope sharply to the sea, and Jackstraw himself maintained that Balto, his big lead dog, had a surer instinct for crevasses than any human.

With the wide tractor body blocking off the view behind it was impossible for me to see what was happening there, but every ten minutes or so Jackstraw would jump off and stand by the side of the trail. Behind the tractor body and its shivering occupants—because of the tractor fuel tank beneath and the spare fuel drums astern, the stove was never lighted while we were in motion—came the sled with all our stores: one hundred twenty gallons of fuel, provisions, bedding and sleeping bags, tents, ropes, axes, shovels, trail flags, cooking utensils, seal meat for the dogs, four wooden bridging battens, canvas sheets, blow (*Continued on Page 48*)

"Wow! Did you see that shot? Now watch that beer can over there!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Soft as my blanket
soft as me
That's how soft
softness can be

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Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough

In fresh, clean colors and purest white

For lovely prints of Northern's four little girls in 11" x 14" standard frame size, send 25¢ in coin to cover handling costs to Northern, Box 170, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 46*) torches, lantern, medical equipment, radiosonde balloons, magnesium flares and a score of minor items.

I had hesitated over including the radiosondes, especially the relatively heavy hydrogen cylinders for these, but they were ready crated with tents, ropes, axes and shovels and—this was the deciding factor—had saved lives on at least one occasion when a trail party, lost on the plateau with defective compasses, had saved themselves by releasing several balloons in the brief daylight hours, thereby enabling their base to see them and send accurate radio bearings.

Behind the heavy transport sled was towed the empty dog sled, with the dogs on loose traces running astern of it, all except Balto, who always ran free. When the last of the dogs had passed him by, Jackstraw would run forward to overtake the tractor and jump in alongside me once more. He was as tireless and as immune to fatigue as Balto himself.

The first twenty miles were easy. On the way up from the coast, more than four months previously, we had planted big marker flags at intervals of half a mile. On a night such as this, with the moonlight flooding the icecap, these trail flags, a bright, luminous orange and mounted on aluminum poles stuck in snow heaps, were visible at a great distance. We counted twenty-eight of these flags altogether—about a dozen were missing—then, after a sudden dip in the land, completely lost them. Whether they had been blown away or just drifted under it was impossible to say.

"Well, there it is, Jackstraw," I said resignedly. "This is where one of us starts getting cold. Really cold."

"We've been cold before, Doctor Mason. Me first." He slid the magnetic compass off its brackets, started to unreel a cable from a spool under the dashboard, then jumped out, still unwinding the cable, while I followed to help. Despite the fact that the North Magnetic Pole is nowhere near the north pole—at that time it was about a thousand miles south of it and lay more to the west than north of us—a magnetic compass, when proper variation allowances are made, is still useful in high latitudes. But because of the counteracting magnetic effects of a large mass of metal, it was quite useless when mounted on the tractor itself. Our plan, therefore, was that someone should lie with the compass on the dog sled, fifty feet behind the tractor, and, by means of a switch which operated red and green lights in the tractor dashboard, guide the driver to left or right.

With Jackstraw established on the sled, I walked back to the tractor and pushed aside the canvas screen at the back of the wooden body. "Sorry for the delay," I said. "Just off again now. But I want one of you for a lookout."

Both Zagero and Corazzini volunteered almost in the same breath, but I shook my head. "You two get what sleep or rest you can—I'm liable to need you very much later on. Perhaps you, Mr. Mahler?"

He looked pale and ill, but he nodded silently, and Zagero said in a quiet voice, "Corazzini and myself too high up on the list of suspects, huh?"

"I wouldn't put either of you at the very foot," I said shortly. I waited till Mahler had climbed down, then I dropped the canvas and walked round to the driver's seat.

Theodore Mahler, strangely enough, proved only too eager to talk—and keep on talking.

"Well, Mr. Mahler, it looks as if the itinerary of your European trip is going to be upset a bit."

"Not Europe, Doctor Mason." I could hear the machine-gunlike chatter of his teeth. "Israel."

"You live there?"

"Never been there in my life." There was a pause, and when his voice came again, it was all but drowned in the sound of the engine. I thought I caught the words "my home."

"You—you're going to start a new life there, Mr. Mahler?"

"I'm sixty-nine—tomorrow," he answered obliquely. "A new life? Let's say, rather, that I'm going to end an old one."

"And you're going to live there, make your home there—after sixty-nine years in another country?"

"Millions of us Jews have done just that in the past ten years. Not that I've lived in America all my life. . . ."

And then he told me his story—a story of refugee oppression that I'd heard a hundred times, with a hundred variations. He was a Russian Jew, he said, and in 1905 had been forced to flee with his father—leaving his mother and two brothers behind—to escape the ruthless massacres carried out by the "Black Hundreds" at the behest of the last of the Romanov Czars who was seeking scapegoats for his crushing defeat by the Japanese. His mother, he learned later, had just disappeared, while his two brothers had survived only to die in agony long years afterward. He himself had found work in the clothing industry in New York, studied in night school, worked for an oil company, married and, with the death of his wife that spring, had set about fulfilling the age-long ambition of his race, the return to their holy land.

It was a touching story, pathetic and deeply moving, and I didn't believe a word of it.

Every twenty minutes I changed position with Jackstraw, and so the long hours of the night dragged by as the cold deepened and the stars and the moon wheeled across the black vault of the sky. And then came moonset, the blackness of the arctic night rushed across the icecap, and I slowed the Citroën gratefully to a stop.

TUESDAY: SEVEN A.M.–MIDNIGHT

Over our black, sugarless coffee and biscuits I told our passengers that this would be only a brief three-hour halt and that they should try to get what sleep they could.

Beside me, as I drank my coffee, was Theodore Mahler. When my cup was empty, I whispered in Mahler's ear that there was a little matter that I wished to discuss privately with him. He looked at me in surprise, hesitated, then nodded in agreement, rising to follow me as I moved out into the darkness.

A hundred yards away I stopped, switched on my flashlight so that he blinked in its beam, and slid my automatic forward until its barrel was clearly visible, sharply outlined in the harsh white glare. I heard the catch of the breath and saw the eyes widening in fear and horror.

"Save the act for the judge, Mahler," I said bleakly. "I'm not interested in it. All I want is your gun."

"My gun?" Mahler had slowly lifted his arms until his hands were at shoulder level, and his voice wasn't quite steady. "I—I don't understand, Doctor Mason. I have no gun."

"Naturally." I jerked the barrel of the automatic to lend emphasis to my words. "Turn round."

"What are you going to do? You're making a ——"

"Turn round!"

He turned. I took a couple of steps forward, ground the muzzle of the automatic none too gently into the small of his back and started to search him with my free hand.

He was wearing two overcoats, a jacket, several sweaters and scarves, two pairs of trousers and layer upon layer of underclothes. Searching him was easier said than done. It took me a full minute to convince myself that he wasn't carrying a weapon of any kind. I stepped back, and he came slowly round to face me.

"I hope you're quite satisfied now, Doctor Mason?"

"We'll see what we find in your case. As for the rest, I'm satisfied enough. I have all the proof I want." I dipped the flashlight beam to illuminate the handful of sugar I'd taken from the pocket of his inner overcoat—there had been well over a pound in either pocket. "You might care to explain where you got this, Mr. Mahler?"

"I don't have to tell you that, do I?" His voice was very low. "I stole it, Doctor Mason."

"You did indeed. A remarkably small-time activity for a person who operates on the scale you do. It was just your bad luck, Mahler, that I happened to be looking directly at you when the theft of the sugar was mentioned back in the cabin. It was just your bad luck that when we had our coffee just now it was dark enough for me to have a swig from your cup without your knowledge; it was so stiff with sugar that I couldn't even drink the stuff. If you'd left that sugar alone when you were smashing up the tubes, I'd never have known. Incidentally, what did you do with the rest of the sugar? In your grip? Or just thrown away?"

"You're making a very grave mistake, Doctor Mason." Mahler's voice was steady now, and if it held any trace of worry or guilt I couldn't detect it. "I didn't touch those tubes. And, apart from the few handfuls I took, the sugar bag was quite intact when I left it."

"Of course, of course." I waved the automatic. "Back to the tractor, my friend, and let's have a look at this case of yours."

"No!"

"Don't be crazy," I snapped. "I have a gun, Mahler. Believe me, I won't hesitate to use it."

"I believe you. I think you would be quite ruthless if the need arose. But I don't want to see you make a complete fool of yourself in public." He lifted his right hand toward the lapel of his coat. "Let me show you something."

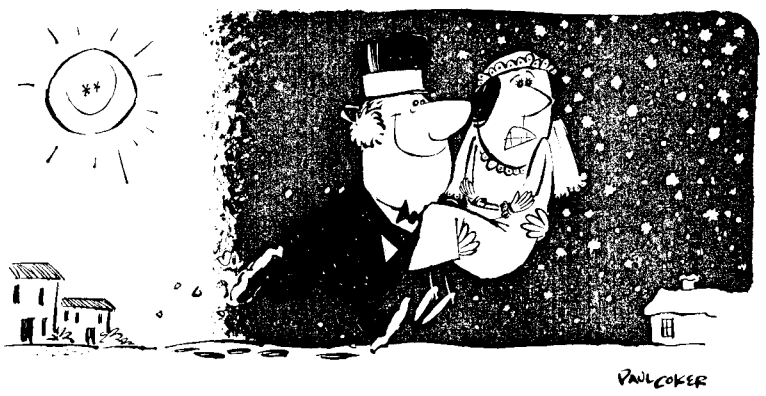
I jerked the automatic forward, but the gesture was quite needless. As he pushed his hand under his topcoats, Mahler's gestures were smooth and unhurried, just as smooth and unhurried when he brought his hand out again and passed over to me a leather-covered card. I stepped back a few feet, flipped open the card and glanced down at it.

That one glance was enough. This was a completely new factor. Then slowly I folded the card, stepped close to Mahler and began examining his face for telltale signs.

In the harsh glare of the flashlight his face was blue and white with the cold, and I could see the jutting of the jaw muscles as he clamped his teeth together to keep them from chattering uncontrollably.

"Breathe out," I said.

He did as I asked, and there was no mistaking it, none (*Continued on Page 52*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Warmly though Pepita loved Zeke when they wed in sunny Mexico, her love cooled in the chilly United States. Returning home on a vacation, she informed her husband she could not bear to go back to the cold *Estados Unidos*. Zeke sadly went home alone and later sued for divorce on grounds of abandonment.

"Pepita refuses to return to my bed and board," he pleaded, "so the court should free me to find a mate who does not object to living where I live."

"In this modern age," Pepita replied, "a wife should have as much say-so about where to live as a husband. Zeke can get used to my country easier than I can to his anyhow, and actually it was he who quit me."

If you were the judge, would you grant Zeke a divorce?

• •

Zeke won. The court said, "If a husband provides a suitable home, the wife is not justified in abandoning it to satisfy her personal preferences regarding climate and customs."

Based upon a 1958 Kentucky decision.

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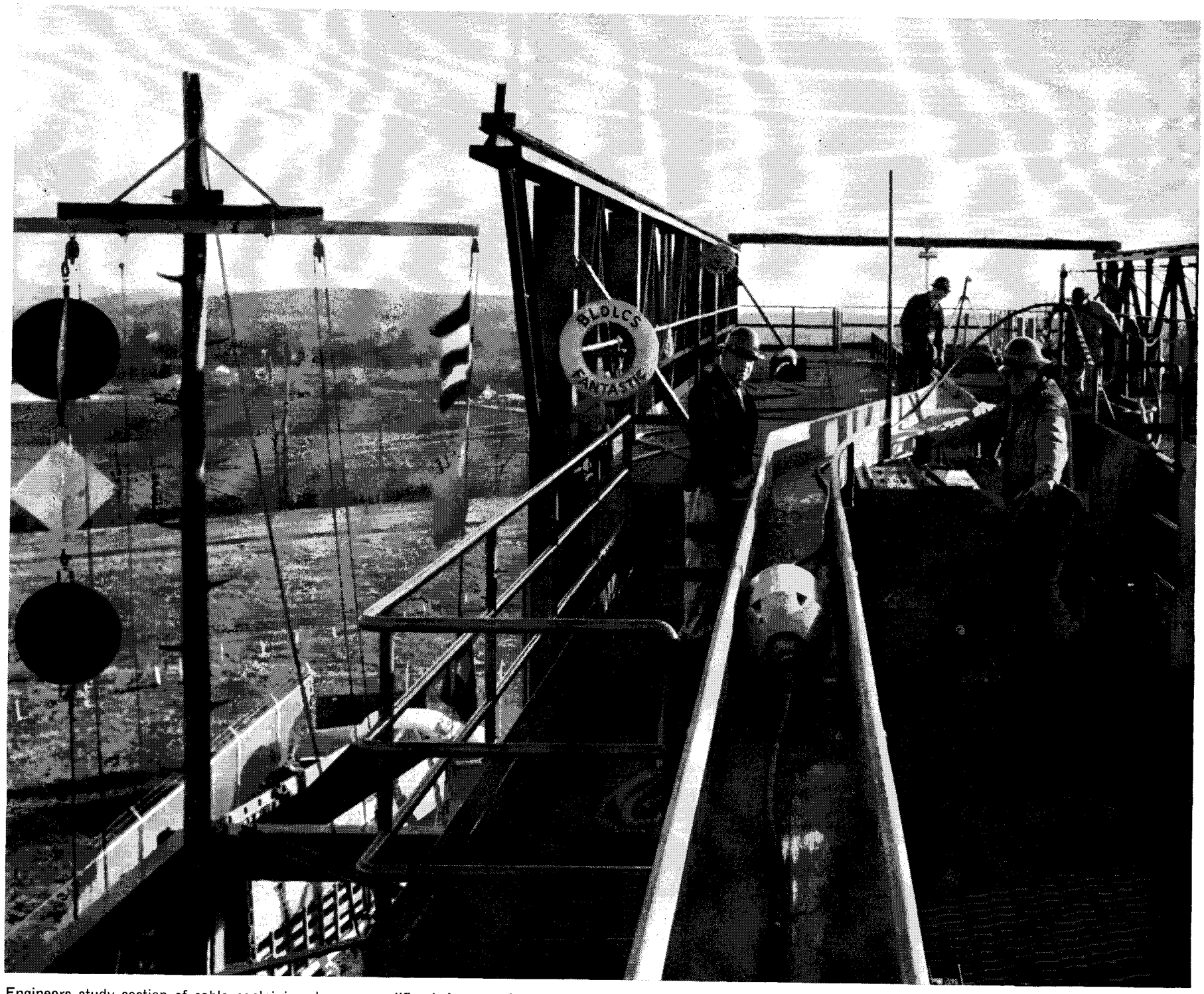

Engineers study section of cable containing dummy amplifier being payed out. Inscription on life preserver stands for "Bell Laboratories Dry Land Cable Ship Fantastic."

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A ship that never sails helps Bell System engineers devise the best way to lay undersea telephone cables

The telephone cables which now connect America with Europe, Hawaii and other distant places have proved enormously successful.

Soon more will be needed—to link other continents, and to handle the ever-rising volume of overseas calls. But the new and lighter cables now being tested call for entirely new cable-laying techniques and equipment.

To save time and money, and permit studies of the problem under controlled conditions, a mock-up of a cable-laying ship—dubbed the *Fantastic*—has been built on a New Jersey hilltop some twenty-eight miles from the nearest salt water. There, most days, you will find Bell Laboratories engineers busily testing the new methods and equipment they have devised.

Winches whine as long sections of cable are pulled up from the "hold" and payed out "overboard" as if the *Fantastic* were truly at sea. Flying gaily from a yardarm are maritime signals warning other vessels to stay clear.

Elsewhere in the Laboratories, experiments show how to grip the cable and control its speed, what happens as it sinks into the sea, how fast it should be payed out to fit the ocean bottom snugly. Still other studies plot the hills and valleys of the ocean floor where the cable will eventually be laid.

The result—telephone service across the ocean as good as your own local service. It is progress like this which is the aim of our constant research and experimentation in all fields of communications.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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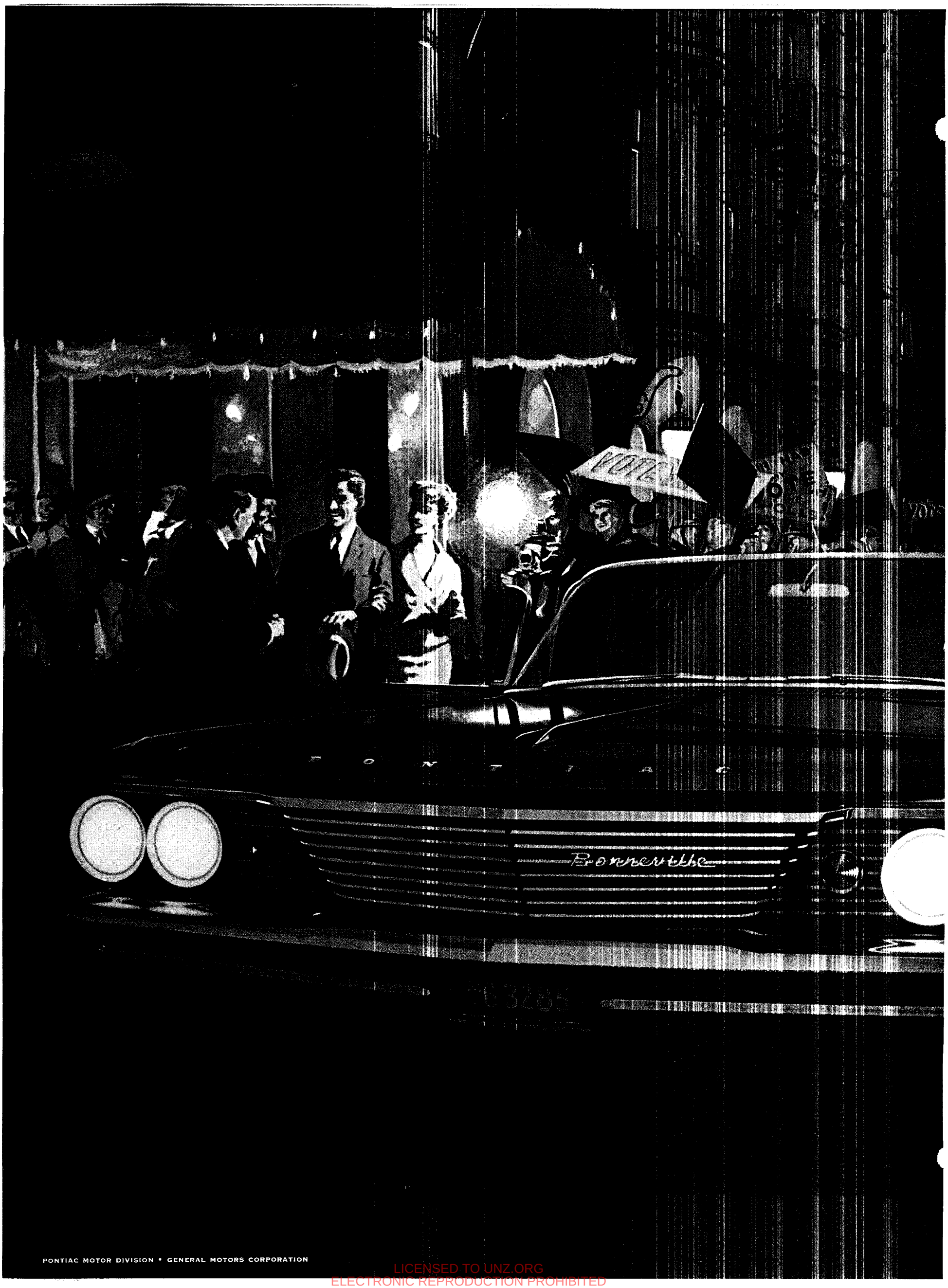

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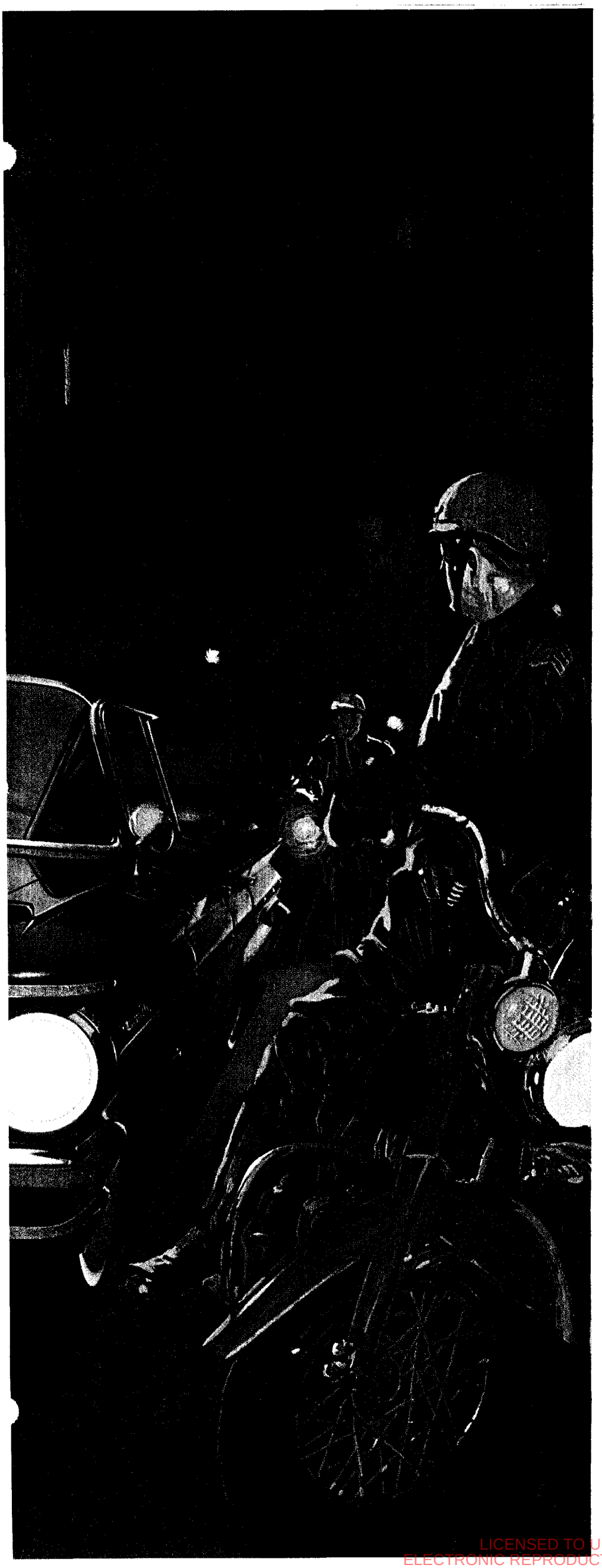

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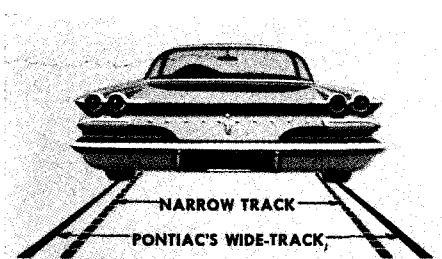

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PONTIAC—THE ONLY CAR
WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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(*Continued from Page 48*) at all—the sweet acetone breath of the advanced and untreated diabetic can't possibly be confused with anything else. Wordlessly I handed him back the card and thrust the automatic into my parka pocket.

At last I said quietly, "How long have you had this, Mr. Mahler?"

"Thirty years."

"A pretty advanced condition?"

"My doctor would agree with you." I caught the smile on his face as he pushed his mask up, and there wasn't much humor in it. "So would I."

"Twice-daily injections?"

"Twice," he nodded. "Before breakfast and in the evening."

"But don't you carry a hypo and ——"

"Normally," he interrupted. "But not this time. The Gander doctor gave me a jab, and as I can usually carry on a few hours overdue without ill effects, I thought I'd wait until we got to London." He tapped his breast pocket. "This card's good anywhere."

"Except on the Greenland icecap," I said bitterly. "But then I don't suppose you anticipated a stopover here. What diet were you on?"

"High protein, high starch."

"Hence the sugar?" I looked down at the white crystals still clenched in my left mitten.

"No." He shrugged. "But I know sugar used to be used for the treatment of coma. I thought maybe if I stuffed enough into myself. . . . Well, anyway, you know now why I turned criminal."

"Yes, I know now. My apologies for the gun-waving act, Mr. Mahler, but you must admit I had every justification. Why the devil didn't you tell me before now? I am supposed to be a doctor, you know."

"I would have had to tell you sooner or later, I suppose. And I didn't think there would be much chance of your carrying insulin among your medical stores."

"We don't—we don't have to. Everybody gets a thorough medical before going on an I.G.Y. station, and diabetes hardly develops overnight. You take it all very calmly, I must say, Mr. Mahler. Come on, let's get back to the tractor."

We reached there inside a minute. I pulled back the canvas screen. They were all still drinking coffee—it was the one thing we had in plenty. It seemed difficult to realize that we'd been gone only a few minutes.

"Hurry up and finish off," I said abruptly. We're on our way within five minutes. Jackstraw, would you start the engine, please, before she chills right down?"

"On our way!" The protest, almost inevitably, came from Mrs. Dansby-Gregg. "My dear man, we've hardly stopped. And you promised us three hours' sleep only a few minutes ago."

"That was a few minutes ago. That was before I found out about Mr. Mahler here." Quickly I told them all I thought they needed to know. "It sounds brutal to say it in Mr. Mahler's presence," I went on, "but the facts themselves are brutal. Whoever crashed that plane—and, to a lesser extent, stole the sugar—put Mr. Mahler's life in the greatest danger. Only two things, normally, could save Mr. Mahler—a properly balanced high-calorie diet as a short-term measure and insulin as a long-term one. We have neither. All we can give Mr. Mahler is the chance to get one or other of these things with all speed humanly possible. Between now and the coast that tractor engine is going to stop only if it packs up completely, if we run into an impassable blizzard, or if the last of the drivers collapses over the wheel. Are there any objections?"

There were no objections. For the most part, I suppose, they were too cold, too tired, too hungry and too thirsty—for with the rapid evaporation of moisture from the warm, relatively humid body, thirst was always a problem in dry, intensely cold air—to raise any objections. To people unaccustomed to the arctic, it must have seemed that they had reached the nadir of their sufferings, that things could get no worse than they were. I hoped that as much time as possible would elapse before they found out how wrong they were.

There were no objections, but there were two suggestions. Both came from Nick Corazzini.

"Look, doc, about this diet Mr. Mahler must have. Maybe we can't balance it, but we can at least make sure that he gets a fair number of calories—not that I know how you count the darn things. Why don't we double his rations—no, even that wouldn't keep a decent sparrow alive. What say each of the rest of us docks a quarter of his rations and hands them over? That way Mr. Mahler would have about four times his normal ——"

"No, no!" Mahler protested. "Thank you, Mr. Corazzini, but I cannot permit ——"

"An excellent idea," I interrupted. "I was thinking along the same lines myself."

"Good," Corazzini grinned. "Carried unanimously. I also suggest we'd get along farther and faster if, say, Mr. Zagero and I were to spell you two on the tractor." He held up a hand as if to forestall protest. "Either of us may be the man you want; in fact, we might be the two men you want—if it is two men. But if I'm one of the killers, and I know nothing about the arctic, navigation, the maintenance of this ancient Citroën and wouldn't as much as recognize a crevasse if I fell down one, it's as plain as the nose on your face that I'm not going to make a break for it until I'm within shouting distance of the coast. Agreed?"

"Agreed," I said. Even as I spoke, there came a coughing, clattering roar as Jackstraw coaxed the still-warm Citroën back into life, and I looked up at Corazzini. "All right," I went on. "Come on down. You can have your first driving lesson now."

We left at half-past seven that morning, in driving conditions that were just about perfect. The powerful headlights of the Citroën, striking a million sparkling diamond points of light off the ice spicules, reached a clear three hundred yards ahead into the darkness, leaving the ground to either side of the twin interlocking beams shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The cold was intense and deepening by the hour, but the Citroën seemed to thrive on it that morning.

Luck was with us almost right away.

Within fifteen minutes of starting off, Balto, ranging free as always, appeared out of the darkness to the southwest and ran alongside the dog sled, barking to attract Jackstraw's attention. Jackstraw gave us the signal to stop—a rapid flickering of the red and green lights on the tractor dashboard—and in two or three minutes appeared out of the darkness, grinning, to tell us that Balto had picked up a standing trail flag. That was good news in itself, in that it meant that our navigation the previous night had been all that could have been wished for and that we were almost exactly on course. Even more important, however, was the fact that if this flag was the first of a series, we could dispense with the navigator on the dog sled and that Jackstraw and I could have some sleep—if sleep were possible in that miserably cold and lurching tractor body.

And indeed that flag proved to be the first of an almost unbroken series that was to guide us all the length of that interminable day, so that from eight o'clock onward Jackstraw, Zagero, Corazzini and I took it in turns to drive, with the senator, the Rev. Mr. Smallwood or Solly Levin up front as lookout. Theirs was probably the coldest, certainly the most unwelcome job of all; but all three bore up uncomplainingly, even to the extent of thawing out in silent agony at the end of their hour on duty.

Shortly after eight o'clock I left an obviously competent Corazzini to his own devices, dropped back to the shelter of the tractor body and asked the senator to go up front. I then set about breaking the strictest rule of all, where these old tractors were concerned—that no fire should ever be lighted inside when they were in motion. But even the most stringent rules are to be observed only until such time as the need for breaking them is paramount—and now both the need and the time were here. My concern was not for the warmth and comfort of the passengers or even for the cooking of the food—we had little enough of that, heaven knew, though a constant supply of warm water would come in useful for dealing with the inevitable cases of frostbite—but purely and simply for the life of Theodore Mahler.

Even following Corazzini's suggestion we couldn't give him enough food. I had him climb into a sleeping bag and lie down on one of the bunks, wrapped in a pair of heavy blankets. But he had to have heat—heat from the stove, heat from the warm fluids which I told Margaret Ross that he was to have at least every two hours. Mahler protested strongly against all these arrangements being made on his behalf, but at the same time he was sensible enough to realize that his only chance of survival depended on doing what I said.

That all the passengers should suddenly, and so vehemently, be concerned with Theodore Mahler's welfare seemed, on the face of it, inexplicable. But only on the face of it. Mahler represented not so much a sufferer as a most welcome diversion from their own thoughts and suspicions, from the tension, from the never-ending constraint that had laid its chilling hand over the entire company for the past twelve hours.

Marie LeGarde and Margaret Ross, each of whom knew that the other was not under suspicion, kept very much to themselves and talked only between themselves. So, too, did Zagero and Solly Levin, and also—though this would have seemed ridiculously improbable only twenty-four hours ago—Mrs. Dansby-Gregg and her maid, Helene. Improbable then, but inevitable now—whether guilty or not, both knew exactly where the other stood and, of all the passengers, each could only fully trust the other. They could of course, as could all the others, trust Marie LeGarde and Margaret Ross; but the fact that they knew that Marie LeGarde and Margaret Ross couldn't trust them was enough to prohibit any attempts to establish an easier relationship. As for Corazzini, the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, the senator and Mahler, they kept very much to themselves.

In the circumstances, then, it was inevitable that they should welcome the introduction of an absolutely innocuous subject of interest and conversation, something that would divert their unwelcome and suspicious thoughts into some more tolerable channel. Theodore Mahler promised to be the best-looked-after patient I had ever had.

I had just got the oil stove going to my satisfaction when Zagero called to me from his seat by the rear canvas screen.

"There's somethin' funny goin' on outside, doc. Come and have a look."

I had a look. Far off to the right—the northwest, that was—and high above the horizon a great diffuse, formless volume of luminosity, spreading over almost a quarter of the dark dome of the sky, was beginning to pulse and fade, pulse and fade, strengthening, deepening, climbing with the passing of every moment.

"The aurora, Mr. Zagero," I said. "The northern lights. First time you've seen it?"

He nodded. "Yes. Amazin' spectacle, isn't it?"

"This? This is nothing. It's just starting up." (*Continued on Page 54*)

"Comin' through O.K., Herbie?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dial to be sure!

Some soaps are soap. Some are not—they're detergents. Some give you deodorant protection—others do not. Dial is real soap with AT-7 in it to remove the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Mild and sure. The only soap for people who like people.

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"New Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

(*Continued from Page 52*) "Get this sort of thing often, doc?"

"Every day, for days on end, when the weather is like this—you know, cold and clear and still. Believe it or not, you can even get so used to it that you won't bother looking."

"I don't believe it. It's amazin'," he repeated, "just amazin'. Tired of it, you say—I hope we see it every day."

"For your own sake you'd better hope for something else," I said grimly.

"Meanin'?"

"Meaning that radio reception is hopeless when the aurora is on."

"Radio reception?" He crinkled his brows. "What we gotta lose, with the radio set in the cabin smashed and your friends in the trail party gettin' farther away every minute? You couldn't raise either of them anyway."

"No, but we can raise our Uplavnik base when we get a bit nearer the coast," I said, and the next moment I could have bitten my tongue off. Now, if Zagero was one of the killers, he would make good and certain that the set would be smashed long before we got within radio range of the Uplavnik base.

I turned and touched Margaret Ross on the shoulder. "I'd like to have a few words with you, Miss Ross, if you don't mind the cold outside."

She looked at me in surprise, hesitated for a moment, then nodded. I jumped down, reached up a hand to steady her, then helped her aboard the big sled as it passed by a few seconds later. For a short time we just sat there, side by side on a fuel drum, watching the aurora while I wondered how to begin. She might have been looking at it with the same uncaring eyes as myself, lost not in wonder but in the memory of the man we had left behind in the icecap. And when she turned at the sound of my voice and I saw the glow of the aurora reflected in the sad depths of the wide brown eyes, I knew I was right.

"Well, Miss Ross, what do you think of the latest development?"

"Mr. Mahler?" She'd slipped up her snow mask—in her case just a gauze and cotton-wool pad with a central breathing aperture—and I had to lean forward to catch her soft voice against the steady roar of the tractor engine in front. "What can one say about anything so—so dreadful. What chance does the poor man have, Doctor Mason?"

"I've honestly no idea. There are far too many unpredictable factors involved. Did you know that after I'd crossed you off I'd lined him up as Number One on my list of suspects?"

"No!"

"But yes, I'm afraid. I fear I'm no sleuth, Miss Ross. I may be long on the empirical, trial-and-error method, but I'm pretty short on the deductive." I told her what had happened between Mahler and myself during the brief stop we had made.

"And now you're as badly off as ever," she said when I had finished. "I suppose all we can do now is to sit and wait to see what happens?"

"Wait for the ax to fall, you mean?" I said grimly. "Not quite. I haven't much hope from it, but I thought I might try the deductive-reasoning act for a change. But before we can deduce, we have to have some facts we can deduce from. And we're very short on facts. That's why I asked you out here—to see if you could help me."

"I'll do anything I can, you know that. But I think I've already told you everything I know, everything I can remember, Doctor Mason."

"I'm sure you have. But you may have missed some things just because you couldn't see that they mattered anyway. Now, as I see it, we have three big questions looking for an answer. How come the crash in the first place? How was the coffee spiked? How was the radio broken? If we can turn up anything that can throw a light on even one of these, we may be a long way toward finding out what we want to know."

Ten freezing minutes later we were still a long way from finding out anything. I'd taken Margaret Ross step by step from the Customs Hall, where she'd met her passengers, to the plane where she had settled them down, flown with them to Gander, watched them go through the same process again, flown with them out of Gander, watched her as she'd served their evening meal, and still I'd learned nothing, turned up nothing suspicious, offbeat or abnormal that could even begin

March Willow

By Jane Merchant

"That willow leafs too early
every year,
And every year its leaves are
killed by cold.
You're like it, child,
impetuously sincere,
Believing every pleasant thing
you're told,
And you'll be chilled by many
a snub and slight
As sure as all those green
leaves die tonight."

The young girl listened to the
gnarled advice
And thought how beautiful
the doomed leaves were,
And after stormy days of
snow and ice
She saw the willow's bright
releafings stir
As greenly on the languid
sunlit breeze
As those of any wise
untrusting trees.

to account for the crash. Then, slowly, just as she was describing the serving of the meal, her voice trailed away into silence, and she turned and stared at me.

"What's the matter, Miss Ross?"

"Of course," she said softly. "Of course! What a fool I am! Now I see ——"

"What do you see?" I demanded.

"The coffee. How it was tampered with. I'd just served Colonel Harrison—he was in the rear seat, so he was the last to be served—when he wrinkled his nose and asked if I could smell something burning. I couldn't, but I made some sort of joke about something burning on the galley hot plate; and I'd just got back there when I heard the colonel calling, and when I looked round, he had the door of the starboard washroom open and smoke was coming out. Not much, just a little. I called the captain, and he hurried aft to see what it was, but it was nothing serious, just a few papers burning—somebody had been careless with a cigarette, I suppose."

"And everybody rose out of his seat and crowded to have a look?" I asked grimly.

"Yes. Captain Johnson ordered them all back to their seats—they were upsetting the trim of the plane."

"And you didn't think this worth mentioning to me," I said heavily. "No importance at all?"

"I'm sorry. It—it *did* seem unimportant, unrelated to anything. That was hours before the crash, so ——"

"It doesn't matter. Who could have gone into the galley then—anybody in the front seats, I suppose?"

"Yes. They all seemed to crowd down past the middle ——"

"They? Who were *they?*"

"I don't know. What—why do you ask?"

"Because by knowing who *was* there, we might find out who wasn't."

"I'm sorry," she repeated helplessly. "I was a little upset for a moment; then Captain Johnson was in front of me shooing everybody back to his seat and I couldn't see."

"All right." I changed my approach. "This was the men's washroom, I take it?"

"Yes. The powder room is on the port side."

"Can you remember who went in there, say, any time up to an hour beforehand?"

"An hour? But a cigarette end ——"

"Do you believe now that the fire was caused deliberately?" I asked.

"Of course." She stared at me, wide-eyed.

"Right. And we're dealing obviously with hardened professional criminals. Do you for a moment believe that they were going to let the whole thing hinge on the highly problematical off-chance of a smoldering butt end setting some papers alight—especially setting them alight at the correct moment?"

"But how ——"

"Easy. You can get a little plastic tube with a central composition shield dividing it into two compartments. In one compartment you have a free acid, in the other a different acid enclosed in a glass tube. All you have to do is to crush the tube, break the glass, drop the tube in your chosen spot, walk away and after a predetermined time the acid that was in the glass eats through the shield, meets the other acid and starts a fire. It's been used hundreds of times, especially in wartime sabotage. If you're an arsonist looking for a cast-iron alibi and want to be five miles away when the fire starts, it's the perfect answer."

"There *was* a funny smell ——" she began slowly.

"You bet there was. Well, can you remember who went there?"

"It's no good." She shook her head. "I was in the galley most of the time, getting the meal ready."

"Who were in the front two seats—those nearest the galley?"

"Miss LeGarde and Mr. Corazzini. And I'm afraid that's not much help. We know Marie LeGarde can't have had anything to do with it. And Mr. Corazzini is the one person I'm sure *didn't* leave his seat before dinner. He had a gin soon after take-off, then switched off his reading light, draped a newspaper over his head and went to sleep."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. I always peek through the cabin door from time to time, and he was always there."

"That seems to cut him out," I said thoughtfully. "*And* reduce the number of suspects—though, I suppose, he could still have had an accomplice to plant the acid tube." Then suddenly I had what was, for me, an inspiration. "Tell me, Miss Ross, did anyone ask you earlier in the evening when dinner would be?"

She looked at me for a long moment before answering, and even in the fading light of the aurora I could see the understanding coming (*Continued on Page 56*)

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The snap-brim stays home

HARD HATS are turning up in a lot of unexpected places in New York State these days. They're being worn by men who get things done: the experienced business and professional men who now occupy key positions in Governor Nelson Rockefeller's new cabinet.

To create more and better job opportunities throughout the state, these hard-hat "doers" have launched dozens of new programs for industry. State programs are under way to improve the administration of laws affecting business. Still other programs are helping to upgrade public facilities and services offered by local communities . . . cement the already favorable relationships between business and labor . . . streamline state and regional tax policy . . . and weld urban and suburban areas into economically sound units. In fact, 73 New York State communities have already entered the Federal-State Urban Planning Assistance Program.

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Mr. McHugh will provide you with free, up-to-date reports on sites, labor, transportation, markets, raw materials, water—all the data you need for proper site evaluation. The reports are comprehensive, confidential, and tailored to your needs. Write Keith S. McHugh, New York State Department of Commerce, Room 2611, 112 State St., Albany, N. Y., or phone HObart 2-7511.

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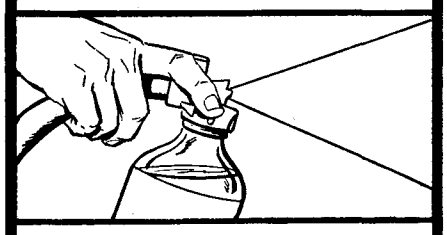

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(*Continued from Page 54*) into her eyes. "Mrs. Dansby-Gregg did, I'm sure."

"She would. Anyone else?"

"Yes. I remember now." Her voice was suddenly very quiet. "Colonel Harrison—but he doesn't count any more—and Mr. Zagero."

"Zagero?" In my excitement I bent forward until my face was almost touching hers. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I remember when he asked me I said, 'Are you feeling peckish, sir?' and he grinned and said, 'My dear air hostess, I *always* feel peckish.'"

"Well, well. This is most interesting."

"Do you think Mr. Zagero ——"

"I'm at the stage where I'm afraid to think anything. I've been wrong too often. But it's a straw in the wind all right—a straw about the size of a haystack. Was he anywhere near you when the radio fell? Behind you, for instance, when you rose and brushed against the radio table?"

"No, he was over by the hatch, I'm sure of that. Could he ——"

"He couldn't. Joss and I worked it out. Somebody had pushed one of the table hinges right home, and the other until it was at the critical point of balance. Then as you stood up he pushed the other in. From a distance. There was a long-handled brush lying there—but it had no significance for us at the time. When you heard the crash you whirled round, didn't you?"

She nodded without speaking.

"And what did you see?"

"Mr. Corazzini ——"

"We know he dived for it," I said impatiently. "But in the background, against the wall?"

"There *was* someone." Her voice was barely more than a whisper. "But no—no, it couldn't have been. He'd been sitting dozing on the floor, and he got the fright of his life when ——"

"For heaven's sake!" I cut in harshly. "Who was it?"

"Solly Levin."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Turning Point (Continued from Page 39)

Mrs. Davis said, "Will you have to go back tomorrow?"

"No. The ship's paid off. I shall have to look for another berth anyway. I can stay for a while."

"Well, that's good, except ——" She glanced at him quickly. "Will you be able to get another job?"

"Now don't worry, mother. I shall get something. I always have."

"Yes. I suppose you have."

"I think I've had enough of the sea," Paul said. "I thought I might go out to Rhodesia. The copper belt."

"Paul," his mother said helplessly, "haven't you seen it all yet?"

"It's not that. You get restless, that's all."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

But "restless" wasn't quite the right word. It was more like a quest in search of a state of mind. And Paul didn't really know what he was looking for. He only knew that change brought a temporary relief.

"You father was saying that there was a job in the works. The assembly shop. It's good pay ——"

"No," Paul said sharply. That he knew for certain. No factory hooters, no assembly lines, no city-bound routine, crowded buses, clock on, clock off, miles of gray pavements. "I'm sorry," he said, regretting his curtness. "I shouldn't stick it, you know that. And if dad had got me the job ——"

Mrs. Davis sighed. "Well, he just mentioned it."

"How is he anyway?"

"From the way he swears and carries on, I should think he's very fit. It's just his ankle."

"How did he break it?"

"He fell off a loading platform. It will be all right, but he's not to move about, and you can guess how much your father likes that."

The brakes squeaked, and they stopped outside the gate of the small farmhouse. Mrs. Davis said, "He hopes to come in a few days' time, if ——"

"If what?"

"If she's still with us," she said quickly and got out.

Paul hung back while his mother spoke to a woman who came down the path and then set off along the road. He said, "Wasn't that Mrs. Ford?"

"That's right. Rosemary's mother. She's been sitting with her while I was out. Well," she said, "come on in."

In the living room it was dim after the bright sunlight outside, and he stood blinking for a moment while the shapes took form. An old-fashioned range, a mahogany sideboard covered in china ornaments, a sofa, a round table with a red, plush tablecloth. On the wall hung a picture of King George V and Queen Mary. He remembered it all now. Nothing had changed. Everything was in the same place.

There was one addition, a bed in the far corner, with a pathetically small hump under the eiderdown and starched sheets. His mother said, following his eyes, "She collapsed in here. The doctor said she wasn't to be moved. They put the bed up ——"

Paul went over. He was shocked. The sparkle had gone from the wrinkled, patient eyes in the old lady's face. Her cheeks had sunk, her mouth was colorless.

A small smile fluttered momentarily on her lips when she saw him. She said, "Hullo, Paul." He had to lean forward to hear her. Her voice was as hushed as the breath of an expiring breeze. She gripped his hand surprisingly hard. "Come to see your old granny then?"

His eyes suddenly felt as if they were filled with specks of hot dust. He smiled for her and tried to think of the right words to say. But her fingers relaxed slowly until they were utterly limp, and her eyes went as blank as mirrors.

Paul turned away and looked questioningly at his mother. She said tonelessly, "I'm glad you came. She wanted to see you again."

He looked at his mother's heavy eyes, her clenched hands, and for the first time he realized that the old lady in the bed was really going to die. He said, gesturing, "Is she like that all the time?"

"She has little spells now and then when she can recognize someone. Not often." She opened a drawer and took out an apron. "I'll get you something to eat."

"I'm not hungry."

"You must eat." She went into the kitchen, but came back almost immediately. "Mrs. Ford left her basket," she said. "Would you take it up to her?"

"Yes, of course."

"You remember where she lives?"

Paul nodded. He went down the path, through the gate and turned up the road. There were fields for a quarter of a mile and then a group of houses. Mrs. Ford lived in the third one along.

The first field was part of his grandmother's small holding. Paul leaned on the gate and watched the cows grazing. Over the far stone wall he could see old Fred Thompson, his bent body limping into the pigsties. Fred had worked for his grandmother for years. Ever since—yes, ever since his father had left.

That was in the early days of the war. Paul wasn't sure how much he actually remembered and how much was recollection of what he had been told. But his father had seen, at last, in the sudden urgent need for planes and guns, the opportunity to use his skill once more, to escape (*Continued on Page 59*)

"... And in my humble estimation ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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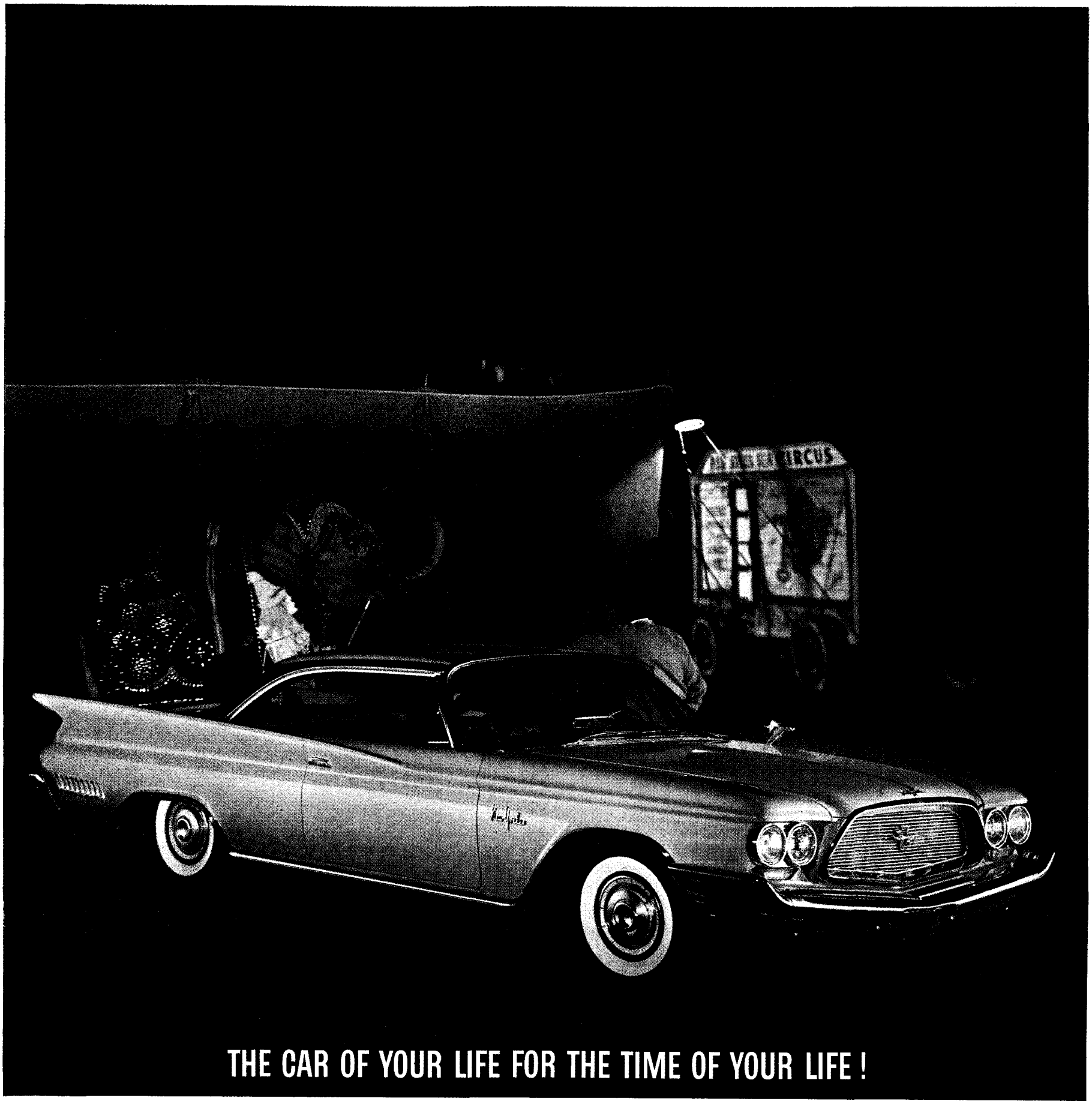

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(*Continued from Page 56*) from the never-changing, never-ending work of running the small holding. There was no future in the country, he said. The real money was in the factories.

They moved to Birmingham. When the bombing started, Paul was sent back to Purbridge to live with his grandmother. She seemed an old lady to him even then. But a vigorous, smiling old lady who worked hard and cared for him lovingly.

In his boyish way he had tried to help. He collected eggs, fed the pigs, picked lettuce, did his best to milk the cows. He was there but three years, and yet oddly it had always seemed the longest part of his childhood.

Then the war ended, and he went back to Birmingham. When he left school, he left Birmingham too. He had seen a lot of the world since then, Paul thought, staring abstractedly at this small English field. He hadn't been to Rhodesia yet. . . .

Paul sighed and lighted a cigarette. Another occasion when he had leaned on, or rather peered through, this gate floated irrelevantly into his memory. He was with a little girl, a few years younger than he. She had black hair, cut in a fringe, and wore a short red skirt. Her name was Rosemary Ford.

They had stood there, eyes wide, holding their breaths, while in the field a cow, unattended, gave birth to a calf. Eventually the brown heap on the grass shivered and, miraculously it seemed, rose, tottering on its spindly legs, while the cow anxiously licked it. They had clapped their hands in delight, as if applauding, and Paul, possessed by a desire to tell someone of the marvelous sight he had seen, ran home and breathlessly related it to his grandmother.

She listened gravely, without stopping what she was doing, and said, when he finished, "Is the calf all right?"

"Yes. It's standing up."

"That's good. Fetch those plates, will you, Paul? I'll go and tell Fred."

Thus was the miracle of life and birth first revealed to Paul Davis.

He threw his cigarette away and turned up the road. Rosemary used to be his great friend in those days. He had seen her since, the last time when he was seventeen. He and his mother had come to stay for a few days, and he met Rosemary again. He smiled reminiscently as he thought of those days, of cycle rides, swimming in the river, and long walks when they talked seriously and quietly, almost like adults.

Her fringe had gone then, and her black hair was caught back off her face. She had grown tall, and in her bright cotton dress was forecast the shapeliness of the young woman to come.

The evening they said good-by she was leaning on her gate, while he stood awkwardly holding his bicycle. He wanted to tell her what fun it had been and how nice she was, and he couldn't think of the words. Instead, to his own great surprise, he leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. She made no move, either toward him or away from him. It was all over in a second, a momentary touch, soft as a breath of wind in the gathering darkness. He still couldn't think of anything to say except "Good-by."

She smiled at him, and said, "Good-by, Paul."

He jumped on his bicycle and rode off. Down the road he suddenly began to whistle very loudly indeed.

Funny, Paul thought, that he should remember that so clearly. Reluctantly he brought himself back to the present.

The house in which the Fords lived was one of a group of unattractive specimens of prewar council houses, their functional lines out of place among the Cotswold stone of their neighbors.

He knocked on the door. There was no answer, though the door was ajar. Paul cautiously went in. The hall was no larger than a big cupboard, wooden stairs curving off. The other side was the living room, and behind it the kitchen with a bathroom attached, presumably to save on plumbing. Paul called out, but there was no one around.

He was looking for some paper on which to write a note to leave with the basket, when he heard a car drawing up outside. A few seconds later Rosemary came bursting in, sucking her finger. He said, "Hullo, Rosemary."

She knew him at once. She removed her knuckle from her mouth, and said, "Hullo, Paul. Excuse me." And she went into the kitchen.

A young man came in through the front door, looked at Paul with some surprise and said, "Hullo." Paul nodded awkwardly.

Rosemary come back with some adhesive tape round her finger. She said, "I'm sorry. Paul, this is John Burton."

They shook hands. Burton said anxiously, "Is it all right?"

"It's nothing," Rosemary said. "I just pinched the skin."

"Rosemary shut her finger in the car door," Burton said, explaining. He turned to her. "You should wait till I open the door for you."

"Stop fussing. I shouldn't be so clumsy."

"I'll call for you tomorrow morning then."

"All right, John. Thank you."

He turned at the door. "You will remember that the company wants to know definitely?"

"Not tomorrow, surely."

"No. Within a week, though."

"I'll tell you."

"You know what I'd like," Burton said.

Rosemary smiled at him. "I know. Good-by, John."

"Good-by." He nodded at Paul and shut the front door behind him.

Rosemary said, "Well, Paul Davis, you've grown up."

"So have you," Paul said, still astonished at the loveliness of this young woman.

He told her why he had come, and he learned that she and her mother had been helping to nurse his grandmother. They talked about the boys and girls they had known and where they were now.

Paul said, "What are you doing?"

"I work in a bookshop in Cirencester."

"With John?" Paul asked, with a flash of intuition.

"Yes. He's the manager." She toyed with the handle of her cup. "He's being transferred to a branch in Bath."

"Promotion?"

"Yes. They need a senior assistant too. He wants me to go."

"And will you?" Paul asked.

"It's a very attractive idea."

Paul looked at his watch. "I must go. Mother hates anyone to be late for meals."

But when he got back, his mother met him at the door. She said, avoiding his eyes, "She's gone. Just now."

He held her close, and suddenly she began to cry. He stroked her hair, and said, "Mother, I'm so sorry." He found in his heart, too, a deep grief for the old, kindly lady who had loved him and cared for him.

Half the village seemed to be at the funeral. They stood in a silent, compact group. They hadn't come to talk. They had come as a farewell gesture to a woman whom they had known and respected, most of them all their lives.

Back at the cottage the bed had been removed. His mother didn't even take off her hat. Her suitcase was ready. She took a long, slow look around the room where she had lived and played as a little girl, brought her young man when she was courting, and finally watched her mother die.

She said, "I've ordered the taxi. I must get home to your father."

"I'll come along with you," Paul said, "if you can put me up for a few days."

"You know we should like that, but ——" She faced him, and pursed her lips before speaking. "There's something I haven't told you yet."

"What's that?"

"Your grandmother left everything to you. She made me promise not to tell you until—well, until now."

Paul stared at her, not understanding.

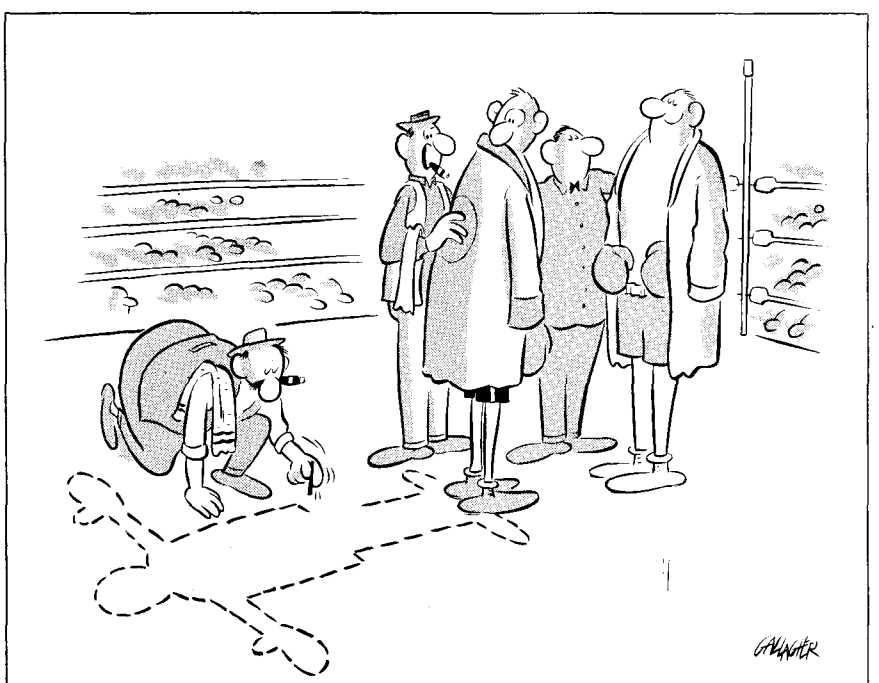
"There's the small holding," his mother went on, "the house, and anything else she had. I don't know. I didn't inquire."

"But that's ridiculous," Paul said, protesting. "It was nice of her and all that, but I couldn't take it."

"Why not?"

"To start with, it should go to you."

His mother smiled briefly. "What for? Can you feed cows, sell eggs and cut lettuce from the middle of Birmingham?"



"Just ignore his manager."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Paul studied her closely, realizing with a touch of surprise how little he really knew about this woman who had borne him. He said, "Don't you like Birmingham, mother?"

"Oh." She gestured vaguely. "I'm no different from other women. I like a nice house, a car, a refrigerator, a washing machine. Your father's given me all that."

"But you'd rather have stayed here."

"My place is with your father. He was no countryman, he never was. Times were bad when we married. I hope you'll never know the like. A man's skill was worth nothing. He was glad to come here. But when the war came, and he could get back to his trade—well, naturally ——"

"You could always sell it."

"If there's one thing we're not short of, Paul, it's money. You've grown up, we've everything we want. Besides—if it's going to be sold, I'd rather someone else did it."

She looked out the window. "There's the taxi."

"Well, what the devil am *I* going to do with it?" Paul demanded.

"Whatever you want, my son." She kissed him on the cheek.

Left alone, Paul stared around resentfully. What did a wanderer, a rolling stone, want with a house, land, livestock? He felt as if someone had suddenly slung a weight across his shoulders. He walked into the village to see the solicitor.

Mr. York's face was distantly familiar, and Paul realized that he had been one of the silent group at the funeral. He shook hands with Paul and said, "I've got everything ready. We have to secure probate, of course, but that won't take very long."

"How long?" Paul asked. "I shall be selling it."

Mr. York raised his eyebrows. "Will you?" he said. He took off his glasses and began to polish them carefully. "Well, it shouldn't be difficult. The house is sound, and there's twelve acres of good land. The furniture is old-fashioned, I'm afraid. That won't fetch much."

Paul stirred uneasily in his chair. "I'm not concerned with how much," he said. "I just don't want it round my neck."

"And then," Mr. York said, "there's the money."

"Money? What money?"

Mr. York put his glasses back on and peered around his desk. "Ah," he said, fishing a book out from the sea of papers. "Here we are. Just over one thousand pounds in the savings bank."

Paul stared at him blankly. "Are you sure?" he asked foolishly.

"Perfectly."

"Where the devil did she get that much money?"

"She didn't," Mr. York said politely, "*get* it from anywhere. She saved it over a long period. This account was opened twenty-six years ago. Perhaps that puts it in perspective."

Paul lighted a cigarette. His fingers were trembling. "The whole thing's absurd," he said. "I can't take that much from her."

"You're not taking anything," Mr. York said patiently. "It was her wish that you should have it."

"Why me, for goodness' sake? I don't want it. I don't need it."

"You're a fortunate man," Mr. York observed, "if you don't need a thousand pounds."

Paul saw again the busy woman he had known in his boyhood. Always up before him, moving about long after he had gone to bed, unceasingly doing something. "It would be like spending her life," he said.

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"That thought might have given her pleasure," Mr. York said.

"Look," Paul said, "you drew up the will. She must have talked to you. What did she want?"

"She made no conditions, if that's what you mean."

"Did she say anything?"

"She wanted it to be yours, to do what you liked with."

"You're evading me, Mr. York."

"In a way, I must"—Mr. York smiled reminiscently—"or she would be highly displeased with me." He leaned back in his chair. "I knew her all my life. Fifty-five years. She loved Purbridge. As indeed I do." He gazed affectionately out of the window at the church, the broad street, the small shops under their sun blinds, and the mantle of distant trees.

The silence lengthened. "I don't," Paul said at last, "see the connection."

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of her thirty years ago, when your grandfather died. Those were harsh times in the country. It was hard for her until your mother married. Then your father took the load from her for a while. But he was a townsman. He left as soon as he could. It was only natural." He looked at Paul. "Your mother loved Purbridge too. Did you know that?"

"I do now," Paul said.

"It saddened your grandmother when people left Purbridge. She had so strong a sense of belonging, such an identity with the place where she was born, that she could never understand it. But they do leave. They go to London, Bristol, the Midlands. I hope they find what they want." He shook his head. "I expect I'm getting old. But I don't understand it either."

"So this," Paul said, gesturing at the papers on the desk, "is a sort of bribe? To get one of the family back to Purbridge?"

"No, Mr. Davis. Not a bribe." There was disappointment in Mr. York's voice. "The opportunity to choose freely if you like. But not a bribe."

He rose to signify that the interview was over. Paul went to the door. Mr. York said, "You'll let me have your instructions about disposing of the property?"

Paul looked at him sharply, suspecting irony. The bespectacled face was merely politely inquiring. "I will," Paul said shortly.

But he paused with his hand on the door handle. "When was that savings-bank account opened?" he asked.

"Twenty-six years ago."

"Yes. What date?"

Mr. York rummaged and came up with the answer. "September the eighteenth, with a deposit of five pounds."

"That was the day I was born," Paul said.

"Was it? Well, good day, Mr. Davis. You let me know about the sale."

Outside, Paul stood looking at the main street. It was curious to see everything exactly as it used to be. The two inns, in friendly proximity; the gray, stone bank, on which even the gold lettering seemed to be faded to the same degree; the row of small, individual shops, and opposite, the church, solid, as if growing from the very earth, guarding, it seemed, the graveyard, in which slept the people of Purbridge who had lived out their seasons and gone to rest.

He was still not used to the quiet, the absence of a continual background of noise. Each sound, the mutter of a car engine, the slam of a shop door, the cry of a child, was clear, defined, with a brief existence of its own, finally dying separately away.

When he got back, Fred Thompson beckoned him from the cow shed. He went over, and Fred said, "Young Rosemary Ford came. She's waiting indoors."

"Thank you, Fred."

"And I'm giving you a week's notice," Fred added.

Paul stopped dead. "Why?" he said helplessly.

"It's time I retired, that's why."

"I'll be selling the place. Couldn't you wait till then?"

Fred grunted. "Are you? Well, that's your affair. I'll leave a week today."

"Hang on a bit longer ——"

"I'm close on seventy. While your grandmother needed me, I was glad to stay. Now I want some time to myself."

"But listen," Paul pleaded, "it'll take a month or two to arrange a sale. I shan't be able to get anyone else ——"

"With all respect, young Paul," Fred said, his pale blue eyes glinting, "you've got two hands and a pair of shoulders stronger than mine. I'll show you what needs to be done."

He turned away with finality in every deliberate movement. Paul sighed and went indoors.

Rosemary was looking out of the window. She turned and said, "I'm sorry to intrude on you today, Paul."

"It's nice to see you."

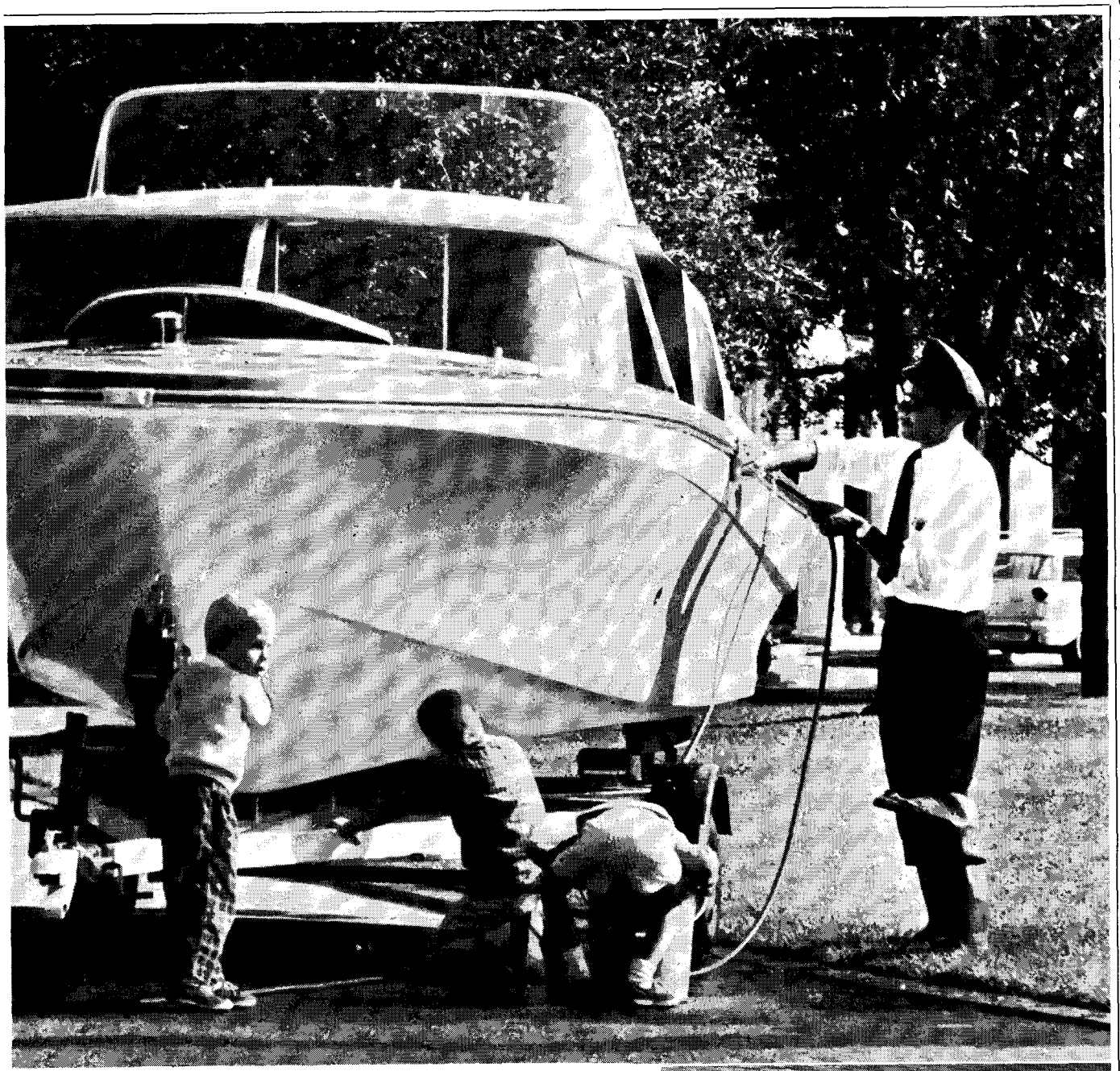
"I just came to say that if there's anything I can do until you get settled ——"

Paul gazed at her. "It seems," he said, "that everyone knew except me."

"Oh, I don't think so. Your grandmother used to talk to me sometimes about you, that's all."

"Thanks anyway," Paul said, "but I shall be selling as soon as I can."

Rosemary nodded matter-of-factly.



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Paul said, "Other people have been surprised when I said that. But you're not."

"Your grandmother knew that you might. She used to say that a young fellow who'd had the world for his parish wouldn't want a few acres in Purbridge."

"So she didn't care?"

Rosemary paused, and eventually said, "I didn't say that." She sat down, crossing her slender legs. "Have you really been everywhere?"

Paul smiled. "No." He sat on the arm of an easy chair and told her about New York and San Francisco, Auckland and Sydney, Hong Kong and Cape Town.

Rosemary said, "It sounds exciting."

"Sometimes. But after a while one dockside gets to look much like another. In between there's an awful lot of sea, and that always looks the same."

"You must love the sea then."

Paul offered her a cigarette. She shook her head. While he lighted his pipe, he tried to think how to form his words.

"No," he said at last. "I don't. But you're always moving. You're always going somewhere, often somewhere new. And maybe the new place will be—well, the place I want."

"Mrs. Davis said that you might be going to Rhodesia."

"I've thought about it."

"Will that be the place?"

"I don't know. I can't know until I've been there. But now there's this." He waved his hand at the house, the land. "Oh, I'm sure she meant well. But it's just a millstone."

"I suppose it is. It could be an anchor too."

Paul studied her thoughtfully. "Rosemary." He moved over and stood looking down at her. "You say she talked about me. What did she expect?"

Rosemary regarded him steadily. "She said that you were born here. She thought that you belonged here. And that you didn't know it."

"Here?" Paul nearly laughed. "With a few acres and some animals?"

Rosemary flushed. "If you must know," she said more sharply, "she also said that a man with roots was worth ten drifters."

Paul stubbed out his cigarette and went to the window. He could see the big vegetable garden, the pigs, the hens, and beyond, the field of beet fodder. Fred Thompson was wheeling his battered bicycle round the side of the house. Roots, yes. The slow, unending cycle of the seasons—birth, growth, regrowth, a house, land, a place to be. But a place to be wasn't necessarily a home. You needed peace, content. What gave that?

A fly buzzed wearily round the windowpane. The clock slowly ticked the seconds away. There was a movement behind him as Rosemary stood up. She said, her voice strangely low, "I expect I'll see you again before you go."

He turned and looked at her. Child, girl, and now this lovely young woman. He found it strangely moving that he should have known her at various stages of her life. It was like watching the development of a butterfly, each stage related to, but unlike, the previous one. He said, "You may have gone to Bath before then."

"I'm not going," Rosemary said, not looking at him.

"Why not?"

"I suppose because I don't want to go badly enough."

Paul let out a long, deep breath. He turned back to the window. "Who owns those fields at the back there?"

"Mr. Stephens. He was always trying to get your grandmother to buy them. They're not much use to him. The rest of his farm lies on the other side of the road."

"Why didn't she?"

"She said that was the affair of those who came after her."

"I suppose," Paul said thoughtfully, "there's about fifteen acres there. There'd be enough left for some stock." He smiled at her. He felt curiously relaxed, as if he had arrived somewhere. "Farmer Davis," he said.

"Welcome home," Rosemary said gravely.

They looked at each other. Suddenly there was nothing to say, as if the words that could have been spoken at that moment belonged to some other time to come.

"I must go," she said.

"I'll walk back with you."

They strolled up the road in a silence that was not awkward, but rather peaceful, companionable. She leaned on her gate and said, "I'm glad you're staying, Paul."

He looked at the gate and at her slim arms as they rested on it. He said, "Did you know that you were the first girl I ever kissed?"

"You were the first boy that ever kissed me," she said, smiling up at him.

"It was because," Paul said, "I couldn't find the words to say how much I liked you, and how nice you were."

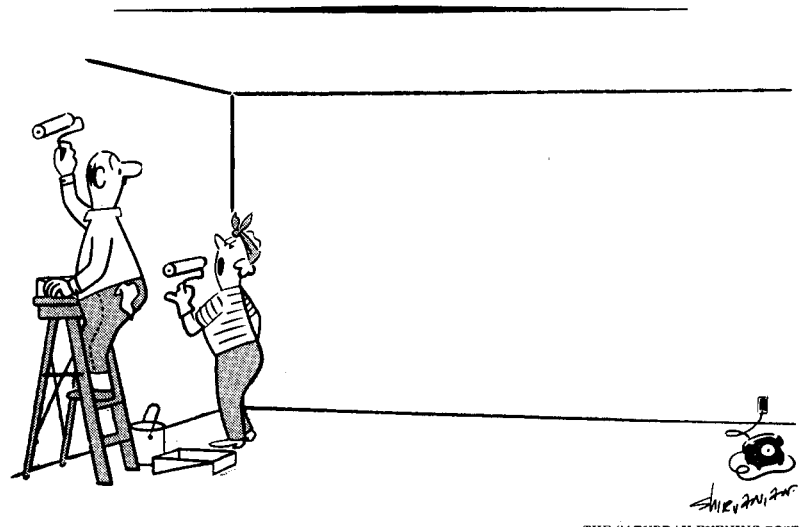
"It did very well."

Paul started off down the road and then stopped. "Did my grandmother know about that?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I did tell her," Rosemary said apologetically. "I had to tell someone."

Paul shook his head. "What a knowing old lady she was," he said in wonder.

Down the road a way, as he went back toward his home, Paul suddenly began to whistle very loudly indeed. THE END



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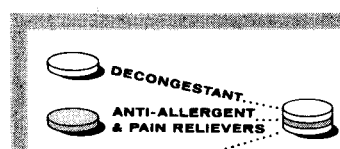

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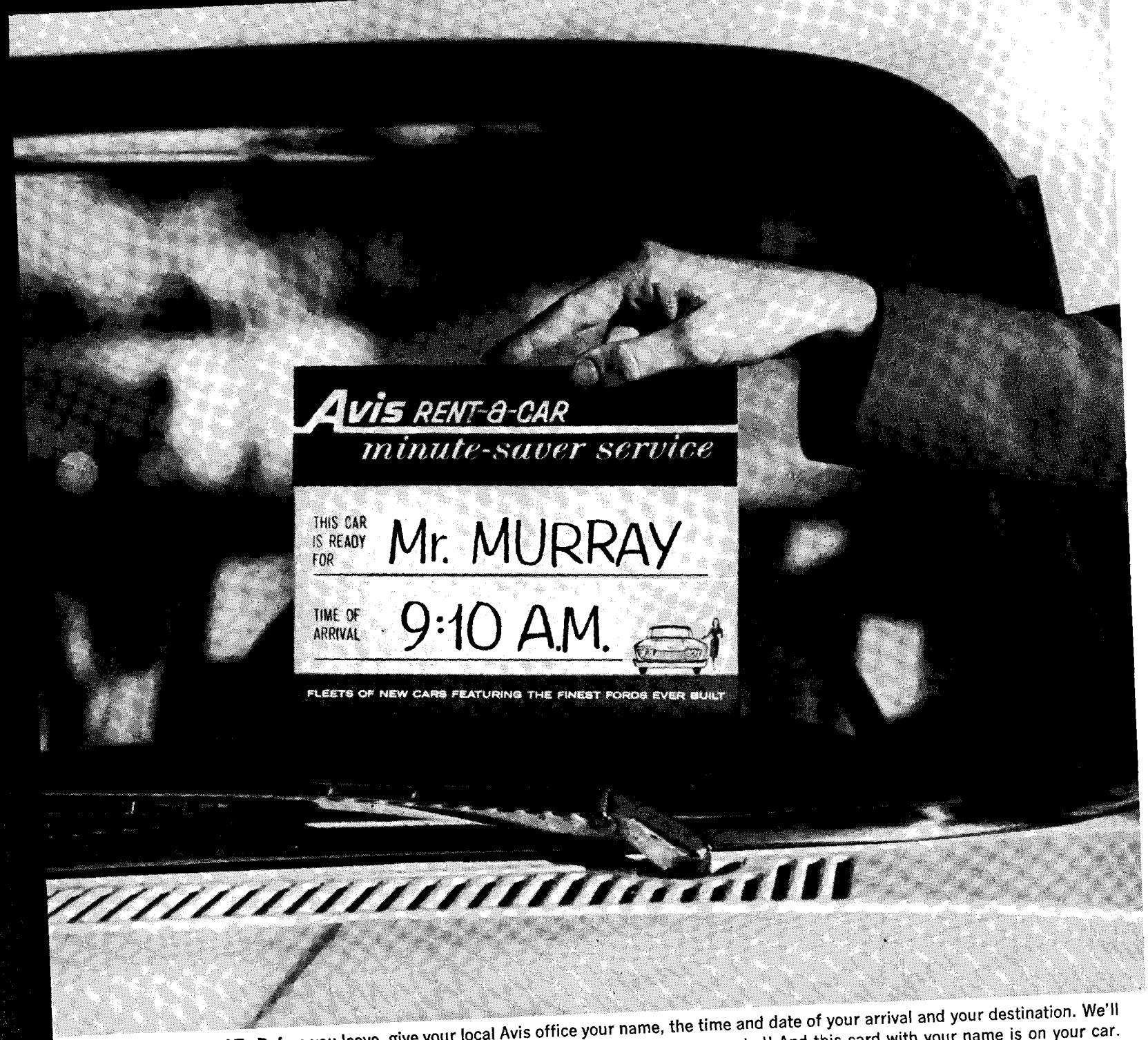

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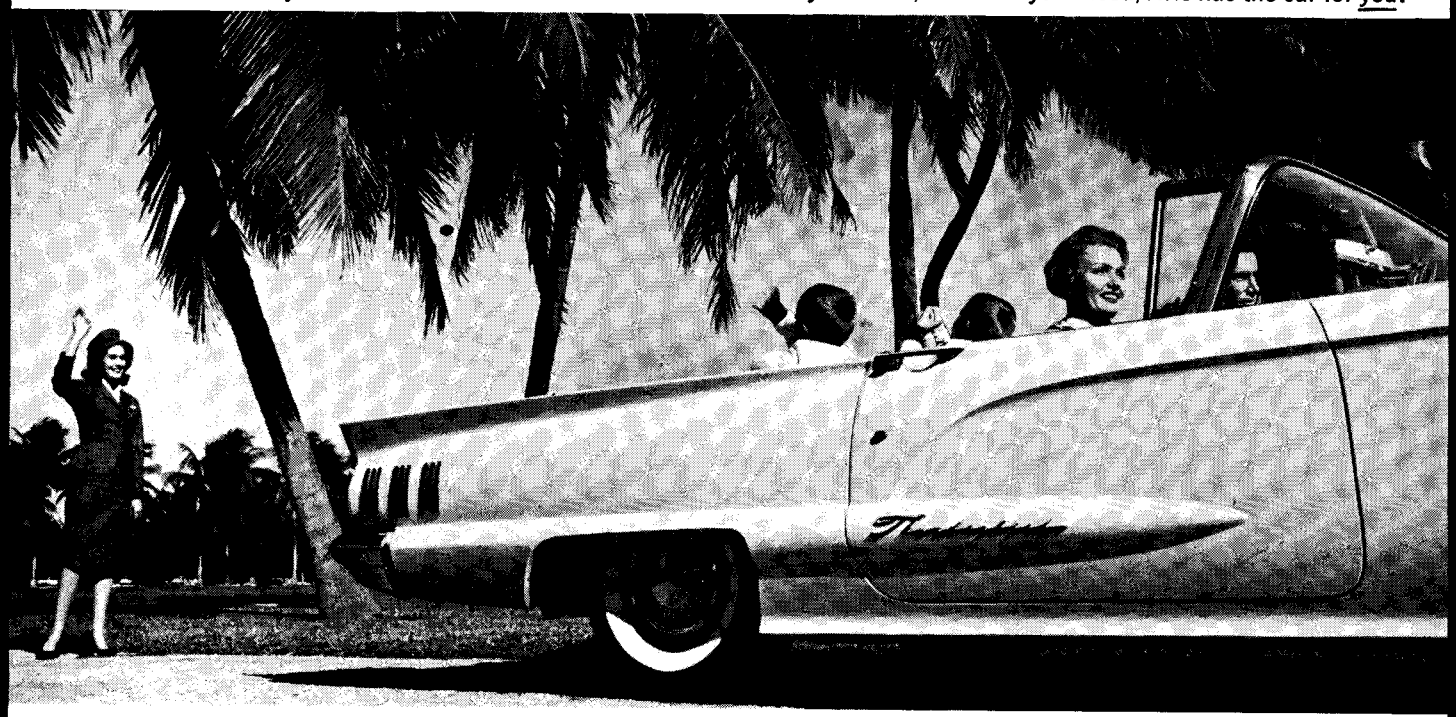

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What Makes Me Laugh

(Continued from Page 21)

he is always getting Saint Francis confused with Saint Simeon Stylites because both their names begin with "Saint."

It is hard to detect the precise method in this madness, but one thing is clear. The Benchley plan is to knock you over with a feather and let who will use a sledge hammer. Of course, not everybody responds to a feather; on the other hand, practically nobody responds to a sledge hammer.

There is something almost perverse about the way most of us react to humor. On the one hand, we go to a comedy or listen to a comedian on television *determined* to laugh. But then something curious happens and we won't laugh, or perhaps we can't laugh until we are caught off guard. It's as though we were saying, "Make me laugh, make me laugh, but don't *try* to make me laugh." We know the wheels are there and that they must go round, but we don't want to see them go round.

For example, a kind of joke that I can always resist is one often employed by the so-called "stand-up" comedian. I call it the "that" joke. The comedian stands in a single spotlight—right after the opening commercial—and rattles off a series of mots, all of which are as neat and perfectly matched as a row of Rockettes. "My hotel room was so small *that* even the termites had to hold hands" or "My mother-in-law is so stingy *that* . . ." In this construction anything that comes after *that* will not make me laugh.

In contrast, do you remember the wonderful moment in radio when Jack Benny was held up by a gunman? "Your money or your life," demanded the gunman. There was no answer at all from Benny. The silence grew longer and the laughter swelled as we all began to grasp that this was a very thorny dilemma for poor, miserly Mr. Benny. A "hep" listener might have anticipated the attitude Benny would take, but who could have anticipated the silence?

If the occasional blooper often seems funnier than the planned entertainments we see, it is probably because the blooper is so obviously unplanned. The other night, having attended to a long comedy show in respectful silence, I became convulsed at a small mistake made by the announcer.

The man, obviously unhinged by a long day of conflicting sponsors, launched into a cigarette commercial. He took a puff of the sponsor's cigarette—made from the milder center leaves—shut his eyes, smiled with rapture and said, "M'm-m-m, that's *real* coffee!"

However, even that golden moment didn't amuse me as much as the occasion last year when I heard a columnist interview a new starlet. "Monique," he said quite seriously, "as I understand it, your mother died originally in Switzerland?" I'm sure that many a professional comedian hearing that one gnashed his teeth in envy.

It is the mark of a real artist that he can reproduce formally the inexplicable and the unplanned. In *The Young Immigrunts* we have Ring Lardner telling of a family excursion into the Bronx. The hour is late, the children are maddening, daddy is exasperated, and we get the following exchange:

"'Are you lost, daddy,' I asked tenderly.

"'Shut up,' he explained."

Surely that last line ranks with anything Congreve ever wrote.

It is undoubtedly that same unplanned quality, that lack of conscious calculation that lends piquancy to the statements made by small children. I do not pretend, heaven forbid, that the chatter of tiny tots is invariably beguiling. But it must be admitted that some of the funny things children say are *funny*. For one thing, because children are not mature enough to see things as they are supposed to be, they see them as they are. They stumble on the truth the way a poet stumbles on a sonnet, without any prior rationalization.

My seven-year-old godson was being urged by his mother to eat some dried apricots, for she had discovered that they were a good source of vitamin C. "But, mommy," he said after three or four bites, "I don't like dried apricots. They taste like Playtex Living Bras."

Upon examination even the wildest statements made by children appear to have a certain interior logic. I remember a day when a little girl named Mary Brobston came to call on our five-year-old. It was about lunch time, so I asked Mary if she wanted to stay and have lunch with Christopher. She was thrilled at the notion, but said she would have to call her mother for permission. She flew to the telephone, and I could hear her voice bubbling with excitement, "Mom, Christopher's mother says can I stay here and have lunch with Christopher." Then there was a pause, and the little voice fell. "Oh?" she said tragically. "Oh—all right."

She put down the receiver and turned to me, a small, despairing figure. "Mrs. Kerr," she said, "I *had* lunch." (This wistful tale I was later able to incorporate bodily into a play.)

If my own preference in humor runs to the apparently uncalculated—I like a joke that is so outrageous you don't see it start and afterward you don't know how it got there—I must admit that there are some forms of mechanical humor which can be delightful in the proper hands. The humor of insult, for example. A witty insult is like a sneeze: you know that it's coming, but it still manages to surprise you.

The comedy insult has rather lost favor in our time. We tend to identify it with the heavy-handed efforts of newspaper critics or the intramural heckling of

Of Uz and Us

By Vonna H. Adrian

When Job sat hunched in Uz,
Belly filled with the wind
Of counsel, the brash blast
Angered the Whirlwind and
brought
It spiraling down. A scurry
Of ashes, a Voice from the
vortex:
"Where wast thou when I
Laid earth's foundation down?"

Whiz, Boom and Whoosh
Climb Canaveral sky.
What if Whoosh meets
Whirlwind
Roaring down?—and the Voice
That spoke in Uz
Still does?

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unemployed comedians in Lindy's. It's cheap, we say, and easy. Actually it's never easy, and it shouldn't be cheap. There is an honorable tradition of the lethal but stylish insult which extends from the contemporary slam—"He's his own worst enemy." . . . "Not while I'm alive"—all the way back to the Greeks. Of Aeschylus' rather warlike play, *Seven Against Thebes*, Aristophanes remarked, "I'd say it was his finest work; every man in the audience went out and enlisted."

Indeed, as a kind of pithy literary criticism the waspish wisecrack has never been excelled. A 5000 word essay on the sentimentality of Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop* wouldn't tell us as much or give half the pleasure of Oscar Wilde's suggestion that a man would have to have a hard heart indeed to be able to read the death of Little Nell without laughing.

Listen to Lord Byron talk about a poet who was a contemporary of his: "Southey will be read after Dante and Homer are forgotten—but not until then." Did Southey crumple up and die when it was repeated to him? I doubt it. After he picked himself up off the floor he probably went around repeating the story. It is almost always bearable to be the butt of a *good* joke.

A couple of years ago, after a rather public quarrel with George S. Kaufman, the Broadway producer Ernest Martin went around telling everybody in New York what Kaufman had said about him. (Well, he told me, a mere acquaintance, so I imagine he told everybody). What Mr. Kaufman had said was short and simple: "Ernie Martin is Jed Harris all rolled into one." Similarly, the actor Ernest Lawford used to delight in telling how a British critic commented on one of his early stage appearances. "Mr. Lawford," the notice ran, "was cast as Lord Littledale. Why?"

Perhaps the most widely quoted sample of critical wit appeared in a review of *King Lear* written by Eugene Field. "Mr. X," Field wrote, "plays the king as though he expected someone else would play the ace." Close on the heels of that little gem is the one-line review of a Brahms concert written by an unknown music critic: "A quartet played Brahms here last night. Brahms lost."

In all of this there is, of course, a touch of malice, but it is probably as necessary as the dash of bitters in an Old-Fashioned cocktail. In any event, I am convinced that when the comedy insult seems heavy-handed or mean or hurtful, it's not because of the presence of malice but because of the absence of genuine wit. The late Alexander Woollcott, who could take it as well as dish it out, was said to have been amused when he learned that for his frequent bouts of sentiment he had earned the nickname, among his intimates, of Louisa M. Woollcott. But even urbane Alec would have gone up in smoke if he had been called a fat old sentimentalist, which is just a laborious way of saying the same thing.

Puns, of course, have a planned, prefabricated air about them. Perhaps that is why the subject of puns has divided more people than the Civil War. If I grasp the situation correctly, and I may not, the argument between pun lovers and pun loathers rests on whether or not puns are funny. I take a sort of third position and insist that they are not supposed to be funny. By definition a pun is a play on words; a sleight of mind, if you will. It is a demonstration of mental skill in much the same way that pole vaulting is a demonstration of physical skill. And if we don't double up with laughter on hearing a good pun, it should nevertheless give us something of the simple pleasure of watching a magician pull a rabbit out of an empty hat. Why did we start using the phrase, "It's only a trick"? We could say, "That's really a trick" and remember what fun it is to be fooled.

A rearrangement of ordinary words into an arresting new pattern can be pleasurable even when the effect is unintended. Do you remember when Sam Goldwyn reportedly told a script writer, "Let's not call the hero Joe—every Tom, Dick and Harry is called Joe"? Or, on a more deliberate level, I was amused lately to hear the theatrical lawyer Arnold Weissberger explain the breakup of a rather celebrated *ménage à deux* by saying that "Helen thought she was being kept when she was merely being detained."

To be sure, these are not puns if we suppose a pun to be a familiar statement with one or two of the key words changed slightly so that something new is added to the original meaning. But a pun can stick to the rules and still set your inlays aching. There is the merely sickly pun, such as an advertiser touting his canary as "America's tweetheart." There is the effortful and essentially meaningless pun: "A radio announcer has small hands because he needs wee paws for station identification." Still, there is the really choice pun. One I have always admired appeared in an essay by George Jean Nathan. Nathan was talking about the severity with which some actors judge their fellow performers. "Let him who is without sin," Nathan wrote, "stone the first cast."

An obvious hazard in the construction of puns is the fact that a pun is so often a one-shot affair. A pun that fits neatly into a particular situation can almost never be (*Continued on Page 68*)

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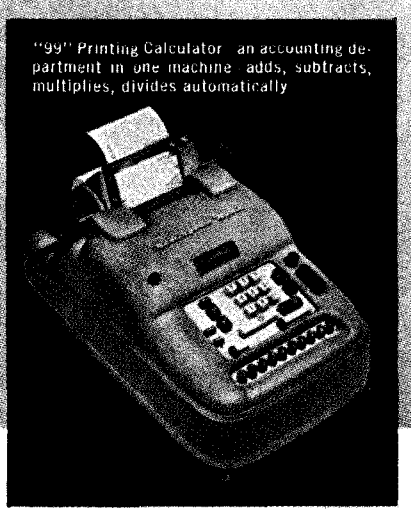

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(Continued from Page 65) reheated for another day. For example, we once came back from a vacation to discover an invitation to a very stylish party. My husband glanced at the date and noticed that the party had been held the night before. He handed me the invitation and muttered, "Well, there's a fete *accompli*." I'm sure that the poor man will go to the end of his days without finding one other occasion on which he can spring that one.

It has been said that the first rule of repartee is better never than late. This is particularly true in the composition of puns where, as poet Phyllis McGinley has pointed out, "One must strike while the irony is hot." I am one of the vast army of unfortunates who have never in a lifetime made a successful pun. This is undoubtedly forgivable; what is harder to explain is the fact that I sometimes lie awake at night composing atrocious puns which will work only in the most unlikely combination of circumstances. I am working on a dandy right now which I mean to use in the event that I meet a monsignor who is obviously in line for a bishopric. What I shall say is, "Long time no see." Then I shall say good-by, since I undoubtedly will be asked to leave.

But let's get back to good puns. Some of the most delicious puns written in our time turn up in the novels of Peter De Vries. But Mr. De Vries doesn't hoard them for his novels; he hands them graciously to near strangers the way Rockefeller used to distribute dimes. The only time he ever set foot in our house he glanced with horror at the assembled geegaws in the living room and announced, "Clearly the stuff you buy keeps your husband baroque."

As I say, I can take pleasure in planned humor when it has wit or precision. What makes me weary even to think about is the joke that follows the question, "Have you heard this one?" Have you heard any good "jokes" lately? I haven't. It seems to me that most such jokey jokes lead lives of quiet desperation. Not only do they seem prefabricated, preshrunk and self-conscious, but, in addition, they appear to have been composed backward by three persons who live in different parts of the country. Evidently one person thought of the tag line and the two others contributed a beginning and a middle. The result is as misshapen as a camel, and a camel, as some unknown wag once reported, is a horse that was designed by a committee. At that, it is less painful to hear the endless variations on a new joke—what the Martian said when he saw a jukebox, and if you don't know I won't tell you—than to hear a variation on an old joke—What was that ladle I saw you with last night? That was no ladle, that was my knife.

"In ten years he'll be ready for the concert stage, and in ten years I'll be ready for the nuthouse."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

James Thurber once met a young lady at a cocktail party who assured him that his books were even funnier in French. "Ah, yes," said Mr. Thurber, "I lose something in the original." A good joke, like Mr. Thurber, is always better in the original. Indeed, any change in the form of a joke is probably for the worst. I learned this small lesson at an early age. When I was six years old I was told a joke that I thought was absolutely marvelous, and I never lost the opportunity to trot out my little gem. "Do you know what the brook said when the elephant sat in it?" I asked one and all. What the brook said, of course, was, "Well, I'll be damned!" Eventually I had the bad luck to tell this joke to a rather elderly and conservative neighbor who explained to me that little girls shouldn't say "damn." Thereafter I changed the punch line to "Well, I'll be darned," and while it was apparent to me at the time that *something* had happened to that joke, it was years before I really grasped what had happened.

Nowadays I find my own early passion for telling jokes revisited upon me by my children. All young people love jokes, all jokes. It is unquestionably a sign of middle age when, having been told that Abie and Mike went to heaven, you discover that you really and truly don't care to hear what Saint Peter said to each of them.

Speaking for myself, I have noticed down through the years that rather than hear what the cannibal child said to his mother I would prefer to hear what Dorothy Parker said to Harold Ross—or what Dorothy Parker said to anybody, for that matter. There was a time when Mr. Ross had barely given birth to his magazine *The New Yorker:* the going was rough, the offices were makeshift and the staff was exceedingly impoverished. In the circumstances, Ross was understandably outraged to find staff-writer Parker sitting in a bar in the middle of the afternoon. "Why didn't you stay upstairs and write?" he bellowed.

"I couldn't," Mrs. Parker replied demurely. "Somebody was using the pencil."

I know better than to try to analyze humor. Even if it were possible, it wouldn't be advisable, since you can analyze it right out of business. However, there must be some rules, and I can think of three. First, a joke, in any form at all, should be economical. Like a machine, it should have no unnecessary parts. The best explanation of creative economy that I know comes from a French sculptor who was asked how he had made such a splendid statue of an elephant without having had a model. "Oh," he said, "that was easy. I just chopped off everything that didn't look like an elephant."

Second, a joke should have a ring of truth about it. The truth may be no more than a simple fact we just haven't noticed before. For instance, little Mrs. Partridge in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* speaks of one of the problems of being an actress. "Shakespeare is so tiring," she says. "You never get to sit down unless you are a king." Again, a joke can seem true even when it is literally at variance with the facts. Anyone who has ever tried to use a box camera will know what Oscar Wilde meant when he said that he would rather photograph cows than buildings because buildings move. And finally there is the joke that, while not true at this moment, will surely be true if things go on as they are. In *The Nine O'Clock Revue*, Michael Flanders describes a new box of cereal which contains nothing but prizes. If you mail in the boxtop, they'll send you the cereal.

Third, a joke should make somebody laugh. And here we are right back where we started and confronted with what is still essentially a mystery.

Or, to put it in another way, let me remind you of the proverb which states that there are three elements necessary for the proper reception of a really good story: 1. someone to tell it, 2. someone to appreciate it and 3. someone else who doesn't get it. These days, with the jokes getting sicker and sicker, I make my small contribution to many a social evening by being the one who doesn't get it. I have noticed, though, that it is not only the sick jokes that draw mixed reactions. Last year I came upon a story that delighted me, but when I came to repeat it to my friends, not more than half of them found it as delicious as I did. The others thought it merely inexplicable.

The story to which I refer turned up in an interview with S. J. Perelman that appeared in the *The New York Post*. Perelman was talking about his latest collection of humorous pieces with his customary modesty and wit. He made it perfectly clear that, while he had hopes for this present book, it was not his major work. The reporter, fascinated, tried to find out what this magnum opus was going to be. Now Perelman turned shy and elusive. He indicated that it was hard for him to discuss it because the materials were so precious and so close to him. He said further that it was premature even to talk about this book because it might take years, if not the better part of his remaining days. Eventually, though, he did reveal the title of his projected work: "A Child's Life of Bennett Cerf."

Now if that doesn't strike you funny, I don't know what I'm going to do about you.

The Girl in the Sentry Box (Continued from Page 29)

of Europe's cities; the deep, bone-chilling thrill of the great auctions, where her judgment was matched against the skill and experience of the older buyers and collectors and where thousands of Mammoth dollars balanced on her decisions.

"Berkeley Hotel, Miss," said her cab driver, interrupting her happy reveries. "Beautiful afternoon, ain't it?"

"Perfect," Betsy told him. "And please keep the change, driver. To drink my health," she added, feeling foolish at the pompous phrase, but wanting someone to share her delight.

Alas for Betsy Brewster, alas and woe! Pity her as she dines magnificently in her room, treating herself to a half bottle of vintage champagne. Sigh for her transient happiness as she goes forth to the theater, and smile sadly at her sweet and dreamless sleep later. Bite the lip in anguish as she arises and breaks her fast and sets out for the East London Subregional Redundant Stores Depot in the Whitechapel Road. And spare a salty tear for Sgt. Maj. Herbert Henry Peasmirch, Royal Army Service Corps, who was a very model of a proper sergeant major.

"Duty" was a high and holy word to Herbert Henry Peasmirch, second only to those various rules found in the Queen's Regulations, and duty had taken him wherever the flag flew. Artillery fire and aerial bombardment had often sought him out, yet his records were never amiss by so much as a tin of bully beef; and front-line commanders, aware that Herbert Peasmirch was imperturbably at work behind them, slept easier of nights, secure in the knowledge that the supplies would be up on time and in full.

Now, with comfortable retirement only a year or two away, Peasmirch was enjoying the good soldier's reward. He gave as good as he got. The East London Subregional Redundant Stores Depot, although small and rarely disturbed by business, was impeccably ordered. "A place for everything and everything in its place, nice and tidy," was Herbert Peasmirch's way.

On this fine May morning Sergeant Major Peasmirch's ruddy, rotund, normally genial countenance wore a worried frown. Behind his steel-rimmed spectacles his small blue eyes clouded with concern as they perused the typewritten forms on his spotlessly neat desk. On the other side of the desk, her slim figure admirably entweeded in a suit of misty heather, Betsy Brewster waited, a gentle smile curving her perfectly shaped lips.

"It's only a little technicality, so to speak, as it (Continued on Page 72)

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Nothing is more important to the vitality of our nation than electricity. It is the lifeblood of our vast industrial complex, and the pulsing heart of our homes. The clearest measure of the high standard of living America has achieved is the fact that we consume 50% of the world's total production of electric power.

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Where will we get the fuel for the mighty new generating plants that must be built? Although atomic fuel will become increasingly important, coal will be the basic food of power for many years to come. In fact, by 1975 coal requirements will have increased 150%. Then, even more than today, our nation will depend on the men and the big yellow Caterpillar machines that mine and stockpile this vital resource.

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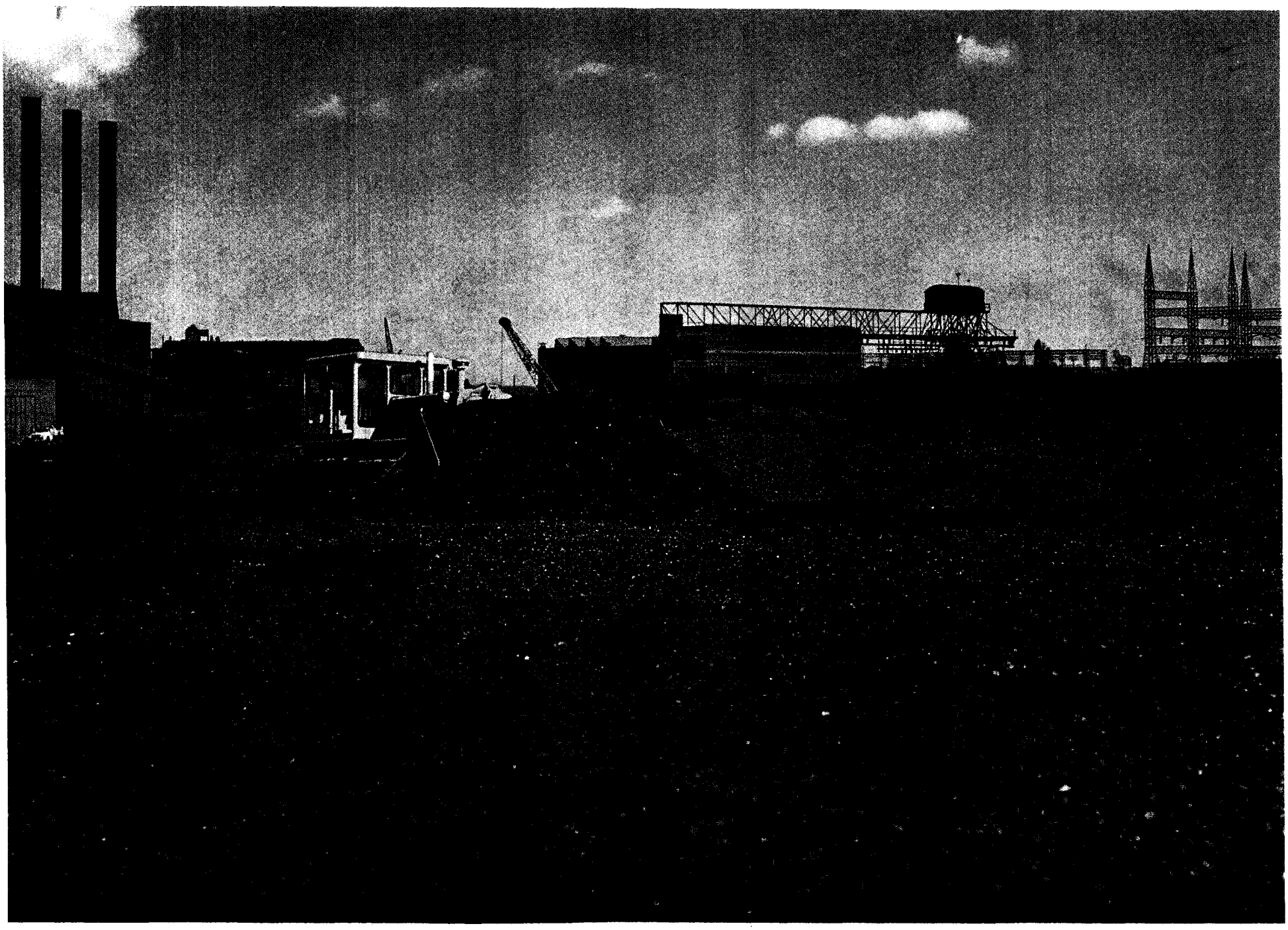

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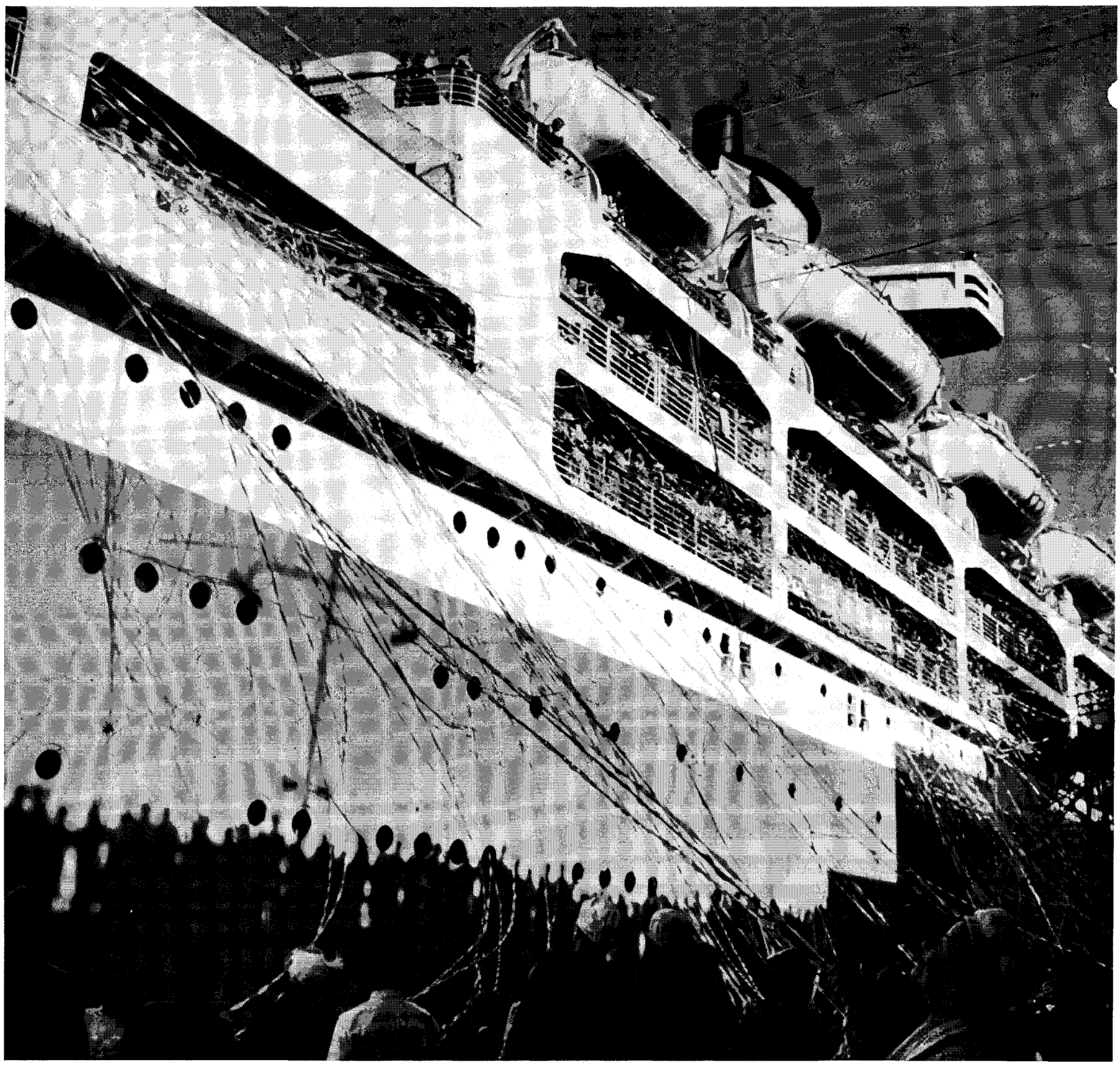

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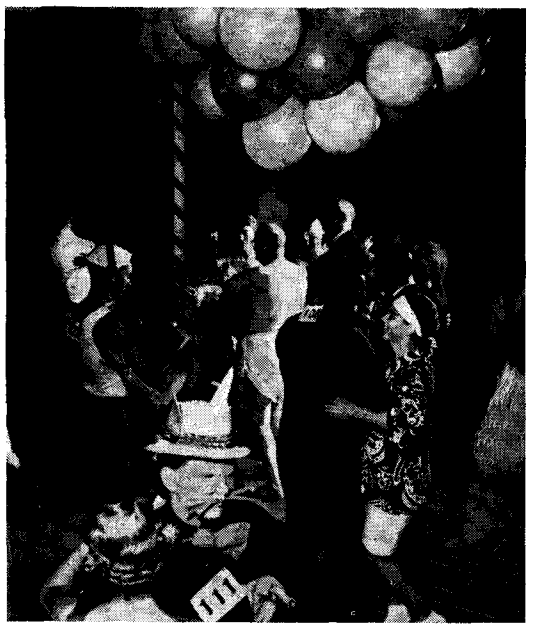

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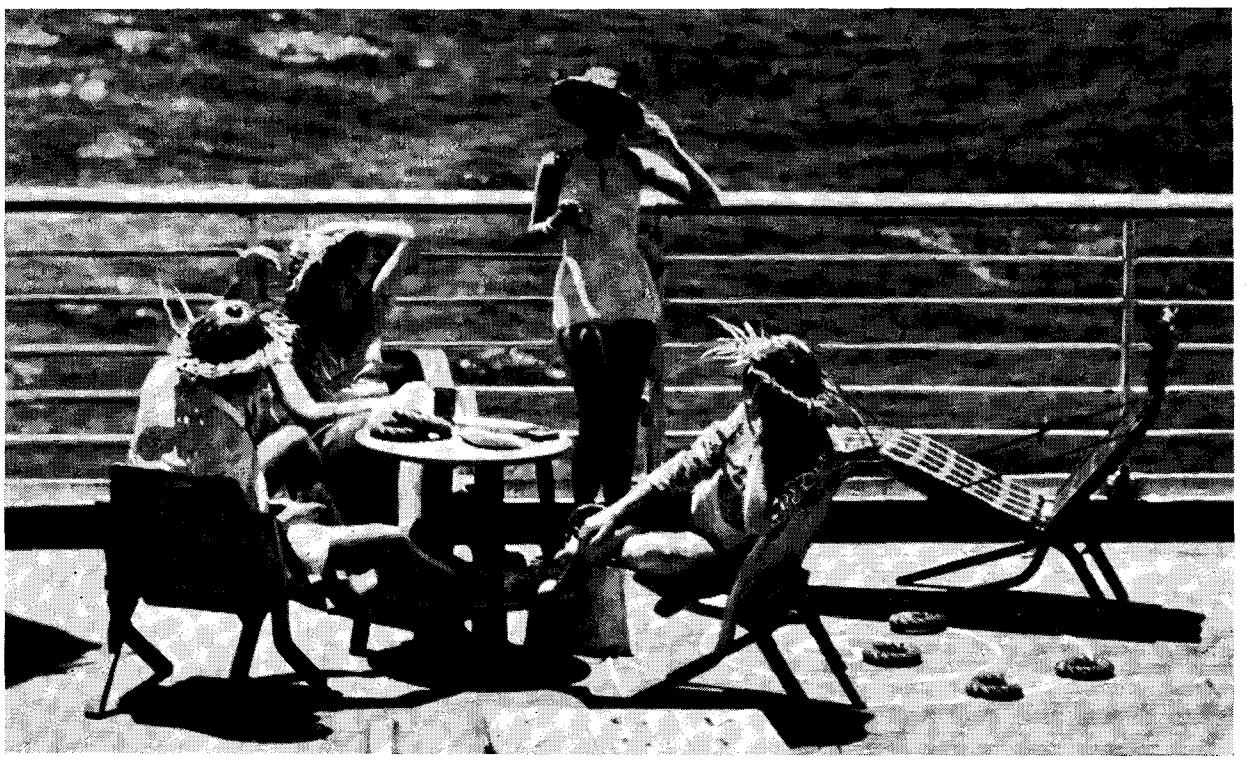

THE PICTURE ABOVE shows part of the starboard tourist games-deck on *Orsova.* The swimming pool is off to the left. Orient & Pacific liners have thousands of square feet of open deck for sun and games and dancing. You never feel crowded. *Note to parents:* Bring the kids! Children have their own play decks and *English nannies* on Orient & Pacific.

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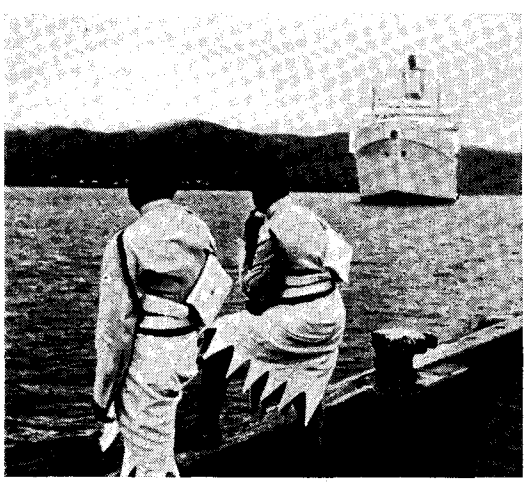
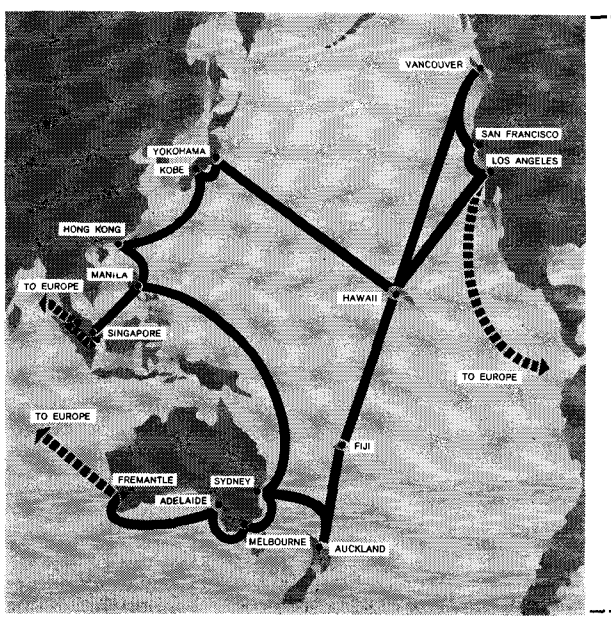


THE MEN in our picture are members of the Fiji Military Forces Band which greets your ship in Suva. Captain Cook got a different reception. He called these the Cannibal Islands.



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(*Continued from Page 68*) were, Miss; what looks to me like a clerical error. 'Ere, I'll show you what I mean." Solicitously Peasmirch leaned his portly bulk over his desk and laid a chubby finger on the sheet of flimsy he extended for Betsy's inspection. "It says 'ere you are to be issued 'Box, Sentry, M-one-eight-five-six, Foot Guards, for the use of, Serial Number seven-two-seven-seven. You see, Miss, like rifles or machine guns or anything else in the army, these 'ere sentry boxes has serial numbers. Now the numbers I've got stored 'ere stop at seven-two-hundred. The others are, like you might say, still on active duty, 'ere and there about the city. So what's happened is some ruddy clerk's gone and made a mistake. I'll just get on the telephone and put everything right as rain, so don't you worry, Miss."

A faint, uneasy tremor of alarm quivered for a brief instant in the back of Betsy's mind. She had arranged for a truck—or lorry, as the man had called it—to haul her sentry box to the West India Docks for loading onto the freighter which would carry it to the New World. Visions of delay and confusion began to creep unbidden through Betsy's brain.

Peasmirch had got through to the War Office. Perhaps it might be fitting to describe his conversation with Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie as the second pebble to join the avalanche.

"Demmit, sergeant major, are you accusing this office—my office—of committing a clerical error?" Fanshawe-Smylie was thundering against a counterpoint of Peasmirchian "buts." "Demmit, sergeant major, I'll have you understand that this office does not, repeat does not, commit clerical errors.

"And furthermore, is it or is it not correct that the East London Subregional Redundant Stores Depot has in charge the maintenance of all sentry boxes now in London, whether in use or stored pending disposal?"

"Quite correct, sir, but ——"

"Well, then, stop this idiot blathering and give Miss Brewster her sentry box. My files show that it's in your charge, and my files are never wrong, sergeant major. They are never wrong. Now get cracking!"

Peasmirch winced as a crash in his ear—the one that was never quite right after that night shelling near Caen—indicated that Fanshawe-Smylie, on behalf of Her Majesty's War Office and the upper echelons of the Royal Army Service Corps, had hung up.

A lesser man might have sought to temporize, but years of stern discipline had taught Herbert Peasmirch his duty and his regulations. Not for nothing did the Light Brigade charge the Russian batteries on the heights of Balaklava. And, too, Peasmirch felt the beginnings of that warm and wonderful glow which is a part of the noncommissioned officer's grim but beautiful pleasure—the carrying out to the letter of a superior's boneheaded command. "Corporal 'Otchkiss!" he bellowed.

A door at one side of the office flew open to disclose a spindly youth. "On the bleedin' spot, Bert," Corporal Hotchkiss snapped briskly and paled as he spied Betsy. "Coo!" he added unhappily. "Sorry, mum. . . . Yes, sergeant major; 'ow can I be of 'elp?"

"You can watch yer ruddy tongue to begin with and then start dusting off Sentry Box Number seven-one-five-oh. It's going to replace Number seven-two-seven-seven," Peasmirch replied stiffly.

"Number seven-two-seven-seven! But, Bert ——"

"You 'eard me; Number seven-two-seven-seven, and I do know where it is and what I'm about. Now buzz off, Alfie, there's a good lad. . . . And now, Miss," he continued as Hotchkiss vanished, "I'm afraid I shall 'ave to ask you to accompany me to your property which, my records show, is presently in use."

"Sergeant," Betsy said hesitantly, "wouldn't it be much simpler if I took one of the sentry boxes you've got stored here? That way you wouldn't have to bother making an exchange, and no one need ever know the difference. It could be our little secret."

"Ah, Miss, that's just it, you see; the thin edge of the wedge," Herbert Henry Peasmirch rebuked her. "Supposing everybody was to make unauthorized substitutions like —— Where'd the army be then, eh? Make one little substitution and others will follow. No, Miss, the orders reads Number seven-two-seven-seven, and Number seven-two-seven-seven it will be."

As gallantly as any royal castellan escorting a princess of the blood on a tour of the keep, Peasmirch led Betsy toward the depot's gates, beyond which waited her cab and the truck she had hired for the day.

"Where to now, Miss?" the cabbie asked. Betsy looked inquiringly at her companion as the truck driver behind them started his engine.

"Buckingham Palace," replied Sergeant Major Peasmirch with dignity. "Number seven-two-seven-seven," he added kindly for Betsy's benefit, "is the one on the left as you go in."

A real television comedian is one who can ad-lib with his reading glasses off.

DAN BENNETT

Guardsman Prothero, Thos. Wm., ArmyNumber 6253422, stood granite-like at his post and stared straight ahead, vision only slightly impaired by the furry fringe of his towering bearskin, at the imposing pile of the Queen Victoria Memorial and the Mall beyond, stretching away to the Admiralty Arch in the distance. Roughly another hour to go before relief, Guardsman Prothero estimated.

Three feet to his right a German tourist was aiming a camera at him. Four feet to his left an American couple were doing the same. Directly before him stood Sergeant Major Peasmirch and Betsy Brewster.

"There it is, Miss, Number seven-two-seven-seven," Peasmirch was saying with a proprietary air. "Built in nineteen-thirty-one; rebuilt in fifty-three for the Coronation. Put a few little extra touches 'ere and there, over and above your run-of-the-mill sentry box. Better quality of paint, for one thing." Betsy nodded numbly. "And now, if you'll be good enough to wait right here, I'll pop along to 'ave a word with the Officer of the Guard. Bit unusual, of course, but 'im being a Guards officer, 'e'll understand straight off that orders is orders." With a fatherly pat on Betsy's arm, Peasmirch was off, striding along to the crash and thunder of drums audible to his ears alone.

Betsy gazed uneasily at Guardsman Prothero and Sentry Box No. 7277, just behind him. What had begun as a wonderful, a beautiful, grand and glorious day was rapidly sliding toward chaos; suddenly there was a nightmare quality about the circumstances in which she found herself. Behind her a hoarse voice mooed plaintively. It was the driver of her hired truck.

"You want me to keep right on circling the memorial, mum?" he roared. "Been around ten times already."

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"Keep going," Betsy called a trifle wildly. She had almost forgotten about the truck.

In the Guard Room in St. James's Palace a thunderstruck Captain of the Guard stared incredulously at Herbert Henry Peasmirch and then at the slip of paper, undeniably official, which Peasmirch had handed him. Captain the Honorable G. St. C. Ffinch-Ffotheringham-Vane, the Grenadier Guards, was clearly off balance.

"Impossible," he pronounced unsteadily. "Absolutely and utterly out of the question." He examined the official form more closely. "Fanshawe-Smylie? Don't believe I know the chap. Very well, sergeant major, you needn't trouble yourself further. I'll deal with this Ramshawe or whatsisname."

"With the captain's permission, sir, what about the young lady?"

"Young lady? What young lady?"

This was not going to be simple after all, Peasmirch decided. "Miss Brewster, sir. She's the E. Brewster whose name's on the form; Miss Elizabeth Brewster, sir, an American lady."

"Tell her to puff off," snapped Captain Ffinch-Ffotheringham-Vane irritably. And in this wise he erred. He would have done well to conceal his irritation, for deep in the bosoms of many and many a member of the Royal Army Service Corps lurks the latent belief that the Guards are ruddy snobs, the whole blinking lot. Unleashed, this belief can produce curious, even awesome consequences.

Puff off, indeed! thought Herbert Peasmirch. Just like that. No way for a gentleman to speak to a nice girl like E. Brewster, for all that she was an American. And just who the ruddy blazes was this captain, acting as if an order from the Royal Army Service Corps wasn't no order at all? Puff off, eh? Not likely!

"With the captain's permission, sir, I regret to say I 'ave my orders, firm and clear," said Peasmirch formally. "I've arranged for a replacement box to be sent along directly." And with a crash of heels and a steel-spring salute, he withdrew, the honor of his corps upheld. But he was well aware that the Guards die hard, surrender never. Battle was joined, and there was nothing to be done now but to return to the palace gates and await the arrival of Corporal Hotchkiss with the replacement for Sentry Box No. 7277.

Betsy had counted the windows of Buckingham Palace sixteen times, unable to stand longer the sight of her endlessly circling truck. The German camera fiend had been replaced by a group of Italian delegates to the Fifth Annual International Conference on Maritime Wildlife Conservation, all of whom stared at her in that unconcealed admiration so typical of the warm, open Latin nature. She wished the pavement would open and swallow her. She wished Mrs. Bracegirdle had never been born. She wished ——

"Ah, Miss," said Peasmirch, puffing slightly after his march back from St. James's. "There seems to be some slight 'itch, as it were, but nothing to worry about. At least we've—or that is, you—have possession as they say in law. But if I may make so bold as to offer a suggestion, possession being nine points of the law, if I was you I should go and stand in the box. That way, nobody can say we—or that is, you—didn't make every effort to comply with what's legal."

"Me!" Betsy stared, unbelieving and appalled, at Peasmirch's round, honest face. "Stand in the sentry box? Me?"

"Nine points of the law," he repeated solemnly.

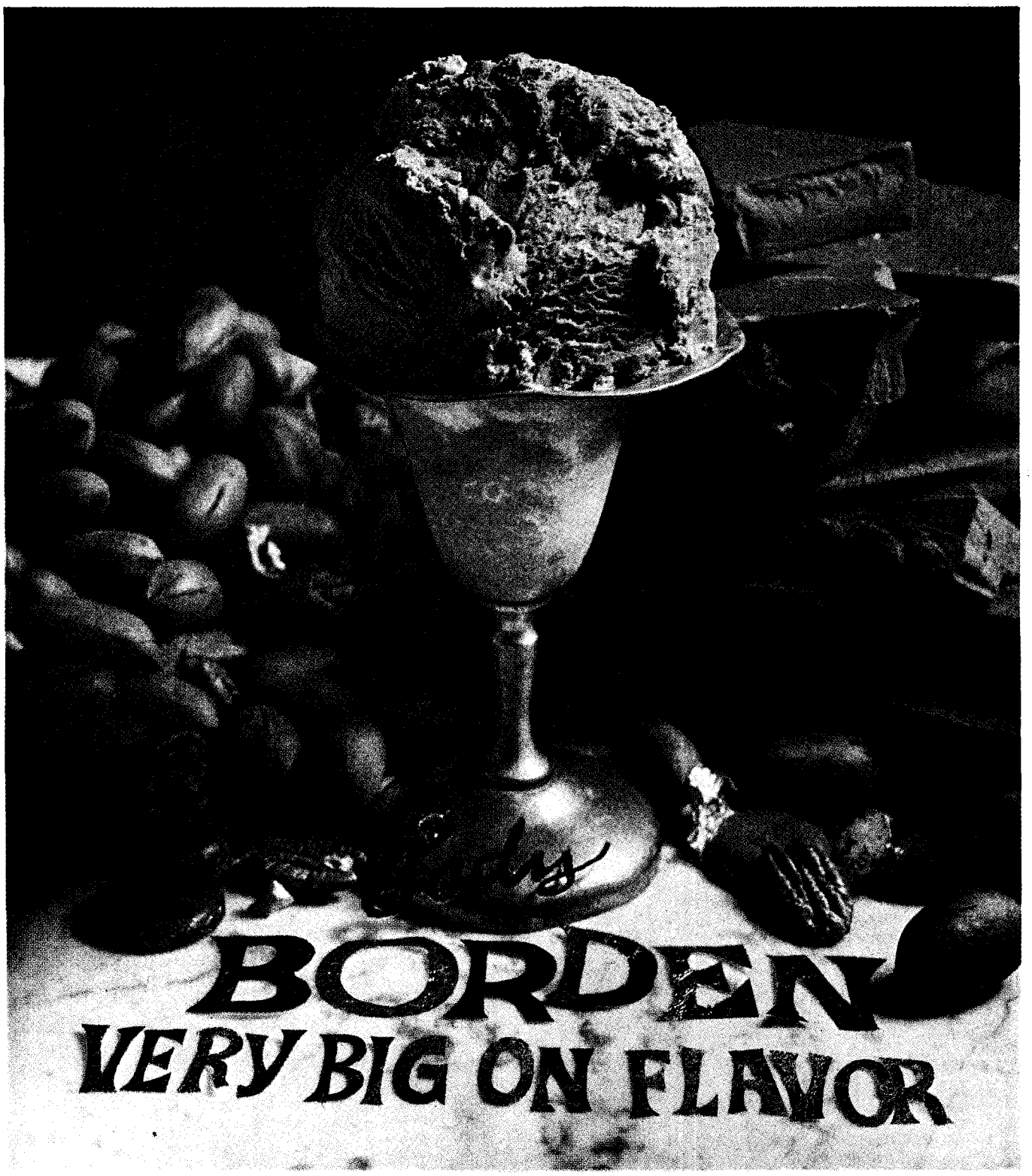
I think I am going mad, Betsy decided.

"It needn't be for long, Miss. Corporal 'Otchkiss should be along with another sentry box shortly, and then we can call it a day. Besides," Peasmirch added thoughtfully, "it'll get you out of the sun. Very bad for a delicate complexion, Mrs. P. tells me. Dries up the vital oils, she says."

Obediently Betsy stepped behind Guardsman Prothero and into Sentry Box No. 7277. *And now*, she thought, *I know how Alice felt as she followed the White Rabbit.* The Italian delegation applauded with enthusiasm and said "Bravo!" as one man. Another American tourist passed by, stopped as if jerked by invisible wires, and stepped backward to insure that his vision was not failing him. He gazed long and earnestly at Betsy and then shook his head as if to clear it of a nasty, buzzing noise. Then he strode smartly away and headed for the nearest telephone.

In the offices of the London Bureau of the *Baltimore Planet* in Fleet Street the telephone rang briskly. Michael Childs, the bureau's chief and, in fact, its only correspondent, picked the instrument from its cradle and gazed abstractedly at the back of Miss Finnster's gray head. Miss Finnster was the bureau's secretary and only other employee. "*Baltimore Planet*, Childs speaking."

Beneath his own prematurely gray hair, Mike's long, amiably ugly face slowly took on an expression of distaste. "It sounds," he said disapprovingly, "like just another publicity stunt. Some busty little starlet trying to make a splash. But anyhow, thanks for the call. . . . What did you say? . . . *Inside* a sentry box? Not just smirking up at the sentry, but actually *inside?* . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Sure. Be glad to put your name in the story, Mr. Goodspeed; always glad to mention



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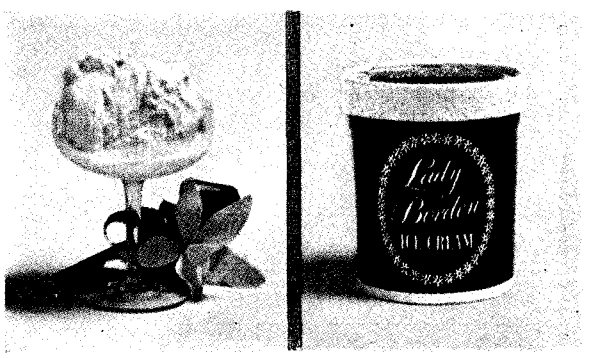

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a Baltimore tourist, especially an old subscriber. And thanks very much, sir.... Yessir, I've got that spelling right."

"Where now?" Miss Finnster asked as Mike reached for his hat and topcoat.

"Buckingham Palace, m'girl. I think the empire may be on the verge of collapse for good this time. I'll keep you posted."

"Well!" sniffed Miss Finnster with correct British distaste for incorrect jests. Miss Finnster did not joke about the empire.

As Herbert Henry Peasmirch had indicated to Betsy Brewster, matters were no longer entirely in his hands. In point of fact, they were no longer in anybody's hands. They were up in the air; in the rarefied atmosphere far above Capt. Ffinch-Ffotheringham-Vane and Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie. They had been merely the skirmishers. Now the heavy artillery was in action, and the siege guns were being brought forward. The situation was fluid; the issue in doubt.

"I will not tolerate this mischievous interference by the Brigade of Guards," declared Maj. Gen. Sir Humphrey Baggeshott, chief of staff to the Royal Army Service Corps, to his aides. "If Fanshawe-Smylie has made a decision, that decision will be backed to the hilt. To the hilt, gentlemen!"

In Wellington Barracks, Brigadier the Earl of Thisby rapped out an order. The Guards would stand fast. "That sentry box is not to be moved," were the brigadier's words. "Some blasted idiot in the Supply Corps is responsible for this nonsense. And just to insure that there'll be no hanky-panky, double the guard at the palace gates."

Like a rock in the center of some ghastly vortex stood Sgt. Maj. Herbert Henry Peasmirch just outside Sentry Box No. 7277, uttering words of comfort and good cheer to Betsy Brewster, who was fast approaching a complete collapse of morale.

"But I can't just stand here forever," she wailed.

"Now, Miss, it's always darkest before dawn. Although I can't think what's keeping young 'Otchkiss."

Across the vast square, a constable of police was carefully taking down certain details from the driver of Betsy's hired truck, which had run out of gas. "Two hundred and ten times around," the driver was saying proudly. "I'll set that record against any man in England. Would have made it three hundred, except I got drowsy and forgot to check me fuel gauge."

Suddenly—so suddenly that he was never thereafter able to explain just how it had happened—Guardsman Thomas William Prothero's will snapped. The Grenadiers had prepared him for much, but not for this. He came to the position of the Guardsman under arms at attention. Lifting his knees high, as he had been trained to do, he crashed slowly around in a right about face. For long seconds he stared at Betsy Brewster, huddled far back in Sentry Box No. 7277.

"Gorblimey!" Guardsman Prothero said softly. Then he crashed around again to his original position, his rifle leaning outward at precisely the right angle, his expression once more remote. Let them court-martial him, he thought—it had been worth it. One day he would tell his grandchildren clustered at his knee what he had seen this day.

And far away, in the Whitechapel Road, Cpl. Alfred Hotchkiss gnawed his fingernails in dumb misery, torn between loyalty and discipline. He had just received a telephone call from the office of Lieutenant Colonel Fanshawe-Smylie directing him to suspend at once any further action in the matter of Sentry Box No. 7277, pending instructions.

Striding across the great square before Buckingham Palace, Mike Childs quickened his pace as he saw the small crowd gathered about one of the sentry boxes by the palace gates.

"Hi!" he said, rounding Guardsman Prothero and peering into Sentry Box No. 7277. "What're you doing in there, young lady?"

"An American!" cried Betsy. "Thank Heaven!"

The thunder of iron-heeled boots signaled the approach of the guard relief, double strength. Great yells and smashings of rifle butts upon the pavement prevented further conversation as the new relief took up its responsibilities, and the old relief was marched away, Guardsman Prothero with it. Only then was Betsy able to recount briefly her situation.

"But surely you don't have to stay in there," Mike protested when she had finished. "You've got your official papers all in order, so it's up to the British to straighten things out." He was about to add more when he felt a sharp jab in the small of his back and heard a high, unpleasant voice behind him.

"You there!" said the voice. "Get about your business and take that wretched female with you." Mike whirled to perceive a spectacle of uniformed magnificence in the person of Brigadier the Earl of Thisby, commandant of the Brigade of Guards.

"Who," Mike asked, managing to keep his voice even despite the anger that flooded him, "are you and who are you calling a 'wretched female,' Buster?" He heard a gasp from Peasmirch, quivering at attention a few feet away.

"Ha!" cried the brigadier. "An American. I might have known as much. This is a matter for your embassy. Or Scotland Yard. Or both." Glaring fiercely through his monocle, he stalked away to where a huge and gleaming staff limousine waited. The Earl of Thisby had concluded his personal reconnaissance of the field.

"Coo'er!" Peasmirch exploded. "I'm afraid we're for it now, Miss. P'raps you'd best step outside and wait back at your hotel until the dust settles down a bit, so to speak."

"So!" said Betsy Brewster, her green eyes flashing dangerously. "'Wretched female,' am I? Ha!" The spirit that had won for her great grandfather, Nathaniel, the sobriquet of "Madcap" Brewster at First and Second Manassas was rising. "No sirree-bob! I own this sentry box and I'm going to stay right here until they let me haul it away. Or give me another one just like it."

Mike gazed with swiftly growing admiration upon this blond young exemplar of all that is worthy of emulation in American womanhood. Betsy's cheeks were flushed, the lovely line of her jaw was firm and unyielding. "Good girl," he said stoutly. "Stick it out. Meantime, I'll get to the embassy and see if they can help. Look after her well, sergeant major," he added to Peasmirch. "As a former commanding officer of mine once said, 'I shall return.'"

As news of such events does in London, word of the doubled guard at the gates of Buckingham Palace was not long in reaching other quarters of Fleet Street. Queried, Scotland Yard had no word of anything unusual in progress, but a chief inspector promised to institute inquiries. As to a girl in one of the sentry boxes—no, the chief inspector was quite unable to say.

Presently a number of large vans drew up across the square from Betsy's sentry box, and from the vans emerged technicians who at once began the complex task of setting up their portable radio and television transmitting gear, electric generators and floodlight batteries.

At the United States Embassy in Grosvenor Square, Mike was getting nowhere fast. "Strictly an internal matter, my dear Childs," was how the Third Secretary put it. "Afraid there's really nothing we can do to help your girl friend."

"She's not my girl friend," Mike snapped more vehemently than he'd intended and wondered why this suggestion should seem so outrageous. He hardly knew the wench. But she was lovely and in trouble and ——

"In any event, we'll keep in touch with the situation," the Third Secretary murmured soothingly. Only after Mike's departure did he pick up his telephone: "Sorry to trouble you, sir, but I thought I'd better bring you into the picture. Naturally I made Childs no promises. But we may have some kind of an incident shaping up." And a few seconds later, "That's (*Continued on Page 76*)

"How's the diet going, Janice?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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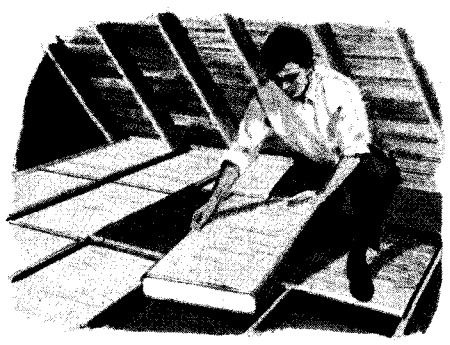

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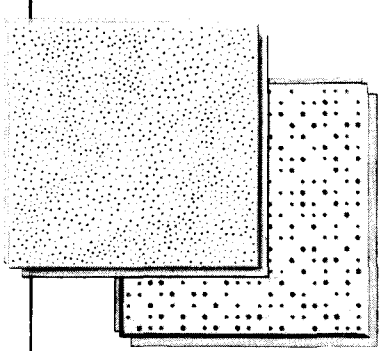

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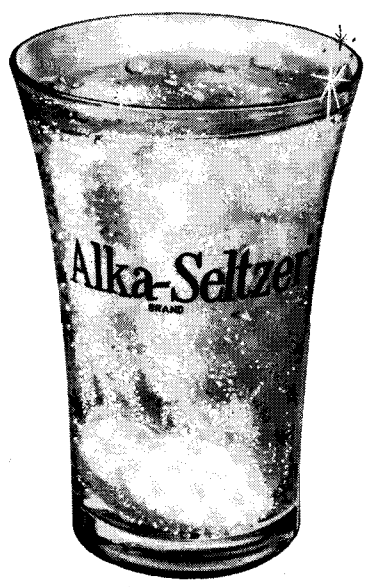

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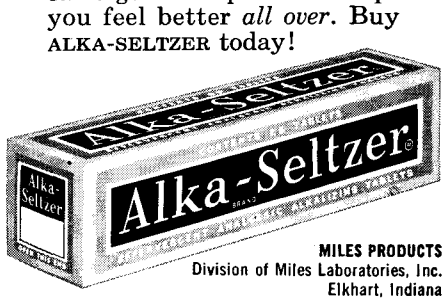

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Elkhart, Indiana

(*Continued from Page 74*) correct, sir. *Inside* the sentry box. Says she owns it."

It would not be seemly to dwell at any length upon the troubled atmosphere which now obtained within certain sections of Her Majesty's War Office. Tempers were flaring in a most distressing fashion, and sensibilities were on every hand being given grievous offense; for when the line and staff turn snarling one upon the other, such phrases as "desk-borne commando" and "Sandhurst snob" may very likely be exchanged in the heat of the moment.

"This showdown's been coming for a long time," observed a general officer of paratroops to a colleague as they hastened to an emergency staff conference.

"It's a decision for the Chief of the Imperial General Staff," declared a high-ranking officer of the Service Corps to his aide as they, too, guided their steps to a hastily called meeting. "Either we control the supply situation or we don't."

At Scotland Yard, basing his decision on the growing number of reports concerning the size of the crowd before Buckingham Palace, the Chief Commissioner of Police laid on an additional force of constables to keep order in that area.

In other, more austerely dignified quarters, consternation of a severely repressed nature prevailed. Assurances were received that the assemblage did not constitute a threat to the safety and well-being of the palace or its residents. But it was unthinkable that the residents should be disturbed. Nor must they be permitted to discover the reason for the crowd's presence. They would not be amused. Yet when they turned on their wireless for the evening news broadcast, they could be certain to learn what was going on at their very doorstep, and then—but nobody wanted to think about it.

Something must be done. Fast. It was obviously a matter for the Foreign Office. Within that ancient ministry, telephones began to ring with sickening frequency.

Back in the great square again Mike was horrified at the change in the scene. More large vans bearing radio and television equipment had appeared, and the statue of the Widow of Windsor was now festooned with the clinging forms of news announcers trailing their microphone wires. The crowd had multiplied by the hundreds. Moving with speed, Mike thrust and shouldered his way apologetically through the throng toward the massy gates and Sentry Box No. 7277, a task rendered the more difficult by the bulky parcels he carried. Around him he heard uneasily various opinions and explanations.

"They say she's an American Communist. Ought to 'aul 'er out of there and ship 'er back where she come from, you arsk me."

"Ruddy cheek, I call it. Be a flaming shame if all this row keeps the little nippers inside there from their naps."

Sentiment, Mike estimated, was running strongly anti-Betsy.

Finally he reached his goal. "I've brought you a folding camp chair, a jug of decent coffee and some sandwiches," he told Betsy, who had retreated as far back as possible into her minuscule shelter. "How's the morale?"

"Terrible. Oh, Mike, this is the silliest mess I've ever got myself into. And they've arrested poor Sergeant Peasmirch." Betsy's voice was low and wretched, and Mike felt a flush of inexplicable tenderness as he heard it. The poor kid's had a rough time of it, he thought.

"Look here," he said firmly. "We've got to get you out of this. I've just come through that mob and they're not exactly singing your praises. I know how you feel, but you're going to let our embassy fight it out with the British. Right now you're coming along with me to a nice quiet little place I know in Soho where they comprehend the martini. You've had a busy day, Miss Brewster."

"That's just it, Mike. I can't," Betsy said miserably.

"Sorry, sir," murmured a large, bland-faced man with that quiet courtesy which is the hallmark of your British policeman. He removed his bowler gravely as he spoke. "I'm Inspector MacDunn, Scotland Yard, sir, and my instructions are to detain Miss Brewster as a witness to the events leading up to this demonstration. We are acting under orders from the Home Secretary, sir. The young lady may, of course, retain counsel." Replacing his bowler, the inspector gazed imperturbably at Mike.

"But you can't keep the girl penned up in this little box," Mike protested. "It's inhuman, inspector. It's worse than that; it's un-British!"

"I've already sent for a matron and a completely fitted emergency van," Scotland Yard's man replied calmly. "Miss Brewster will be allowed to rest and refresh herself in the van upon its arrival. . . . Ah, here it comes now. You'll see, sir. She'll be quite comfortable." A large, white-painted truck, red crosses emblazoned on its spotless sides, was moving with considerable difficulty through the still-growing convocation of Londoners. Mike returned his attentions to Betsy, cowering back in her sentry box.

"Take it easy," he told her with an assurance he by no means felt. "I'll be right here." Blocking the entry to the box with his body, he turned to face the crowd, the front rank of which was now occupied exclusively by wildly gesticulating, frantically focusing news cameramen. Guardsmen Hinkley and Boddison, replacements for Guardsman Prothero, stood like carven images, staring straight ahead, ignoring repeated and urgent pleas to stand aside or simply stoop a little. This was their finest hour, and they met its stern challenge superbly.

Now out across the broad bosom of the eternally heaving Atlantic, the magic of electronics was bearing the word of Betsy Brewster's situation to the New World. In city rooms from Boston to San Francisco, fascinated wire editors watched teletypewriting machines hammer out the details. Mike's story, phoned to Miss Finnster and by her delivered into the hands of the cable office, had scored a solid beat, and in the offices of the *Baltimore Planet* there was quiet jubilation, as befitted that organ's great age and dignity.

In his sumptuous offices atop the block-square building which houses New York's largest department store, T. J. Billings faced his assembled vice presidents. "Sorry to have ruined your evening, gentlemen," he told them, "but we're fighting a five-hour time differential. I'd like your thinking on this matter."

"What it boils down to," muttered Personnel to Accounting, "is that if this lands us in the soup, the Brewster girl gets fired. If it doesn't land us in the soup, she gets a raise. Either way, you and I got problems."

And far away to the south, in the foggy bottomlands along the Potomac, lights burned brightly in the severely functional offices of the Second Assistant Deputy Under Secretary for European Affairs, Sidney P. Osterheim. "You would think," Mr. Osterheim was saying edgily to an underling, "that we might have heard something from the embassy by now. But no. Not one lousy word. Every correspondent in Washington has been on the phone to ask us what we know about this thing. And we're in the position of having to ask them what they know."

In the massive Georgian buildings out Massachusetts Avenue which house Her Britannic Majesty's Embassy to the United States, other lights burned, and grave men conversed in low voices.

Back in London Air Vice-Marshal Sir Roderic Hackhead, K.B.E., D.F.C., and so on, preparing to leave his desk at the Air Ministry, was delayed by an urgent telephone message to which he listened with growing impatience. "Absolutely not," he said decisively to his caller. "We simply cannot have the air over Buckingham Palace cluttered up with a helicopter. If you want a bird's-eye view, old boy, hire a bird." He hung up his telephone briskly, more than a little pleased with his repartee, and paused, struck by a somber thought. "On the other hand," he mused to his secretary, "the next idiot might not ask our permission. I think, on the whole, preventive measures are indicated. Get on the blower to Number Five Squadron and have them put one of our own 'copters on patrol over the area Green Park-St. James Park. They can run any intruders away. Patrol to operate until further notice."

So it was that presently the dusk which was falling gently over London throbbed with the powerful thunder of a helicopter's engine. The Royal Air Force was on guard, *per* smog *ad astra*.

In the relative peace and quiet of the interior of the emergency van, Betsy Brewster sat wretchedly on the bunk that occupied the length of one side, sipping a cup of the coffee Mike had fetched her. An elderly, pleasant-faced matron of police sat on a folding stool opposite the bunk. "Drink it all up, there's a good girl," the matron said comfortably. She glanced down at the watch on her wrist and shook her head in vexation. "I can't think what's holding them up. It's a shame, keeping you here like this, no matter what you've done, Miss."

"But what have I done?" Betsy asked. "And who are 'them'? Why don't 'they,' whoever they are, make up their minds?"

"There's the rub," Mike Childs said. He had posted himself in the van's entrance to insure that the photographers did not invade Betsy's sanctuary. "Who *is* in charge?"

"You're being terribly patient and sweet about all this," Betsy said, managing a smile. "I can't imagine why, though."

"After we get out of all this, I'll try to tell you," Mike told her, grinning. "Something about strawberry-blond hair gets to me."

While these two young people chatted thus, Fate was sniggering evilly. Fate had been waiting for this day; waiting for every detail to line up nicely, like a row of dominoes. Waiting, for example, for a certain, slightly deaf major to be in precisely the right spot. The major's name was Wortle, and he was the night duty officer at the headquarters of the 25th Armored Division at Uppingham Camp on the eastern fringes of London.

Major Wortle was just beginning a new novel by his favorite author when his telephone rang. (*Continued on Page 81*)

Returned Favor

We wake our sons to go to school
By seven-fifteen, as a rule;
Which they repay in little ways—
Like waking us on holidays.

Leonard K. Schiff

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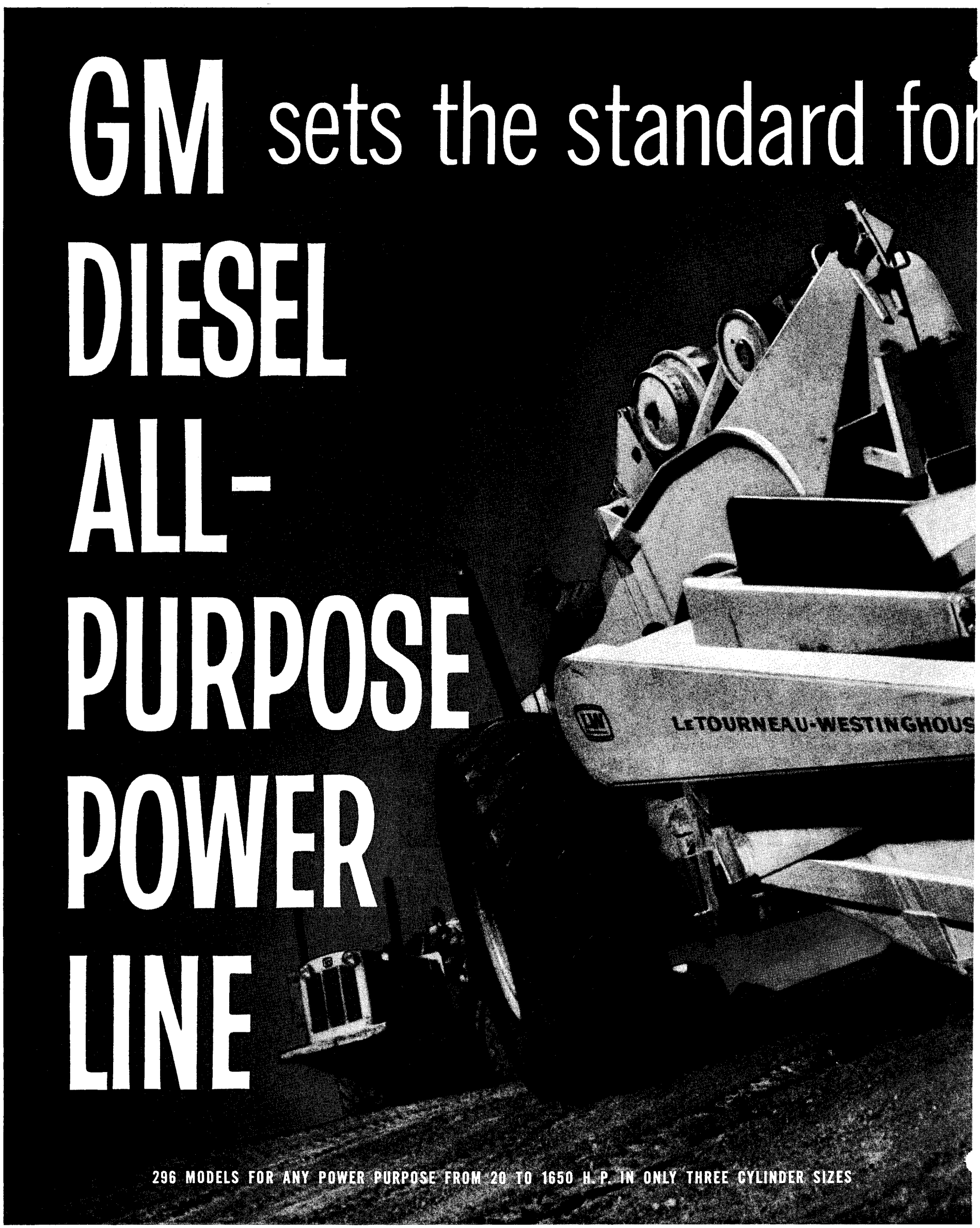

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If you could do the job with less equipment, your capital investment would drop. You could wipe out direct and indirect costs on the equipment you eliminated. You'd reduce purchases of fuel, lube oil, tires, parts—cut many other bills, too.

That's exactly what users of the GM Diesel All-Purpose Power Line are doing. For with engines tailored in power, size and weight to meet job requirements, productivity and profits are up, costs are down.

A New Mexico ore hauler* gets up to 100,000 *more* miles between overhauls with GM Diesels than with other Diesels.

The same basic story—increased productivity—shows up time and again in records of contractors who use GM Diesels.

For instance, there's the New Jersey excavating contractor* who gets 33% more work on 60% lower fuel costs than with gasoline power.

There's the California dam builder* who speeded up operations more than 50% by putting "Jimmy" Diesels in big earth haulers.

There's the Washington shovel owner* who jumped production 25%—saves over $25 a week on fuel—since he switched from gasoline to GM Diesel power.

In other industries the story's the same.

With 3 GM Diesels a western logger* cuts and planes 30,000 feet of lumber every 8 hours on $11.34 worth of fuel—a Washington tugboat operator* speeded operations 75% with GM Diesels.

And look at the savings owners of GM Diesel-powered fleets are making because of the low cost of GM Diesel parts and high interchangeability: A Pennsylvania coal operator* using 34 GM Diesels likes to express it this way: "We spend less for parts than for cigarettes."

Interchangeability plus good service allows an eastern contractor to back up $20,000,000 of GM Diesel-powered equipment with less than $300 in basic engine parts.*

GM Diesel parts cost as much as 50% less than parts for other Diesels—so owners need stock, at most, only three basic parts series (compared to 10 or 15 for other Diesels)—so GM Diesel operators sharply cut their investment in parts.

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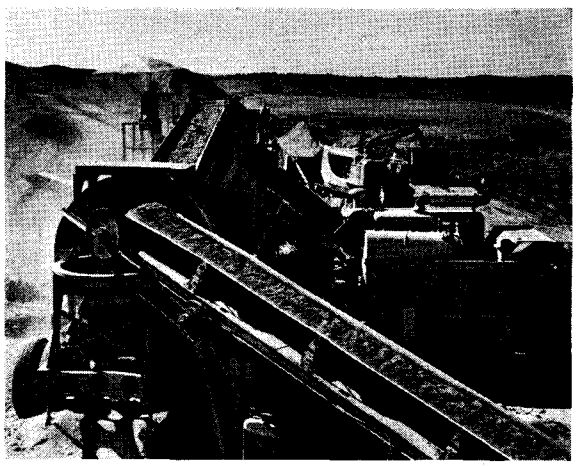
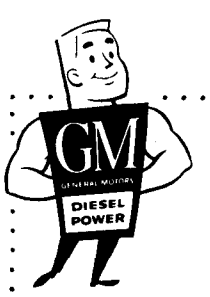


STEADY CRUSHING — Minnesota's Fischer Construction Company crushes 275–300 tons of rock an hour with this GM Diesel-powered portable crusher. Firm also has repowered three gas trucks with GM Diesels.



GM DIESEL

DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,
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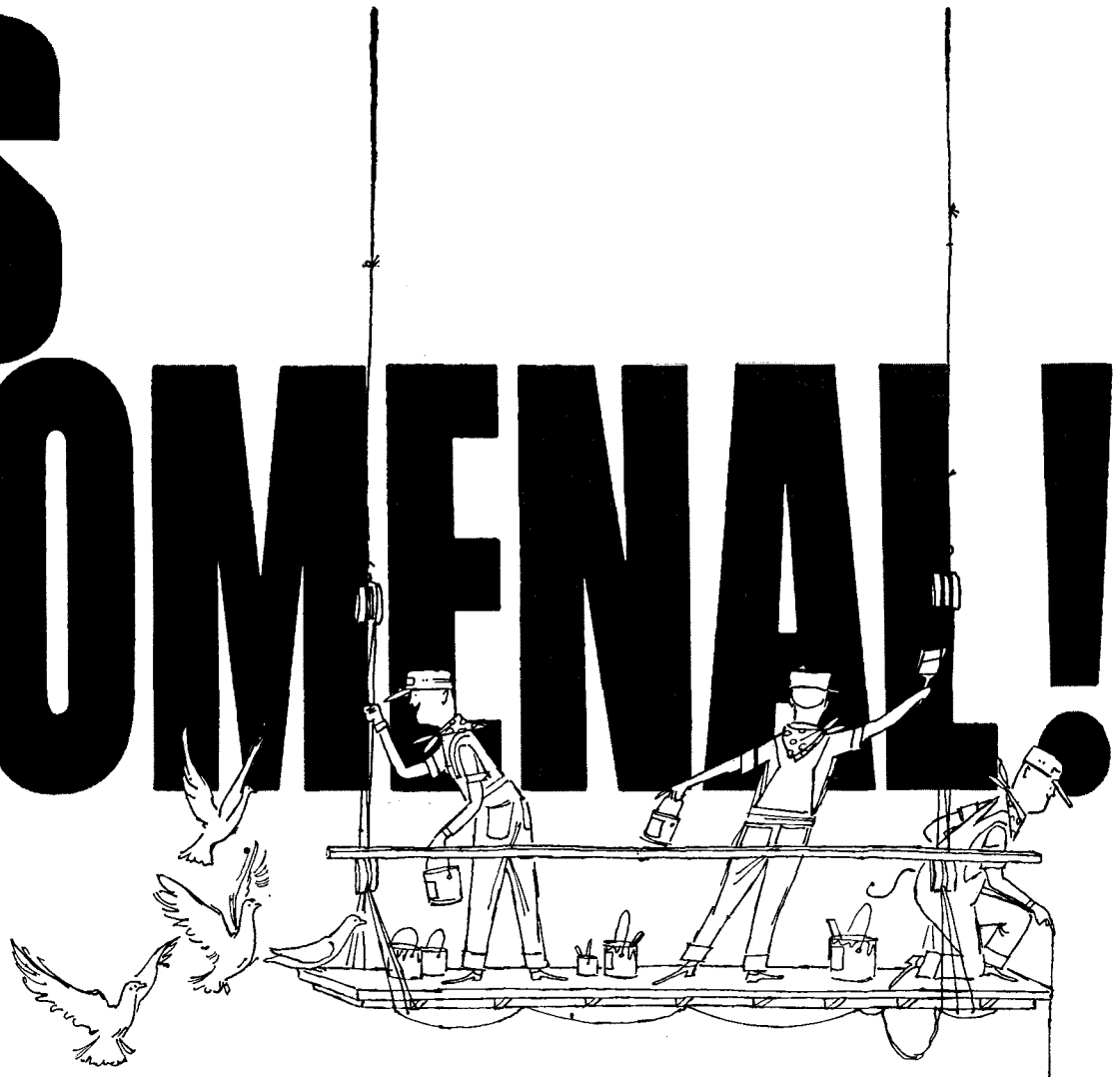

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(*Continued from Page 76*) With a sigh he laid aside his book and spoke formally into the instrument: "Headquarters, Twenty-fifth Armored, Major Wortle here."

"This is Colonel Masham, Senior Night Duty Officer, War Office. Everything quiet out your way, Wortle?" It was the routine check, made every evening at this hour on all units of Her Majesty's forces stationed in the London area.

"Very quiet, thank you, sir. Nothing to report."

"In which case you can consider yourself lucky," the colonel replied with a mirthless chuckle. "In here we're busy as a three-ring circus. Biggest flap I've ever seen. Well, carry on, Wortle." And the colonel hung up, serenely unaware that he had just triggered chaos.

It had been just after Dunkirk. What had survived of the British Army lay exhausted after its ordeal, and shaken but grim leaders made their plans for a last-ditch defense of their tight little island against the momentarily expected invasion. So long as the great gray warships flying the White Ensign commanded the Channel, it was logical to expect that the enemy would arrive by air and that the prime target would be the capital. For the defense of London, then, a plan was devised and given a code name. It was a good plan and it was never scrapped. Under the provisions of this excellent plan, every unit stationed in or near London had a specific mission to be performed at a specific place. To whichever unit was stationed at Uppingham Camp fell the defense of Buckingham Palace.

The planners left nothing to chance. It was possible, even probable, they decided, that the officer putting the plan into operation might be staring into the muzzle of an enemy paratrooper's pistol. The code word or phrase must therefore be simple and so commonplace as not to arouse suspicion. "Piccadilly Circus" was the final selection.

Now, with that iron calm that characterizes your Briton in a moment of crisis, Major Wortle telephoned his division commander just as that splendid officer was preparing himself a prepprandial whisky-and-soda. "Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the major courteously. "It's Operation Piccadilly Circus, sir."

"Great Scott! You're certain?"

"Quite certain, sir. The call came from Colonel Masham at the War Office."

"Right! Alert the division for immediate movement into our assigned sector. Unit commanders and division staff to meet me at my office in twenty minutes. Security Plan A to go into effect at once. This could be a War Office test, Wortle, but we'll take no chances. Units to draw live ammo; tanks to move with weapons loaded. Carry on, Wortle."

Barely three quarters of an hour later the advance echelons of the 25th Armored Division were thundering into London, hatches down, ready for the worst. Behind the light scouting tanks rumbled and roared the cruisers and heavies, and behind them the self-propelled guns.

The square before Buckingham Palace was as light as day in the glare of the floodlight batteries accompanying the television units, and the crowd had long since overflowed and backed up into the Mall. Sirens howled as police cars slowly forced their way through the packed humanity, making way for the relief of the guard, which was followed by an immense limousine.

"I think the whole town's flipped its wig," Mike said as he stared from the door of the emergency van.

"Oh, Mike, will we ever get out of this?" Betsy asked, coming to stand beside him—and then to shrink back as the crowd, catching a glimpse of her, gave a mighty cheer. Crowdlike, it had changed its mind about the American girl and her sentry box and now it saw her as standing alone against the oppressive forces of government. "Good old Betsy!" howled the mob in high good humor.

The limousine at last arrived alongside the van, and another vast cheer arose as a dignified gentleman emerged from its depths, acknowledged the greeting with a slight bow, and entered Betsy's hygienic cell on wheels. The United States ambassador to the Court of St. James's had arrived.

"Miss Brewster?" inquired the Hon. J. Whitmore Hurst amiably. . . . "Hi, Mike, how's the *Planet?* And what are you two trying to pull off, anyhow?"

"All I want in the whole wide world is out," Betsy said abjectly. "Why I ever started this ——" Her words were drowned out by the growling roar of high-powered engines and the clank of tank treads. Mike leaped to the van's door and peered out.

"Oh, no!" he groaned, stunned.

The 25th Armored Division had reached its assigned sector.

"Good heavens!" breathed the Hon. J. Whitmore Hurst, looking over Mike's shoulder. The crowd bellowed its approval as the hatch of the leading tank flew open and a bereted lieutenant thrust his head out to stare in disbelief at the panorama before him. High overhead the Royal Air Force's helicopter paused in its ceaseless patrol as its pilot hovered for a longer look at the incredible mess below. The tank column extended down Birdcage Walk and across Westminster Bridge and from there as far as the eye could see, creating the mightiest traffic jam in the history of the Commonwealth.

In his command tank, Maj. Gen. Sir Maurice Fitzjohn uttered fearsome yells of rage and frustration into the microphone of his wireless transmitter. "Press on, I say!" he howled. "Press on, by Godfrey!" And far up and down the stalled column his brigade commanders repeated his cries to their regimental commanders. "Forward the Hussars!"... "Steady the Queen's Own!" The night air was stiff with messages, all futile.

"We want Betsy!" boomed the crowd.

"The Twenty-fifth will charge!" roared Major General Fitzjohn.

"We interrupt this broadcast to bring you a special news bulletin directly from our commentator on the scene," said the British Broadcasting Corporation in beautifully modulated tones.

"What the devil do you suppose is going on out there?" inquired a tall, blond, square-jawed young man, peering from a tall window of Buckingham Palace. "It's not anybody's birthday, is it?"

"I think we really ought to find out," said the serene young woman beside him. "P'raps if we turned on the wireless ——"

"But they've never called you 'Betsy' before," mused the blond young man. "We live in an informal age, my dear." He grinned. "Just the same, I think I'll have someone nip out and see what all the row's about."

And so it came to pass that roughly a half hour later an immaculately groomed gentleman presented himself at the entrance of the emergency van wherein Betsy, Mike and the Hon J. Whitmore Hurst were gathered, discussing ways and means by which Betsy might be extricated from her position.

"Of course there'll be no charges against you," the American ambassador was saying. "The problem now, though, is to get you ——"

"I beg pardon," said the immaculately groomed gentleman politely. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Brewster?" Betsy nodded, bewildered. "I have been directed by Her Majesty to inquire whether you would care to join her and His Highness for coffee. Her Majesty has been apprised of the circumstances in which you find yourself and wishes me to say that she feels you may be quite exhausted after such a long day."

Betsy's eyes widened. "You mean"—she murmured slowly—"the Queen—me?"

"Good heavens!" cried the queen's emissary. "She's fainted!"

After a long, long time of falling, Betsy felt herself slowly start to rise through a vast, misty darkness that gradually resolved itself into a whirling disk of light that whirled slower and slower and finally stopped to become the drawn, anxious face of Mike Childs. "Mike," she said simply and smiled up at him.

"You poor, brave, stubborn darling," Mike murmured softly. "Do you think you'll be all right to meet the queen? And then, young woman, you're going to get a good night's rest."

"But—that little place in Soho?" Betsy asked. It felt so comfortable, so right to be in Mike's arms, to feel so very safe.

"Will be there tomorrow and the day after and the day after that," Mike told her gently, and then, to his own amazement, he heard himself adding, "I think you're going to like living in London, Miss Brewster, I really do." After which

"I've had a complaint that you two are disrupting work in the accounting department."

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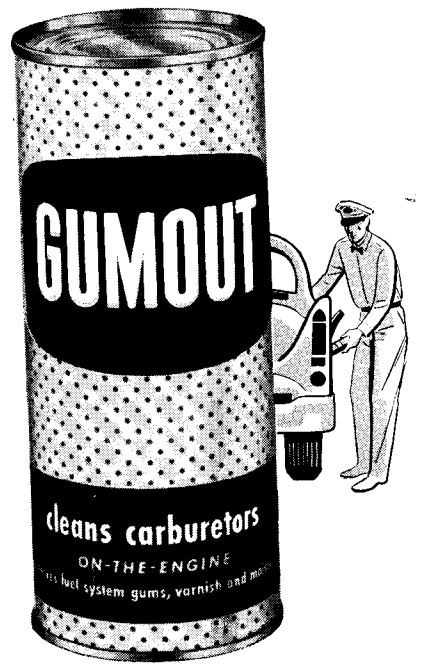

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he kissed her, because it was obviously the only logical, sensible thing to do, as he now seemed to have known all along.

Thus, at last, the avalanche stopped.

It would be pleasant to be able to say at this point that they all lived happily ever after, but alas, this was simply not the case. There was one exception.

Simple justice and the British tradition of fair play saw to it that Sgt. Maj. Herbert Henry Peasmirch was released from his arrest—which had, after all, been ordered in the heat of the moment by Captain Ffinch-Ffotheringham-Vane, who later apologized in a most handsome fashion—without stain or blemish on his spotless record. He was thus able to attend, beaming with delight, the wedding of Miss Betsy Brewster and Mr. Michael Childs which was solemnized in St. Margaret's, and dignified by the presence of His Excellency, the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Hurst. The Brigade of Guards and the Royal Army Service Corps resolved their differences, by Royal command. It was agreed that "Box, Sentry, M-1856, Foot Guards, for the use of, Serial No. 7150," would make a perfectly acceptable substitute for No. 7277—which is still in position, as you can verify for yourself the next time you happen to be in London and passing Buckingham Palace; it's the one on the left as you go in.

Maj. Gen. Sir Maurice Fitzjohn and the entire 25th Armored Division received a glowing commendation from the War Office for their remarkable display of efficiency in an emergency. The commendation has since been suitably framed and may be viewed in the division headquarters at Uppingham Camp. Major Wortle has been fitted with the most modern of hearing aids and can now hear a pin drop at a distance of seventy-two feet.

The Interior *Décor* Department of Mammoth's was deluged with orders after this demonstration of the lengths to which it would go to satisfy its clientele, and Mr. Eustace Chatsworth, its director, received a munificent increase in salary. T. J. Billings, although saddened by the loss of Betsy Brewster's services, dispatched a sterling silver tea service to the newly married Mr. and Mrs. Mike Childs.

But with Mrs. T. Van Wagoner Bracegirdle it was different.

"I thought it would look absolutely divine," she told her husband as together they gazed in dismay at Sentry Box. No. 7150, freshly uncrated after its voyage across the Atlantic and installed in the Bracegirdle game room. "But it just doesn't come off, does it, Thurlow? Somehow, it doesn't do anything for this room at all." She sighed heavily.

"There, there, my dear," replied her husband casually, for he was not unaccustomed to his wife's whims. "You're not to worry your pretty head about it. It will make perfectly splendid kindling, come next winter."

"I wonder," Mrs. Bracegirdle said thoughtfully, a faraway glaze stealing into her faded blue eyes, "where I could lay hands on one of those kiosks—you know the kind I mean, Thurlow—like they have in Paris ——"

That, however, is quite another story.

The Act of Language (Continued from Page 22)

one may read in Dante's opening situation. The language of parables is always likely to be apt to the discussion of poetry.

As soon as Dante realizes that he is in darkness, he looks up and sees the first light of the dawn shawling the shoulders of a little hill. (In Dante, the Sun is always a symbol of God as Divine Illumination.) The allegory should be clear enough: The very realization that one is lost is the beginning of finding oneself.

What happens next is the heart of the matter. His goal in sight, Dante tries to race straight up the hill—to reach the light, as it were, by direct assault. Note that common sense would certainly be on Dante's side. There is the light and there is the hill: go to it. Nothing could be simpler. Nor, as Dante discovers, could anything be more false. Almost immediately his way is blocked by three beasts. These beasts—a Leopard, a Lion and a She-wolf—represent all the sins of the world. They represent, therefore, the world's total becloudment of any man's best attention, for all that has ever lured any man away from his own good is contained within them.

The three beasts drive Dante back into the darkness. There Dante comes on the soul of Virgil, who symbolizes Human Reason. In that role Virgil explains that a man may reach the light only by going the long way round. Dante must risk the dangerous descent into Hell—to the recognition of sin. And he must make the arduous ascent of Purgatory—to the renunciation of sin. Only then may he enter, bit by bit, the final presence of the light, which is to say, Heaven.

The point of the parable is that in art as in theology—as in all things that concern a man in his profoundest being—the long way round is the only way home. Short cuts are useful only in mechanics. The man who seeks mortal understanding must go the long, encompassing way of his deepest involvement.

Americans, susceptible as they are to the legend of mechanical know-how and get-it-done, may especially need to be told that there is no easy digest of understanding and no gift package of insight. May they learn, too, that "common sense," useful as it can be in its own sphere, cannot lead a man as deeply into himself as he must be led if he is to enter a meaningful experience of art or of life. Every man who looks long enough at the stars must come to feel their other-reality engulfing his mortal state, and nothing from the world's efficiencies and practicalities is specific to that awareness in him.

Poetry is written of that man under the stars in trouble and in joy, and the truth of poetry cannot be spoken meaningfully in simple common-sense assertions. In poetry, as in all our deepest emotions, many feelings and many thoughts and half-thoughts happen at once. Often these feelings and thoughts are in conflict:

We love and hate the same thing, desire it and dread it, need it and are destroyed by it. Always, too, there are more thoughts and feelings in a profound experience than we can put a finger on. What has common sense to say to such states of man? Common sense tends always to the easier assumption that only one thing is "really" happening in a man at one time, and that a simple, straightforward course of action will take care of it.

Such an assumption can only blind one to poetry. To read a poem with no thought in mind but to paraphrase it into a single, simple, and usually high-minded, prose statement is the destruction of poetry. Nor does it make much difference that one can quote poetry, and good poetry, in defense of such destruction. At the end of *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, John Keats wrote:

> "*Beauty is truth, truth beauty,*"—*that is all*
> *Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

Heaven knows how many enthusiasts have used these lines as evidence that poetry is somehow an act of inspiration not to be measured by any criteria but an undefined devotion to "beauty," "truth" and "inspiring message."

But if beauty and truth are all that Grecian urns and men need know on earth, Keats makes evident by his own practice that a poet also needs to know a great deal about his trade, and that he must be passionately concerned for its basic elements.

Those basic elements are not beauty and truth but *rhythm, diction, image* and *form*. Certainly Keats cared about beauty and truth. Any sensitive man must care. No matter that one must forever fumble at the definition of such ideas; they are still matters of ultimate concern. But so was Dante's yearning for the light, and he discovered at once that it can be reached only by the long way round.

The poet's way round is by way of rhythm, diction, image and form. It is the right, the duty and the joy of his trade to be passionate about these things. To be passionate about them in the minutest and even the most frivolous detail. To be passionate about them, if need be, to the exclusion of what is generally understood by "sincerity" and "meaning." To be more passionate about them than he is about the cold war, the Gunpowder Plot, the next election, abolition, the H-bomb, the Inquisition, juvenile delinquency, the Spanish Armada, or his own survival.

The good poets have not generally sneered at the world of affairs. Some have, but many others have functioned well within that world. Yet the need and the right of all poets to detach themselves from the things of the world in order to pursue the things of the poetic trade have always been inseparable from their success as poets.

The poet must be passionate about the four elements of his trade for the most fundamental of reasons. He must be so because those passions are both a joy and an addiction within him. Because they are the life of the poem, without which nothing of value can happen either in the poem or to the reader. Because writing a poem is a more sentient way of living than not writing it, because no poem can be written well except as these passions inform it, and because only when the poem is so written can the beauty and truth of that more sentient way of living be brought to mortal consequence.

The act of poetry may seem to have very simple surfaces, but it is always compounded of many things at once. As Robert Frost wrote in *Two Tramps in Mud Time:*

> *Only where love and need are one,*
> *And the work is play for mortal stakes,*
> *Is the deed ever really done*
> *For Heaven and the future's sakes.*

The voice of common sense rises immediately in protest. "Mystification!" it cries. "A poem still has to *mean* something. What does it *mean?*" And the poet must answer, "Never what you think. Not when you ask the question in that way."

But how shall the question be asked? Let the questioner listen first to a kind of statement he has probably passed over without enough attention. He can find one such in Walter Pater's essay on Winckelman. "Let us understand by poetry," wrote Pater, "all literary production which attains the power of giving pleasure by its form as distinct from its matter."

He can find another in a book titled *The Fire and the Fountain* by the English poet and critic John Press. "The essence of the poet," wrote Press, "is to be found less in his opinions than in his idiom." He may even find one in a textbook titled *Reading Poems*, in which Prof. Wright Thomas says, "The *subject* is a very poor indication of what the *poem* is"—to which I should add only that it is no indication whatever.

But if the meaning is not in the subject, what then does a poem mean? It means always and above all else the poet's deep involvement in the four basic elements of his trade. It means not the subject but the way the poetic involvement transfigures the subject. It means, that is to say, (*Continued on Page 85*)

"It's a filter of my own design."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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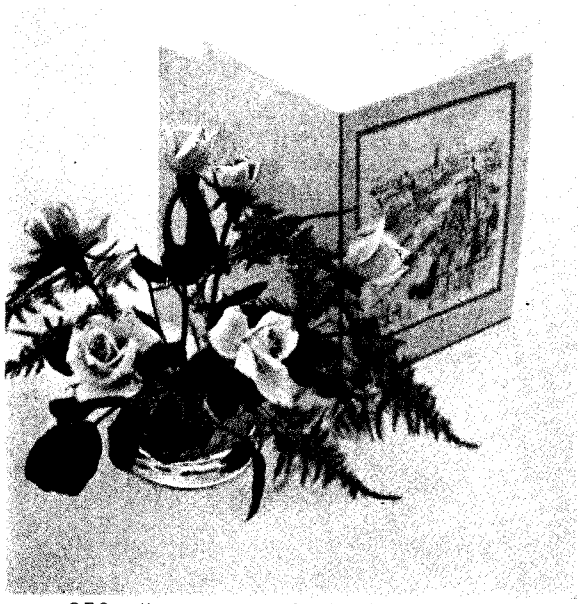

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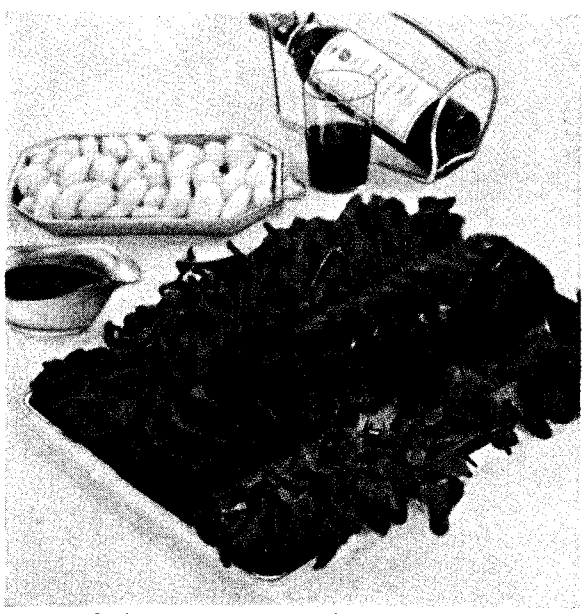

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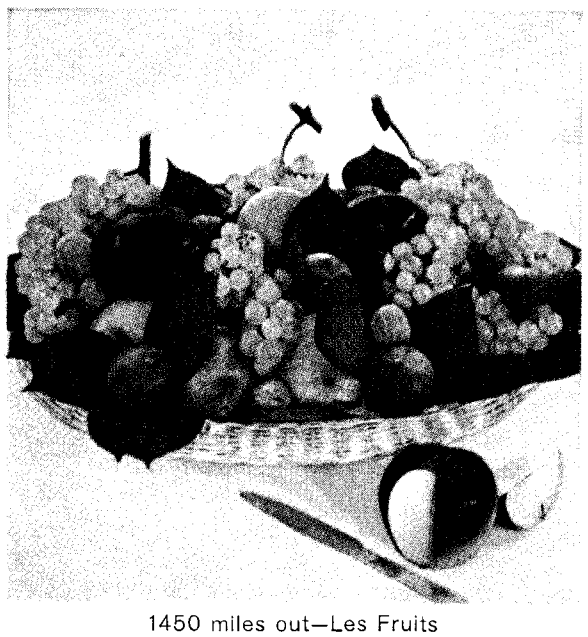

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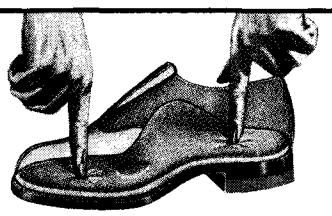

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(*Continued from Page 82*) the very act of language by which it comes into existence. The poem may purport to be about anything from pussy willows to battleships, but the meaning of any good poem is its act of language.

Because it is an act of language, a good poem is deeply connected with everything men are and do. For language is certainly one of the most fundamental activities in which human beings engage. Take away a man's language, and you take most of his ability to think and to experience. Enrich his language, and you cannot fail to enrich his experience. Any man who has let great language into his head is the richer for it.

He is not made richer by what is being said. It is the language itself that brings his enrichment. Could poetry be meaningful aside from its act of language, it would have no reason for being, and the whole history of poetry could be reduced to a series of simple paraphrases.

Consider as simple a passage as the beginning of Herrick's *Upon Julia's Clothes:*

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Who can read those lines without a thrill of pleasure? But now consider the paraphrase: "I like the rustle of Julia's silks when she walks." The poetry and the paraphrase are certainly about equal in subject matter. The difference is that the poetry is a full and rich act of language, whereas the paraphrase, though faultless, lacks, among other things, measure, pause, stress, rhyme and the pleasure of lingering over the word "liquefaction."

"But what is Julia doing there?" cries that voice of common sense. "She must have something to do with the poem or she wouldn't be in it!"

The owner of that voice would do well to ponder the relation between a good portrait and its subject. The subject is there, to be sure—at least in most cases. But the instant the painter puts one brush stroke on the canvas and then another, the two brush strokes take on a relation to each other and to the space around them. The two then take on a relation to the third, and it to them. And so forth. The painting immediately begins to exert its own demands upon the painter, its own way of going. Immediately the subject begins to disappear.

All too soon, for that matter, the subject will have changed with age or will have died. After a while no living person will have any recollection of what the subject looked like. All that will remain then is a portrait head which must be either self-validating or worthless. Because the subject cannot validate the painting, he or she will have become irrelevant. All that can finally validate the portrait is the way in which the painter engaged the act of painting.

And one more thing—the good artist always thinks in long terms. He knows, even at the moment of the painting, that both he and the subject will disappear. Any good painter will be painting for the painting—for the time when the subject will have blown away into time.

So with poetry. The one final and enduring meaning of any poem lies not in what it seems to have set out to say, but in its act of language.

The only test of that act of language is the memory of the race. Bad poetry is by nature forgettable; it is, therefore, soon forgotten. But good poetry, like any good act of language, hooks onto human memory and stays there. Write well, and there will always be someone somewhere who carries in his mind what you have written. It will stay in memory because man is the language animal, and because his need of language is from the roots of his consciousness. That need in him is not a need for meaning. Rather, good language in him takes possession of meaning; it fills him with a resonance that the best of men understand only dimly, but without which no man is entirely alive. Poetry is that presence and that resonance. As Archibald MacLeish put it in his much-discussed *Ars Poetica:*

A poem should not mean
But be.

If the reader truly wishes to engage poetry, let him forget meaning. Let him think rather: "I shall summon great language to mind. I shall summon language so fully, so resonantly and so precisely used that it will bring all my meanings to me." Then let him turn to poetry, and

---

Most women dislike jury duty because it is all listening.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

---

let him listen to the passions of the poet's trade.

Listen to great rhythms. Here is the opening stanza of John Donne's *The Anniversarie:*

All Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times as
they passe,
Is elder by a yeare, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things, to their destruction
draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday.
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting
day.

Wordly things pass away, but true love is constant, says the subject matter. All true enough and tried enough. But listen to the rhythm enforce itself upon the saying, especially in the last four lines. For present purposes, let the voice ignore the lesser accents. Let it stress only those syllables printed in capital letters below, while observing the pauses as indicated by the slash marks. And forget the meaning. Read for the voice emphasis and the voice pauses:

Only OUR LOVE hath no deCAY //
THIS // no to MOrrow hath // nor
YESterday //
RUNning // it never runs from us
aWAY //
But truly keeps his FIRST // LAST //
EVerlasting DAY.

Not all rhythms are so percussive, so measured out by pauses, and so metrically irregular. Listen to this smoother rhythm from Poe's *Israfel:*

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Or the rhythm may be percussive, but without substantial pauses, as in the last line of this passage from the end of Gerard Manley Hopkins' *Felix Randal,* an elegy for a blacksmith:

How far from then forethought of, all thy
more boisterous years,
When thou at the random grim forge,
powerful amidst peers,
Didst fettle for the great gray drayhorse
his bright and battering sandal.

Listen to the hammerfall of that last line: "Didst FEttle for the GREAT GRAY DRAYhorse his BRIGHT and BAttering SANdal."

Or listen to the spacing of the "ah" sounds as a rhythmic emphasis in the last line of this final passage from Meredith's *Lucifer in Starlight:*

Around the ancient track marched, rank
on rank,
The ARmy of unALterable LAW.

Percussive, smooth, flowing or studded with pauses—there is no end to the variety and delight of great language rhythms. For the poet, his rhythms are forever more than a matter of making a "meaningful" statement; they are a joy in their own right. No poet hates meaning. But the poet's passion is for the triumph of language. No reader can come to real contact with a poem until he comes to it through the joy of that rhythmic act of language.

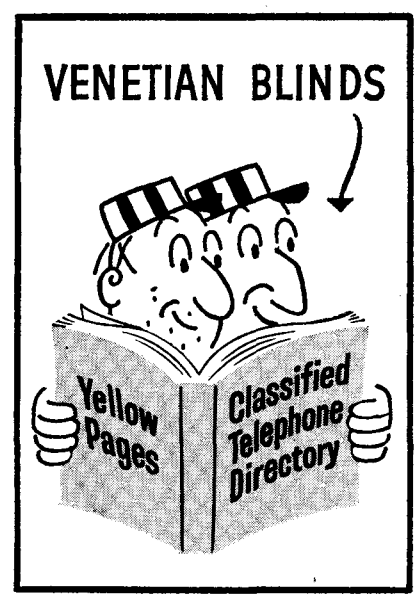
As for rhythm, so for diction. The poet goes to language—or it comes to him and he receives it—for his joy in the precision of great word choices. Give him such a line as Whitman's "I witness the corpse with the dabbled hair," and he will register the corpse, to be sure, but it will be "dabbled" he seizes upon with the joy of a botanist coming on a rare specimen. So when Keats speaks of Ruth amid "the alien corn" or when Theodore Roethke speaks of sheep "strewn" on a field, the good reader will certainly care about the dramatic situation of the poem, but he cannot fail to answer with a special joy to "alien" and to "strewn."

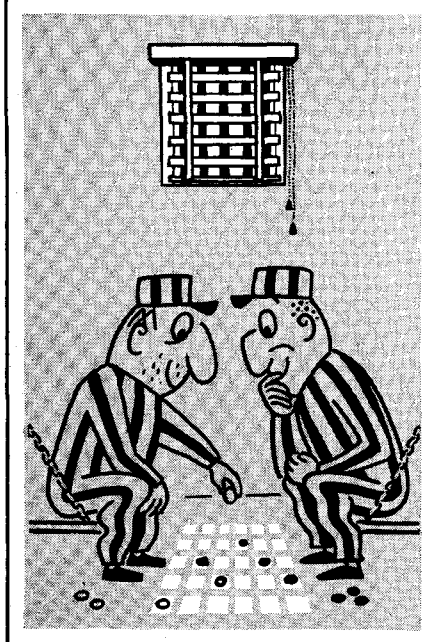
What, after all, is the subject as compared to his joy in such rich precision? Thousands of English poems have described the passing of winter and the coming of spring. Certainly there is little in that subject as a subject to attract him. But listen to the pure flutefall of the word choices I have italicized in the following passage from Stanley Kunitz's *Deciduous Bough,* and note how the self-delight in language makes everything immediate and new again:

Winter that *coils* in the thicket now
Will *glide* from the field, the *swinging* rain
Be *knotted* with flowers, on every bough
A bird will *meditate* again.

"Poetry," said Coleridge, "is the best words in the best order." How can anyone reading the Kunitz passage escape a sense that the language is being ultimately and unimprovably selected? The delight one feels in coming on such language is not only in the experience of perfection but also in the fact that perfection has been made to seem not only effortless but inevitable.

And let this much more be added to the idea of poetic meaning: Nothing in a good poem happens by accident; every word, every comma, every variant spelling must enter as an act of the poet's choice. A poem is a machine for making choices. The mark of the good poet is his refusal to make easy or cheap choices. The better the poet, the greater the demands he makes upon himself, and the higher he sets his level of choice. Thus, a good poem is not only an act of mind but an act of devotion to mind. The poet who chooses cheaply or lazily is guilty of aesthetic acedia, and he is lost thereby. The poet who spares himself nothing in his search for the most demanding choices is shaping a human attention that offers itself as a high (*Continued on Page 88*)





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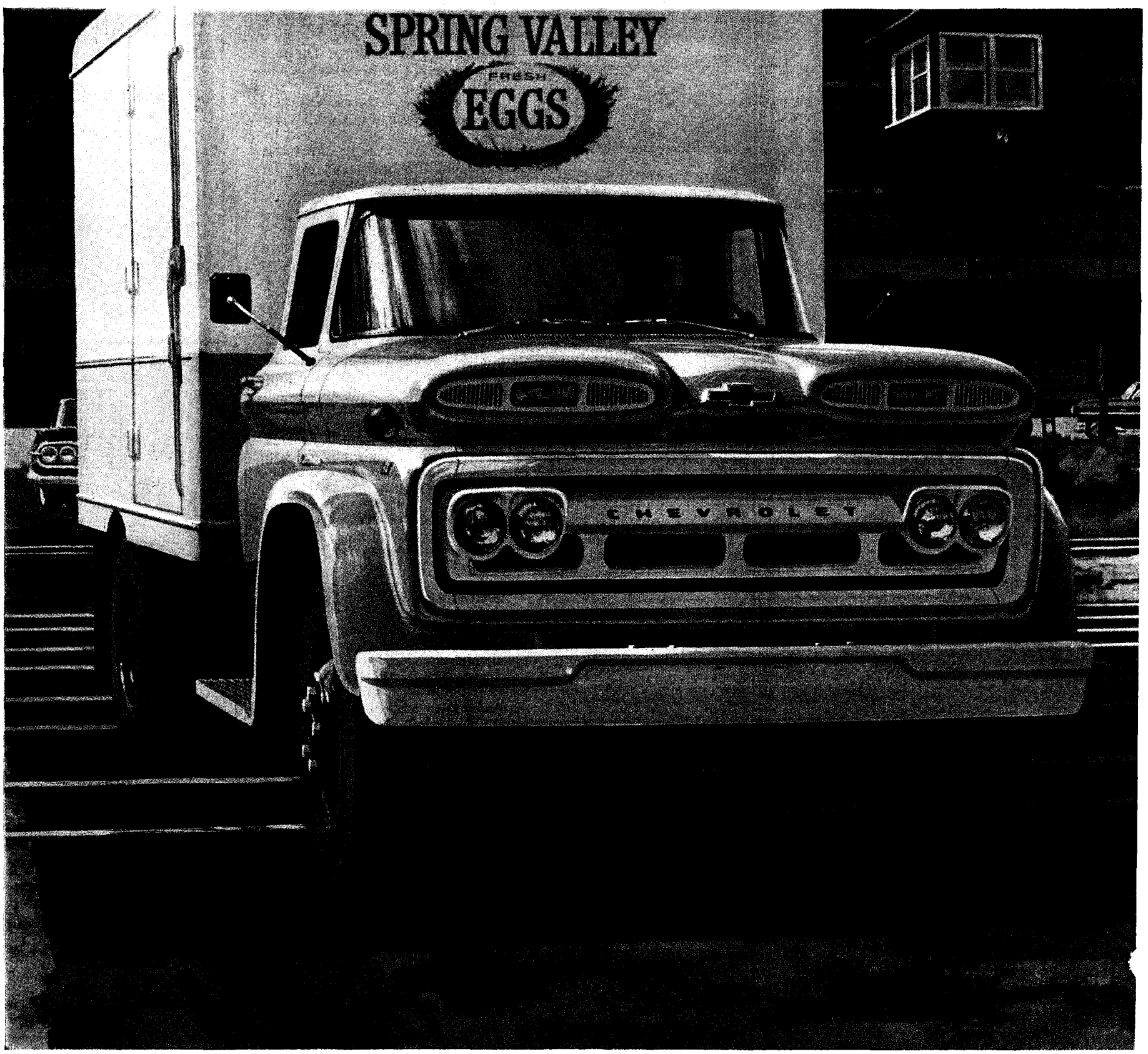

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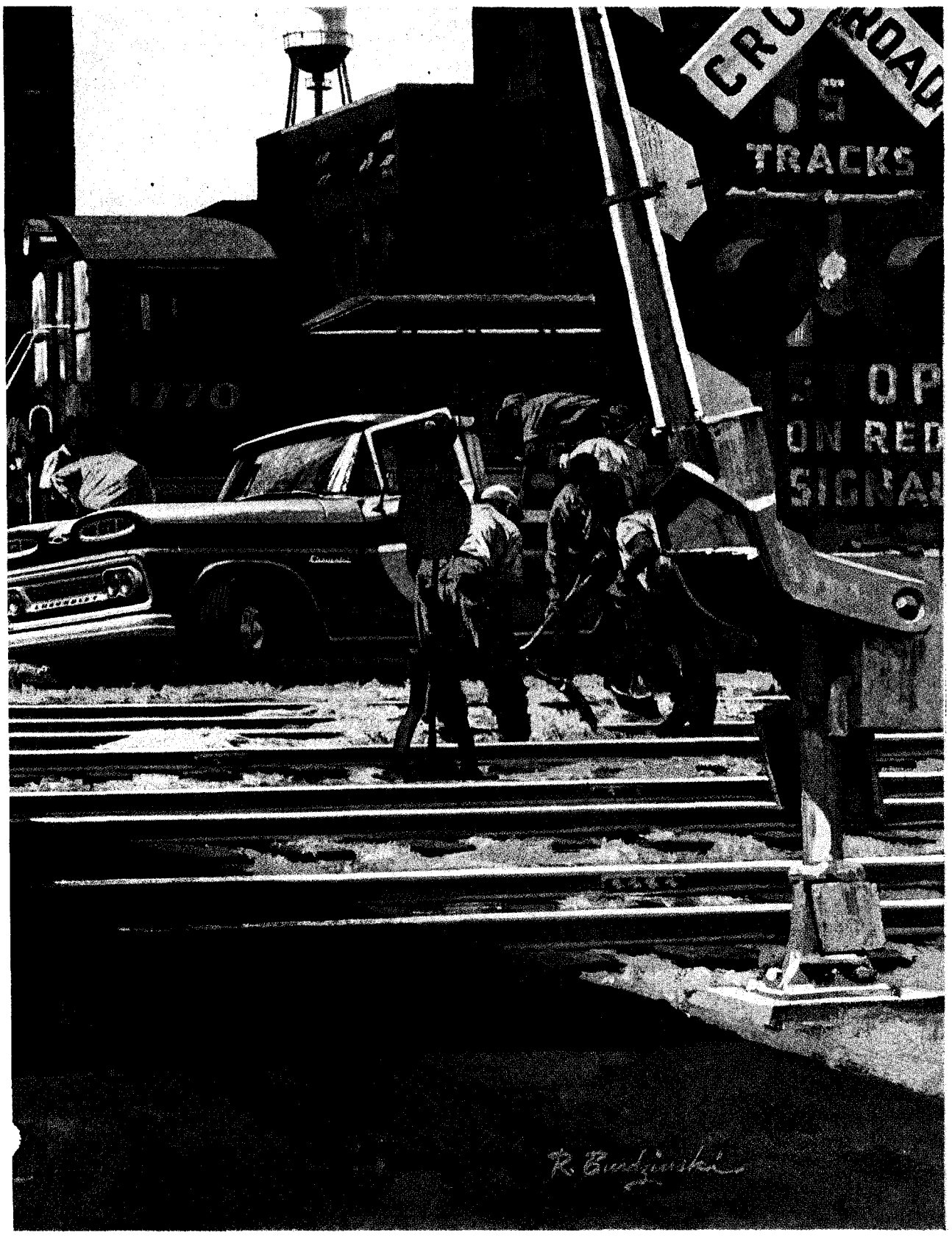

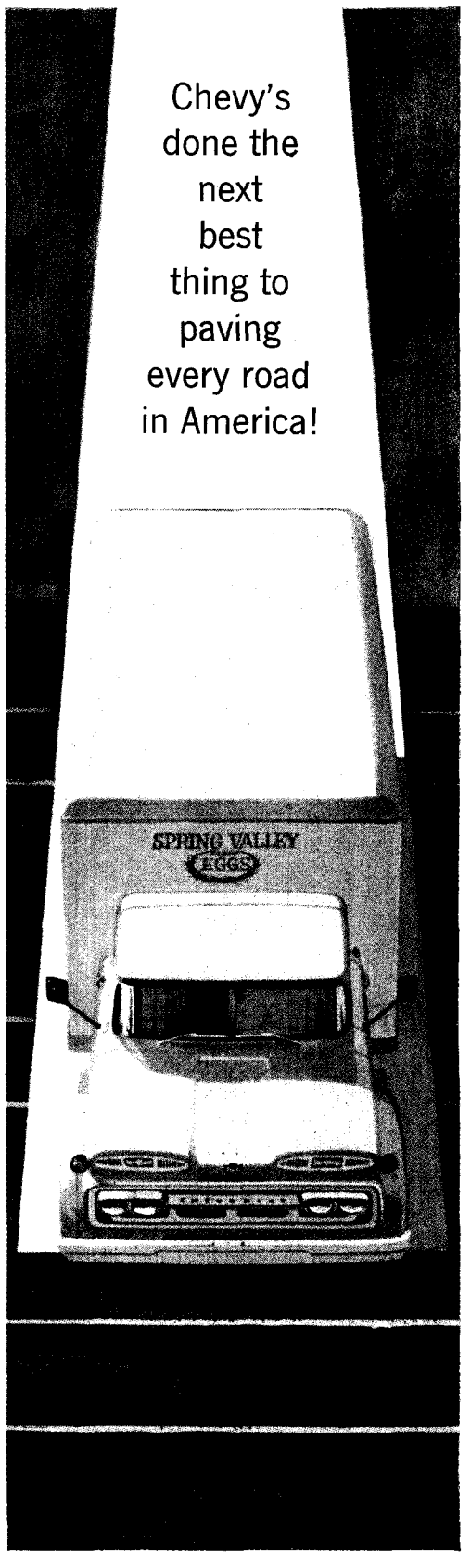

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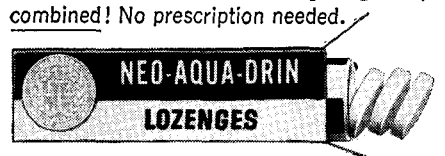

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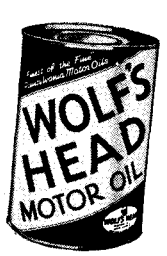

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(*Continued from Page 85*) and joyful example to all men of mind and devotion. Every act of great language, whatever its subject matter, illustrates an idea of order and a resonance of human possibility without which no man's mind can sense its own fullest dimensions.

As for rhythm and diction, so for imagery. To be sure, every word is at root an image, and poetic images must be made of words. Yet certainly there is in a well-constructed image an effect that cannot be said to rise from any one word choice, but from the total phrasing.

So for the sensory shiver of Keats' "The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide." So for the wonderfully woozy effect of John Frederick Nims' "The drunk clambering on his undulant floor." So for the grand hyperbole of Howard Nemerov saying that the way a young girl looks at him "sets his knees to splashing like two waves."

We learn both imagination and precision from the poet's eye. And we learn correspondences. Consider the following image from *Aereopagus* by Louis MacNeice, a poem as playful as it is serious, in which MacNeice describes Athens as a cradle of the western mind. Cradles, he makes clear, generally contain children, and all those boy-gods and girl-goddesses had their childish side:

. . . you still may glimpse
The child-eyed Fury tossing her shock of snakes,
Careering over the Parthenon's ruined playpen.

It is a bit shocking to have the Parthenon spoken of as a playpen, but once the shock has passed, what a triumph there is in the figure: everything corresponds! Think how much would have been lost had the Parthenon a surviving roof, or had its general proportions or the placement of the pillars—slats—resisted the comparison. The joy of it is that, despite the first shock, nothing resists the comparison; and we find that the surprise turns out to be a true correspondence.

One of the poet's happiest—and most mortal—games is in seeking such correspondences. But what flows from them is more than a game. Every discovery of a true correspondence is an act of reason and an instruction to the mind. For intelligence does not consist of masses of factual detail. It consists of seeing essential likenesses and essential differences and of relating them, allowing for differences within the likenesses and for likenesses within the differences. Mentality is born of analogy.

Note, too, that the image-idea of "ruined playpen" does not simply happen, but is prepared for in "child-eyed." And note, further, the nice double meaning of "careering" as both "a wild rush" and "to make a career of."

A good extended image, that is to say, is made of various elements and is marked by both sequence and structure. Thus we have already touched upon the essence of the fourth element of the poet's trade: form.

There are many kinds of poetic form, but since all are based on pattern and sequence, let a tightly patterned poem illustrate. Here is Emily Dickinson's *The Soul Selects:*

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling
Upon her mat.
I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.

Whatever the hunters of beauty and truth find for their pleasure in such a poem, the poet's joy will be in its form and management. He responds to the passion of the language for its own sparseness, to the pattern of rhyme and half-rhyme, to the flavor of the images (connotation), and to the way those flavors relate to one another. He responds to the interplay of the four-foot feminine lines (feminine lines end on an unaccented syllable) and the two-foot masculine lines (which end on an accented syllable).

And he responds, above all, to the way those two-foot lines develop in the last stanza into two boldly stroked syllables apiece (monosyllabic feet) so that the emotion held down throughout the poem by the sparseness of the language is hammered into sensation by the beat of those last two words: "Like stone"—thud! thud!

Beauty and truth are no irrelevancies, but they are abstractions that must remain meaningless to poetry until they are brought to being in the management of a specific form. It is that management the poet must love: the joy of sensing the poem fall into inescapable form, and therefore into inescapable experience. For the poet's trade is not to talk about experience, but to make it happen. His act of making is all he knows of beauty and truth. It is, in fact, his way of knowing them. His only way of knowing them.

As I. A. Richards, poet and scholar of the language, put it in a recent poem titled *The Ruins:*

Sometimes a word is wiser much than men:
"Faithful" e.g., "responsible" and "true."
And words it is, not poets, make up poems.
Our *words, we say, but we are theirs, too,*
For words made men and may unmake again.

And now, at last, it is time to repeat the statement from which this long way round began. "In art," I said, "it does not matter what one pays attention to; the quality of the attention is what counts." It is time to amend that necessary false statement.

For it does matter where the poet fixes his attention. Attention must be to *something*. That something, however, is so casually connected with the subject of the poem that any reader will do well to dismiss the subject as no more than a point of departure. Any impassioning point of departure will do. The poet, being a man, must believe something, but what that something is does not matter so long as he believes it strongly enough to be passionate about it. What he believes, moreover, may be touched off by an image, a rhythm, or the quality of a word *in pursuit of which the subject is invented.*

The poem, in any case, is not in its point of departure, but in its journey to itself. That journey, the act of the poem, is its act of language. That act is the true final subject and meaning of any poem. It is to that act of language the poet shapes his most devoted attention—to the fullness of rhythm, diction, image and form. Only in that devotion can he seize the world and make it evident.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Ciardi, John
How Does A Poem Mean?
Houghton Mifflin
Paper Back $2.00

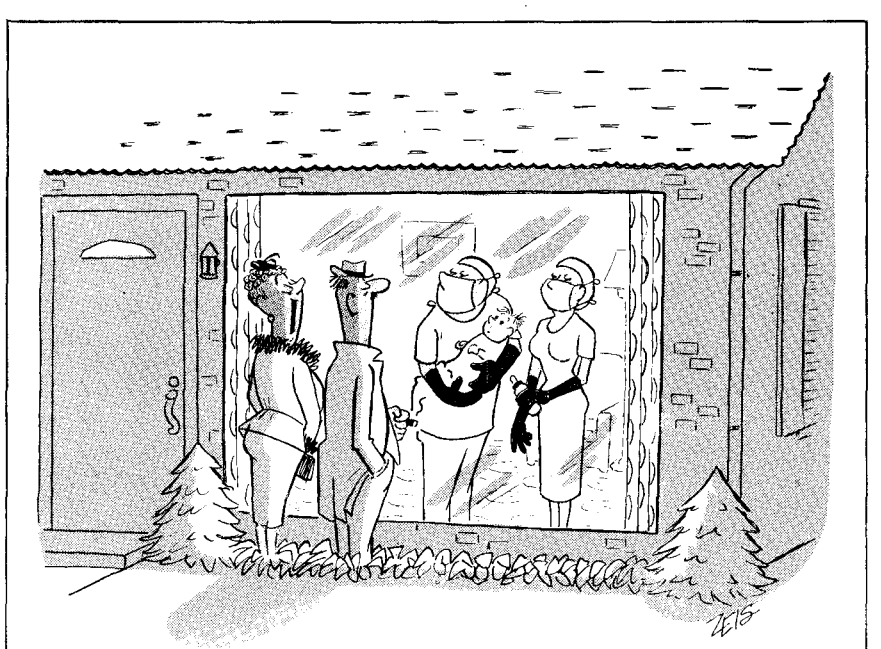
Ciardi, John
39 Poems
Rutgers
$3.00

Press, John
The Fire and the Fountain
An Essay on Poetry
Oxford
$4.00

Scott, A. F.
The Poet's Craft
Cambridge
$2.75

Valéry, Paul
The Art of Poetry
Pantheon
$4.50

Acknowledgements: Archibald MacLeish, from *Collected Poems*, published by Houghton Mifflin; Gerard Manley Hopkins, from *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, published by Oxford University Press; I. A. Richards, from *Poets and the Past*, published by Andre Emmerich Gallery; Robert Frost, from *The Complete Poems of Robert Frost*, published by Henry Holt; Stanley Kunitz, from *Deciduous Bough;* W. H. Auden, from *In Memory of W. B. Yeats*, published by Random House; Louis MacNeice, from *Ten Burnt Offerings*, published by Oxford University Press.



"All parents fuss a lot with their first baby."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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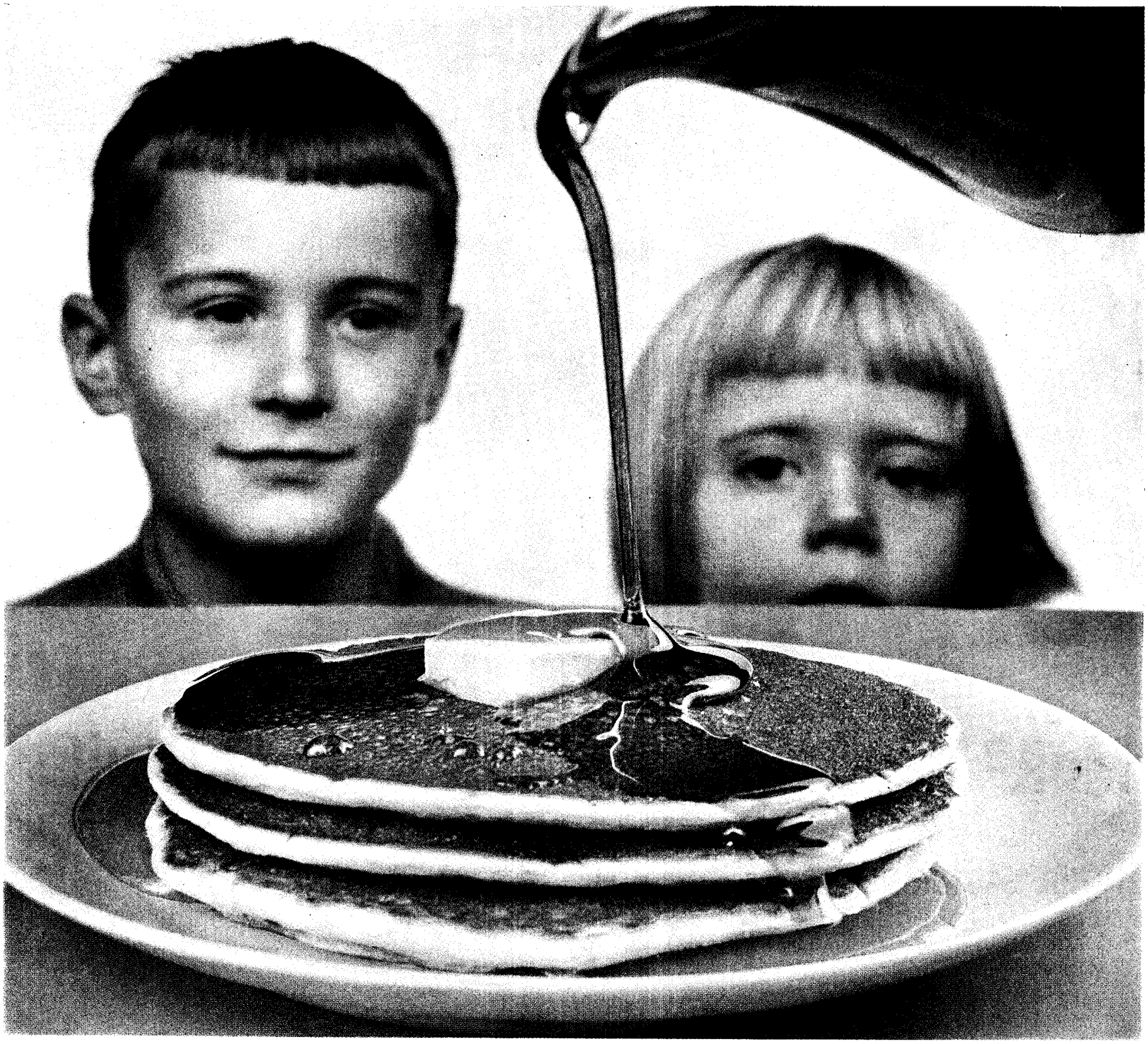

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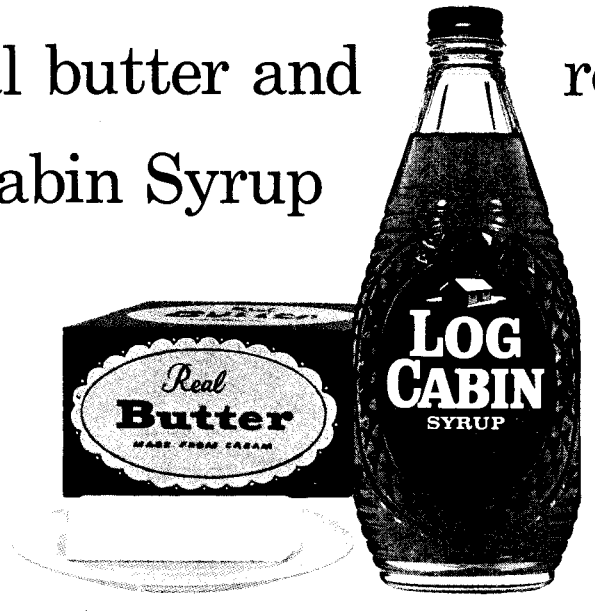

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Red China Against Russia?

(Continued from Page 33)

visionary. The two countries, they insist, are part of the unitary world system of Communism. They are bound by a firm military alliance. They share the aim of Communist world conquest. If, as it sometimes appears, Moscow is blowing hot and Peking is blowing cold, this is part of a calculated plan. The countries carefully co-ordinate every policy. Moscow calls the tune and China dances.

This thesis may be correct. But there is a rapidly growing body of evidence which suggests that Soviet-Chinese relations may not be so firmly based nor so immutable as many have long presumed. There are hints—and more than hints—of deep quarrels in the past, of present incompatibilities and conflicts which will grow—rather than lessen—in the future.

It is obviously too soon to say for certain that this means the great Communist alliance some day will split asunder. But it is equally obvious that the time has come for a fresh, cold look at the reality of Soviet-Chinese relations, stripped of wishful thinking, sentiment and prejudice.

In many years behind the Iron Curtain I grew to feel that much more lay behind the bland façade of Soviet-Chinese friendship than the West imagined. But it was not until I had approached the Chinese-Soviet frontier by the back door and had spent considerable time in Outer Mongolia watching the antagonisms which neither Chinese nor Russians sought to conceal in this isolated land that I became convinced that my suspicions of smoldering conflict between the two Communist empires had a firm basis.

It was not merely the competitive and often hostile attitude of the Chinese toward the Russians and the Russians toward the Chinese. It was the reactions of the Mongols toward the two countries. Outer Mongolia, of course, had been virtually a Russian principality for nearly forty years. But now the Mongols, particularly young educated Mongols, present living evidence of the deepening dichotomy of Soviet and Chinese ideology. To them the light of the world shone from the East. And "West" in Ulan Bator meant the Soviet Union as well as America. It was curious, indeed, to hear young Mongols refer to "western countries like Russia and America."

Many of these young people had been in China. They returned with eyes glowing. The Chinese way was *the* way for Mongolia. Not the way of the Soviet oppressors, the conservative and backward West. Mongolia must look East.

I flew back from Mongolia uncertain what form the ultimate conflict between the Soviet Union and China would take and how long it would be in maturing. But the outlines of it were already visible in microcosm to anyone who could penetrate the Mongol fastness.

Nor could I believe that this conflict was of recent origin. I remembered too vividly a scene which I watched five years earlier. Premier Chou En-lai had arrived in Moscow after negotiation of the Korean truce in Geneva. The Russians tendered him a great diplomatic reception in Spiridonovka Palace. All the Soviet higher-ups were there—Malenkov, Molotov, Khrushchev, Mikoyan, Kaganovich—the whole "collective leadership." Chou En-lai was seated for dinner in an inner room. The honored guests were the Chinese and those western ambassadors whose countries had diplomatic relations with China—the British, the French, the Swedish, and so on.

From the door of this room I watched and listened. Chou was the life of the party. He was constantly up and out of his chair, moving around, raising his glass, offering toasts. But I noticed a strange thing. Chou is fluent in Russian but he was speaking English—a language which none of the Soviet leaders knew. The only persons who could understand him were the western ambassadors. Not only was Chou speaking English; he was needling his hosts. One exchange stood out vividly. He raised his glass to Mikoyan: "I drink to your learning Chinese." Chou spoke in English and his remarks had to be translated. But, replied Mikoyan, "Chinese is a very difficult language." "It is not that difficult, Mikoyan," Chou said sharply. "Remember we all have learned Russian. Now the time has come for you to learn Chinese. Come around to the embassy in the morning. We will be glad to give you a teacher." For once Mikoyan had no retort. A very odd performance. It smelled of old arguments and harsh differences.

But only in very recent times has enough evidence become available to piece together a working hypothesis which would explain many cryptic events in the Soviet-Chinese calendar. The evidence lies in many fields. One of the most dramatic sequences relates to the Korean War. It suggests that the motivations behind this conflict were entirely different from those which we Americans supposed. We assumed that this was a blow directed at the United States, a Communist move to undermine our position in the Far East. Instead, it may well have been primarily intended by Stalin as a blow against Mao Tse-tung.

It is still not possible to prove this theory. But there has been a striking accumulation of evidence pointing in this direction. In fact, in some Communist circles this possibility has been discussed for several years.

To go back to the start it may be recalled that after the debacle of the Communist Canton revolution—when Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communists in 1927—Stalin turned his back on China. Canton was a catastrophe for international Communism. From this time onward Stalin more and more devoted himself to building Communism in one country. For all practical purposes he wrote off China. Even after the success of the famous "Long March" of the 1920's from South to North China, and the gradual build-up of Chinese Communist power, Stalin showed little interest in Mao Tse-tung. He told the United States ambassador, Patrick Hurley, and others during World War II that the Chinese were "margarine Communists"—not real Communists.

In later years it was suggested that Stalin cleverly misled us; that actually he was supporting Mao while publicly disparaging him. This does not seem to fit the evidence. During this period Stalin was dealing with the Chiang Kai-shek government. He wrecked the industry of North China and Manchuria in 1945. He shipped industrial plants to Siberia rather than leave them for his Chinese Communist friends. If you examine *Pravda* for the years 1948–49 when the Chinese Communists were coming to power you will see a strange and curious thing: although they were winning triumph after triumph *Pravda* hardly mentioned them.

The year 1948 was a critical year in Moscow. A year of deep suspicion and dark plots in the Soviet capital—the year of the break with Tito, the start of the offensive against the Jews, of the still obscure but terrible "Leningrad affair" in which many leading Communists lost their lives.

In January of 1949 Stalin arrested Mikhail Borodin, Anna Louise Strong and a number of Borodin's associates. Police closed down the *Moscow Daily News*, which Borodin edited. Borodin was the man who had masterminded the Canton revolution for the Soviet Union. Miss Strong, an American, was one of his oldest associates. Both were deeply interested in China and the Chinese Communists. Miss Strong was a close personal friend of Mao and Chou. She had been in Belgrade and she had come to Moscow on her way to China. Borodin died in a Siberian concentration camp in 1953. Miss Strong was expelled from Russia as an "American spy."

There has never been a satisfactory explanation for the arrests. Miss Strong was finally "rehabilitated" in 1958 and since then has taken up residence in Peking.

But if Stalin was disturbed by the rise of Mao, if, in fact, there was deep conflict between Mao and Stalin, an interpretation of these strange events becomes possible. It was hinted in Moscow in 1949 that Miss Strong was suspected of being a go-between from Tito to Mao. Stalin may have felt that his enemies in the Communist world were coming together and that Borodin and Miss Strong represented a possible link between Tito and Mao.

Don't Blame Me!

Darling, the times that I'm
appearing
To listen without even hearing
Are mostly times that you're
not shrinking
From talking without even
thinking.

Hal Chadwick

Mr. Khrushchev—who seems to have no reason for fabricating history on this point—has, in fact, revealed that there was a serious split between Stalin and Mao at this time. He has told foreign Communists that relations between Stalin and Mao were so strained that had it not been for the international situation and pressure by the United States there might have been an open break. Stalin, he said, insisted on treating Mao as a dependent. Stalin was overbearing. He wanted to exploit China as a colony.

The situation between the Soviet Union and China, Khrushchev contends, remained critical until Mao finally came to Moscow in December, 1949. Mao stayed for two months and left on February 14, 1950, after signing the draft of the Soviet-Chinese alliance, agreeing to terms for a small Soviet loan (since repaid with interest) and permitting the Soviet to maintain for an indefinite period her strategic bases in the Far East—Port Arthur, Dairen and the Changchun railroad.

The press treatment of the negotiations was curious. For weeks at a time there was no reference to Mao in the papers, until we began to wonder if he had gone back to China. Ordinarily a guest like Mao was swamped in publicity. All the evidence suggests that the Mao-Stalin talks were difficult and arduous.

At this moment a completely unexpected event occurred. Secretary of State Dean Acheson made his famous address in which he failed to specify Korea as a point in the American defense chain in the Pacific.

This may well have touched off a fateful sequence of events in Moscow. Stalin was well aware that when Japan launched her drive from the islands to the China mainland she moved by stages. First she seized Korea. Then, after defeating Russia she went into North China. Finally, she seized Manchuria and set it up as a puppet state. Once Korea and Manchuria had been secured, the Japanese had no difficulty in moving down on Peking at the time of the famous incident at the Marco Polo Bridge.

In the spring of 1950 the Soviet position was not unlike that which Japan had held. She had the North China treaty ports and the railroad. She had North Korea. Her troops were on the Amur River, just north of Manchuria. She lacked South Korea and Manchuria. If she held both of them she could, of course, put Mao into a nutcracker. Peking would be almost surrounded. Mao would be at Stalin's mercy. If Stalin wished he could detach Manchuria. It already had semiautonomous status, and there is good reason to believe Stalin had made secret arrangements about Manchuria. But he lacked the Korean piece on the chessboard. If, by a lightning stroke, the puppet army of North Korea could seize South Korea—and in Moscow the Acheson statement seemed to suggest that the United States would not resist—then Stalin could dictate his own terms to Mao.

Of course, when the United States and the United Nations opposed the rape of South Korea, the whole plan fell apart. Stalin found himself involved in a long, bloody war. Eventually the Chinese Communists came in, gradually shifting the whole power base in the Far East away from the Soviet Union and toward China.

Stalin's motivation in ordering the attack on Korea is still unproved hypothesis. But one important missing piece has since fallen into place. In 1956 subscribers to the Soviet *Bolshoi Encyclopedia* received a notice from the publishers. They were instructed to slit out the page containing the biography of a Chinese Communist official named Kao Kang and paste in a page containing no reference to him. The only other occasion on which this had been done was after the execution of Beria. Thus, the inference was that the case of Kao Kang was of the same magnitude as Beria's. Or that, perhaps, they might be in some way connected. And who was Kao Kang? He was the boss of Manchuria, the special administrator of the quasi-autonomous region.

Little ever was published about him by the Chinese press except to call him a traitor who had "expressed his ultimate betrayal of the party" by committing suicide before he could be punished for his crimes. What was the nature of his treachery? The official communiqué said that since 1949 he had engaged in a conspiracy aimed at seizing the leadership of the party and the state and that he hoped to set up Manchuria as the "independent Kingdom of Kao Kang."

The fact is that Kao Kang almost certainly was Beria's man, or Stalin's man or Russia's man—call him what you will. Even before Mao officially announced the establishment of his regime, Kao Kang independently had gone off to Moscow and signed a series of agreements for close economic and financial collaboration between Manchuria and the Soviet. He even had his own currency.

It very much looks as though Stalin in 1949 secretly made an alliance with the *de facto* ruler of Manchuria. If this is true he had the whole chessboard set up. Once he placed his puppet armies in South Korea the ring around Mao would close. There may have been even more to it.

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For years hints and rumors have circulated in the Far East that a plot to assassinate Mao in 1949 or 1950 miscarried.

An enormous heritage of ill will must have been bequeathed to both sides by such a sequence of events. But if the inner history of Soviet-Chinese relations followed a pattern so Machiavellian it was hardly accidental. Roots of Russian-Chinese conflict in the Far East go deep. And in the Soviet Union there is long history of popular fear of eastern peoples, stemming from the days of Mongol conquest. Ordinary Russians have always felt uneasy in alliance with China. The feeling appears to be mutual. It is easy to observe the incompatibility among Soviet and Chinese students in Moscow.

A Russian said, "Last summer I was in Sochi. It was a very hot day. A bunch of Chinese students, boys and girls, came out on the beach and did calisthenics in the sun. They exercised for an hour in dark blue sweatshirts. Then they made a circle on the beach, took out their textbooks and started to study Marxism-Leninism. It was a frightening thing to watch."

Or take the case of a Chinese student at Moscow University. The boy decided to save money from his state stipend of 300 rubles a month. He wanted to buy a Soviet 35-mm. camera. By going without lunches he managed to put aside enough money to buy the camera. But his Chinese comrades found out what he was doing and he was summoned before a "comradely court."

"You deprived your body and your brain of the food calories needed to study at your highest capability," the comradely prosecutor charged.

"Or," said another, "if you are able to work at full capacity on less food you should have given the extra money back to the state."

The student agreed to sell his camera, give the money back to the state, nourish his mind and body fully in the future and work harder than ever to deserve the solicitude that the state was showing.

"Imagine!" said a Russian. "What can you do with people like that! They are not human."

These attitudes could be dismissed as reflecting cultural differences of two diverse people. What counts, of course, is the attitude of the people at the top. Here cold demographic, economic and power factors seem to play the decisive role.

Khrushchev paid his first visit to Peking in the autumn of 1954. He negotiated a revision of the unequal treaty of 1950. The Soviet relinquished her special rights, special bases, special privileges. It was the first time the two nations had ever dealt as equals. On his way back Khrushchev stopped over in eastern Siberia.

A few weeks later Khrushchev made what history may record as the most significant speech of his career. He called on the young people of the Communist Youth League to launch a crusade to open up the virgin lands of Siberia. He summoned the young people to go East, to fill up the vacant spaces that lay across the frontier from China. He put it almost but not quite that bluntly. He asked them to settle down and raise families. The Soviet Union needed people on those vacant lands. "If about one hundred million people were added to our two hundred million even that would not be enough," he said.

Several hundred thousand young people have gone to Siberia, but most of them settled in its western reaches and in Kazakhstan. The Amur vastness is still wilderness. Of the 250,000,000 acres of arable land in Khabarovsk Krai, for instance, only about 500,000 are under cultivation. Population movement has been only a comparative trickle.

But on the other side of the frontier the pressure increases inexorably. In three years 1,400,000 Chinese moved into Inner Mongolia and China's northeast and northwest provinces adjacent to Russia and Mongolia.

Already Chinese pressure is evident in Outer Mongolia. That sparsely settled country has a population of only 1,000,000—a few less people than horses. In China-ruled Inner Mongolia there are 1,500,000 Mongols. Thousands of Chinese are moving into Outer Mongolia as labor force. They are working on roads, irrigation projects, factory sites, bridges, dams, mines. The labor is the gift of the Chinese Government. There is only one proviso which China asks in return—the privilege that the Chinese may assume Mongol citizenship and stay in the country.

"The momentum of the Chinese initiative is so great, the attractive force of Chinese dynamism is so overpowering," an Asian diplomat observed, "that it is hard to see how, over the long run, Russia can maintain her position in Mongolia. She is still the first power there. But five years from now this may well no longer be true."

And the drive into Mongolia is only the gentle lapping of the first waves of China's population tides. Chinese statistics may not be entirely reliable, but the figures which Russians cite are a current population in the neighborhood of 650,000,000 with a growth factor of possibly 25,000,000 a year. The Chinese census of 1953 gave a total of about 602,000,000 but this included about 19,000,000 overseas and in Formosa. The Soviet population is about 208,000,000, and the growth factor is about 3,600,000 a year.

China is not just growing in numbers. She is growing in economic weight. And no one knows this more intimately than the Soviets who are assisting this growth. Russians who have been recent visitors to China speak with awe and concern about the pace of Chinese industrial development.

"You cannot believe it," one highly placed Russian said, "until you see it with your own eyes. The speed, the discipline, the organizing ability. The Chinese have such enormous quantities of labor. And everyone is working so hard. Nothing we ever did in Russia was anything like it."

Another Russian strongly urged me to go to China—not realizing that the Chinese stubbornly refuse to admit American journalists or, indeed, Americans of any kind.

"It is another world," he said. "You must know what is happening there. To understand the world today you must see China."

And one said, "The speed of development in China is terrifying. When you think of the future ——"

A neutral businessman, returning from China, said, "China is a terrible threat to the world. The Russians recognize this threat. They understand that it is a threat to Russia as much as to the rest of the world."

A western diplomat who has watched the Russians carefully for a number of years said he felt the key factor in the timetable of world relations today is the date on which China obtains the atomic bomb. When that moment occurs, he pointed out, the world balance of power will change irrevocably. China henceforth will be a member of the atomic club with full rights and privileges.

"And how will you and Russia like that?" he asked. It was his conviction that this prospect was already affecting Khrushchev's policy. The world at large does not know when China will become a nuclear power, but Khrushchev probably does.

Not that the Soviet Union is helping China to arm herself with atoms. There is no evidence that the Soviet is assisting China with anything more than experimental nuclear-laboratory facilities. She is not even building the Chinese a nuclear power plant so far as is known. But China's possession of atomic weapons is only a matter of time. Chinese physicists study in the great Soviet physics centers. So far as China is concerned the atom bomb presumably is not a matter of know-how—it is just a matter of allocating facilities to make it.

There is never any public quarreling between the Soviet Union and China. But there are obvious differences of principle, most notably on the subject of Chinese communes. Mr. Khrushchev commented pointedly on the commune question during a trip to Poland last summer. Communes, he said, were organized in the Soviet shortly after the Revolution. But the proper material and political conditions were lacking, and the result was a failure. The Communist Party abandoned them and went over to farm co-operatives, which provided the basis for the present collective-farm system. He repudiated the commune idea and also the idea of force or pressure to get peasants to give up individual farming. Thus, without publicly mentioning China, he put himself on record against the most publicized Chinese Communist achievement. One of his close associates said months before that the communes were old-fashioned and would never work. "The only way you can get people to work," he said, "is to give them some kind of an incentive."

One aspect of the Chinese commune has gone quite without notice in the Soviet Union. This is the strategic implication of subdividing China into thousands of self-contained social and economic units.

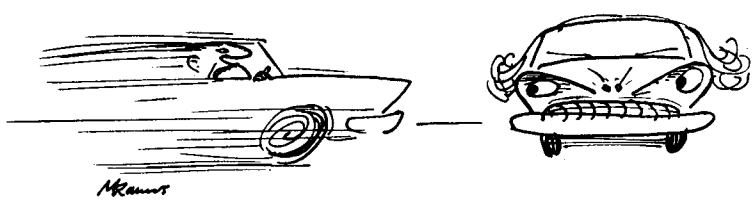
"These are units for survival," an English traveler said on his return from Peking. "The Chinese told me that if nuclear war came the rest of the world might be wiped out—but China would survive. Even if 200,000,000 or 300,000,000 Chinese were killed, the nation would endure. Whole provinces could be wiped out. But each commune would be independent, and some would be bound to survive."

Such thinking is alien to the Soviet philosophy that there would be no survival on either the Russian or American sides if nuclear war broke out.

The most notable contrast between Moscow and Peking, of course, arises in the sphere of policy toward the United States. In contrast to Mr. Khrushchev's gestures of good will, the Chinese continue firm and unyielding. Although not a word of criticism of Moscow appears in the Peking press, there are innumerable straws to indicate that the views of the two countries are not the same. Three days passed before the Soviet press was able to quote any Chinese reaction to the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of visits. And Peking's comment was merely a collection of clichés. When Mr. Khrushchev went to Peking after his trip to the United States, further indications of coolness appeared. When President Eisenhower went to India, Pakistan, Iran and other countries on his great pre-Christmas swing, the Moscow press reported his visit factually. The China press ignored it or harshly commented on his speeches.

There have been no signs of amelioration of artificial tensions. The Chinese press rails against the United States in terms more savage than were employed by the Soviet newspapers in the worst cold-war days. Even on neutral ground Chinese refuse to shake hands with Americans.

There has been a succession of threats to peace from Peking. First the threat to the offshore islands. Since then elsewhere in Asia. The Tibet rebels were brutally crushed. Fighting flared up in Laos. Then China menaced (*Continued on Page 94*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

After an unusually spectacular quarrel with his wife Lucy, Horace rushed out of the house, leaped into his automobile and deliberately rammed Lucy's car. Then he shifted to a truck which he used in his work, and rammed what was left of Lucy's car with that. Later the couple kissed and made up. As Lucy carried collision insurance, she presented the huge bill for repairing her car to the insurance company. It refused to pay, so Lucy sued.

"My policy covers me if my car is accidentally damaged by collision," Lucy contended. "I was not in the car and had nothing to do with the damage it received; so, clearly the insurance company should pay."

"Lucy herself admits that the policy covers only accidental damage," the company attorney replied. "What her husband did to her car was entirely deliberate, not accidental. Lucy should collect from him, not us."

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court said that even though the damage was done intentionally, it was an accident insofar as the policyholder was concerned. The company, it added, could turn around and sue Horace.

Based upon a 1958 Tennessee decision.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) the Indian frontier. It was not accidental, surely, that the Moscow press repeatedly censored the Peking communiqués on the border dispute. Or that Moscow offered to mediate in the Indian-Chinese dispute.

Speaking of China's attitude of belligerence toward the outside world, a neutral diplomat stationed in Peking said, "It is a fixation. Perhaps, the leaders feel that there has to be an enemy to make the people work harder. Whatever the reason, you are the enemy."

Other diplomats from Asian countries spoke of growing hostility toward themselves and their countries, of an increasing tendency by Peking to lump their governments all together as "western forces." India is not the only country with a border problem. Chinese have been quietly infiltrating north Burma for two years, and it remains to be seen how a new Chinese-Burmese border agreement will work out in practice.

"The Han people again think of themselves as a master race," a Southeast Asian said. "They expect to dominate the world by sheer weight of numbers."

An observer in Peking who is well acquainted with the Chinese Communist leaders said that so far as Chinese-American relations are concerned, "Definitions of normalization differ so sharply that real agreement cannot be approached for a decade or two. China sees normalization in the return of Taiwan, and I doubt if Peking would exchange embassies until that occurs. So I think they have put off thoughts of the United States for the present.

"I think they believe not only as Communists but also as Chinese, who have seen empires come and go, that the days of western capitalism are ending, that the United States with its bases all over the world is overextended and will have at last to pull in. I think they have waited a lot of centuries and can wait a decade or two without pain, especially when they have so many other countries to deal with."

This view was supported by Asian diplomats in Peking. They said that China was pressing an active diplomatic and propaganda offensive, not only in Asia but beyond the frontiers of Asia into Africa and South America.

"These campaigns for international influence are being conducted quite independently of Russia," one diplomat said. "The Chinese want to build international prestige and international relations of their own which are not dependent on Moscow."

Should China win admission to the United Nations, this observer felt, she would seek to put herself at the head of an Asian-African bloc of states—the same bloc with which the Soviet Union is constantly flirting. In this circumstance are the Soviets really seeking to help China get into the United Nations? Many experienced diplomats for years have been skeptical of the sincerity of Soviet desires on this score.

> When a wife doesn't mind her husband spending a night with the boys, it probably means she's married to a scoutmaster.
>
> FRANCIS O. WALSH

One evening in Ulan Bator I encountered a diplomat from Southeast Asia who had just come over from Peking.

"It is curious," I said, "how warm I feel toward the Russians here, and I must say they are equally warm to me."

"I do not find that so strange," the diplomat said. "I think you are merely experiencing a sensation which will be far more common in the future. To those of us who watch the world from Peking there seem to be far more grounds for accord than for discord between America and Russia. What you and your Russian friends feel today in Mongolia will tomorrow be experienced in Gorky Street, Moscow, and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington."

Putting all the evidence together, I did not find this too unlikely a statement.

If one could postulate—and this did not seem to be an exaggeration—a China of close to 1,000,000,000 population by 1975; if one could postulate that the China of 1975 would have an industrial potential approximating that of the Soviet Union on the eve of World War II—or better; if one could postulate that this China would be armed with nuclear weapons and long-range means for their delivery—rockets, for example; and if one could postulate a continuance of the present Chinese tendency to supernationalism, jingoism and aggression—where then would the Soviet Union be?

Was it reasonable to suppose that the Soviets would find it any more comfortable to live with this colossus of the East than we did? Was she not already encountering formidable problems? Might not China in 1975 stand at the head of almost all of Asia's teeming hundreds of millions?

It was something to ponder. Out in Siberia the Soviet Union had mighty and magnificent plans for creating a new world. There were programs for joint development of the power of the Amur River, for "friendship bridges" to link the Soviet Union and China. But the statistics told another story. They told of the rapid northward march of the Han millions toward the empty Russian spaces. There seemed to be no possible plan whereby the Soviets could create more than a thin skirmish line of settlement in those eastern areas as contrasted with the surge of millions of Chinese.

Common sense and prudent statesmanship dictated that Russia would work as long as possible with China. But hours of decision must lie not too far ahead. The question of the atom weapon posed a thorny problem. It was reasonable to suppose that China had asked Moscow for atomic weapons and had been turned down. What did this mean? China would develop her own bomb. She would do it herself—as France had done. And once she had the bomb, who could say that she would not use it—as a threat against her neighbors? Against Formosa? Against South Korea? Where would she not use it?

If today the Soviet Union sought to play the middle role of mediator between aggressive China and neutralist India what would or could the Soviets do in the event of a new ultimatum from Peking to Formosa?

These are questions on which the fate of the world is going to hinge in the next decade. It seems at least possible that the United States and the Soviet Union might reach a *modus vivendi*. The outlines of one could even be spelled out. But could we get along with China? To ask the question is to answer it. There seems to be every indication that we can not get along. That we could not even establish diplomatic relations with her if we wanted to. For the minimum demand China would make against us would be the corpse of Formosa. And this we could never grant.

Balancing the evidence as it can be adduced up to now, one might conclude that the Soviet Union's problems with China are at least as great as our own. Both problems stem out of the fact that for the next century—or more—the shadow of the Han people is going to rise higher and higher over the world, looming once again as in the days of the Middle Kingdom which occupied the center of the earth. Not many years hence the Han people, equipped with modern technology, modern weapons, Marxist organization and nationalist spirit, almost certainly will stand at the head of the vast camp of Asia. Would the Soviets play a subaltern's role in a Communist legion led by Peking? Not very likely. No one who knows Moscow can believe that the Soviets have invested nearly fifty years of excruciatingly painful work and sacrifice under Bolshevik leadership simply to play second fiddle to an even greater Chinese Communist power.

Another ten years will certainly make the picture clearer. But already in Moscow you can find individuals who talk about the day when some balancing weight must be found against the new Goliath rising in Asia. And there are those who are frank enough to admit that the only power that would provide that balance lies on the other side of the Atlantic.

They're Off—and the World Is Watching (Continued from Page 35)

Kennedy cannot afford to stumble, not even once—not only because he is the front runner but also because he is the first serious Roman Catholic candidate since Al Smith.

THE HUMPHREY DREAM is squarely based on the assumption that Hubert Humphrey can make his friend Kennedy stumble. All the candidates, of course, call one another by their first names and grin broadly and slap one another on the back when they meet, but only Humphrey and Kennedy have been friends, in the traditional meaning of that word. They really like each other, or at least they did until they became deadly rivals.

"Remember, Jack," a politically wise uncle of Jack Kennedy warned him when he first ran for Congress, "in politics you have no friends—only confederates." Humphrey cannot possibly get the prize unless he kills off his friend Kennedy—and, of course, vice versa. The place where Humphrey hopes to do the fell deed is Wisconsin, and the time is April fifth, when the Wisconsin primary takes place. More than any primary in recent political history, the Wisconsin primary will be the make-or-break preconvention contest of 1960.

Let Humphrey win in Wisconsin, by however small a margin, and the Kennedy candidacy will have received a near-mortal blow. But if Kennedy wins in Wisconsin, and especially if he wins by a nice, big, fat, unequivocal margin, the Kennedy candidacy will receive an enormous boost. Indeed, there are astute politicians who believe that Kennedy might then have the nomination almost for the asking.

At any rate, the beginning of the Humphrey dream is victory over Kennedy in Wisconsin—without that the dream fades away and Humphrey returns to Minnesota to build his fences for the senatorial election. With Humphrey the winner in Wisconsin, according to the Humphrey dream, he becomes what he is not today, a fully serious candidate. Money, which he lacks today, begins to flow toward him, as money always flows toward a man who has a serious chance of getting to the White House. Thereafter the Humphrey dream begins to get a little fuzzy.

Perhaps there is an economic recession, to strengthen Humphrey in his chosen role as "the poor man's candidate." Perhaps the civil-rights issue heats up to the point where a number of the Southern delegations walk out of the convention, thus draining delegate votes from Humphrey's rivals and making Humphrey, as the foremost advocate of strong civil-rights legislation, the logical candidate to test the old theory that the Democratic Party is better off without the South. At any rate Humphrey, as the David who slew Goliath-Kennedy, appears before the convention as the only "fighting liberal" ready and willing to stand up and slug it out toe to toe with the formidable Nixon. The balloting continues for many rounds, but a major break appears somewhere—perhaps Pat Brown of California switches to Humphrey, or Adlai Stevenson endorses him—and Hubert Humphrey goes over the top. With some glum Southern abstentions his nomination is made unanimous, as the convention goes wild.

There is one point to note about the Humphrey dream. Although it is squarely based on the assumption that Humphrey can kill off Kennedy in Wisconsin, none of the other dreamers are making that assumption. Humphrey has certain very real advantages in Wisconsin. As a Minnesotan, the state is in his own back yard, most of the local Democratic organizations are for him, and so are the labor and farm leaders. But the Democratic pros—including the other candidates—think that Goliath-Kennedy will slay David-Humphrey, instead of the other way about. They could, of course, be wrong.

There remains a slim chance that the friends could become confederates, with Humphrey settling for second place. Humphrey himself is aware that it will take a series of near miracles to win him the presidential nomination, and he would be more likely to settle willingly for second place than any of the other candidates.

THE JOHNSON DREAM is both interesting and rather complex, as everything about the Senate majority leader is apt to be. Lyndon Johnson of Texas is a shrewd politician, and in his head he knows quite well that 1960 does not look like the year when the century-old tradition against nominating a man from below the Mason-Dixon line is likely to be broken. But he is also a highly emotional man, with a vaulting ambition, and in his heart—though he may not admit it even to himself—he wants desperately to be President, or so those who know him well believe. His ambition is taken seriously, moreover—far more seriously than at this time last year, for example, when this reporter wrote an earlier report on the presidential sweepstakes.

One reason is that the Johnson candidacy has attracted lots of money, many potential delegate votes and a remarkable collection of talent, ranging from House Speaker Sam Rayburn and former Secretary of State Dean Acheson to the old Roosevelt team of Tommy Corcoran and

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Ben Cohen. But the main reason is a rather mystical but widespread belief that if Lyndon Johnson wants something badly enough, he gets it. Here, roughly, is the way the Johnson dream unfolds:

In the first place, or so the dream goes, in the current session of Congress Johnson again displays his remarkable abilities as a leader. And by brilliantly managing a meaningful civil-rights bill through the Senate he earns the gratitude of the minority groups and the admiration of many Northern liberals hitherto opposed to him.

He goes to the convention with well over 400 delegate votes in his pocket, from such states as Texas, Kentucky, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Tennessee and most of the states of the old Confederacy. Thus, when it becomes clear that Kennedy lacks the votes to go over the top, Johnson has a big lead on all the other contenders. At this point the danger is clear—a deadlock which would tear the party to pieces. The grand panjandrums of the party, led by former President Truman and House Speaker Sam Rayburn, call a meeting whose purpose is summed up in one of Johnson's favorite phrases: "Come, let us reason together."

It is the consensus of those who have met to reason together that a bloody party fight must at all costs be avoided. But how? The answer is to employ the magic formula—"something for everybody"—which Lyndon Johnson has used so often and with such brilliant success in the Senate. Adlai Stevenson, for example, would make a fine Secretary of State. Stuart Symington would make a fine Secretary of Defense. Hubert Humphrey would make a fine Secretary of Agriculture, or maybe a fine majority leader of the Senate.

And finally, of course, Jack Kennedy would make a fine Vice President. Kennedy has said flatly that he would not take the vice presidential nomination. But suppose Johnson indicates pretty clearly that he intends to serve only one term. After all, he had a heart attack not too long ago—and Kennedy would be the logical heir apparent. And suppose the convention drafts Kennedy unanimously, confronting him with the choice between accepting and mounting the rostrum to reject, at forty-three, the second highest honor in his party's gift.

Confronted with this impossible choice—or so goes the dream—Kennedy bows to the inevitable, opposition crumbles and, with a scattering of Northern liberal abstentions, the nomination of the Johnson-Kennedy ticket is made unanimous, while the convention goes wild.

The acceptance of the vice presidential nomination by Kennedy is an almost wholly essential part of the Johnson dream, for reasons which will be examined later. Here it is worth noting one further fact. It is possible to advance logical and convincing reasons why each one of the five Democratic dreams will never come true. There are more such reasons in Johnson's case than in the case of any other serious candidate. They range from his Southern origins and his espousal of the gas interests to his heart attack and even his appearance—he looks too much for comfort like some dark-visaged latter-day Simon Legree. Even so, Johnson is accounted a serious candidate by most of the pros, which was not true a year ago. And even in the likely event that the Johnson dream does not come true, Johnson may rival Pat Brown of California as the convention's chief kingmaker. Johnson will control the sixty-one delegates of his native Texas, and his views will strongly influence perhaps a couple of hundred more.

THE STEVENSON DREAM is rather like the Johnson dream, although the two men are totally unlike and cordially dislike each other. There are friends of Stevenson who still stubbornly insist there is no Stevenson dream, that Stevenson genuinely does not want to run again. As of some months ago, they may have been right. But the evidence now suggests that the presidential virus, an infection for which there is no cure save death, still flourishes discreetly in the Stevenson system.

Almost all the candidates have, of course, visited Stevenson to woo him, since if he is not nominated himself Stevenson might, like Johnson, play a kingmaker's role. One candidate who visited Stevenson last spring in his Chicago office met an angry-looking man bustling out of the office. The angry man, Stevenson explained, had been one of his biggest campaign contributors, and he was angry because Stevenson had kept him waiting for an hour. Surely that ought to prove, Stevenson remarked with a laugh, that wild horses couldn't drag him into the presidential race for a third time.

The same candidate visited Stevenson again more recently, and found a subtle but distinct change in tone. No, said Stevenson, he did not intend to become a candidate or to campaign for the nomination. But obviously, if the party again honored him with the nomination, he could hardly refuse the honor. The change in tone suggests that the presidential virus, which really did seem to be dead in Stevenson a year ago, has inevitably revived. So it is fair to suppose that there is indeed a Stevenson dream, although Stevenson is no doubt a less passionate and eager dreamer than the others—which may be one reason why his dream has visibly faded in recent weeks. In any case, this, then, is about the way the Stevenson dream shapes up:

As the balloting proceeds it becomes clear that a majority of delegate votes simply cannot be put together for any of the other candidates. Kennedy has been stopped. The Northerners, the liberals and the labor groups veto Johnson. The Southerners and the moderates veto Humphrey, if he is still in the race at all. The convention refuses to turn to "the Missouri Compromise," as his critics have dubbed Stuart Symington. (The phrase is a damaging one. It could turn out to be as fatal to Symington's chances as the phrase "Landon-Bridges Falling Down" was to the Vice Presidential aspirations of Sen. Styles Bridges in 1936.) None of these four men, moreover, has the reputation in foreign affairs that Stevenson has acquired, and foreign policy will be the central issue of the campaign.

Thus the convention turns in the end to Stevenson, in the same way that a middle-aged man who has dallied unrewardingly with younger girls returns at last, comfortably if without passion, to his familiar wife. As in the Johnson dream, Kennedy is drafted over his objections, and the convention goes mildly wild.

Finally, there is THE SYMINGTON DREAM. There is the same initial process as in the Johnson dream—the stopping of Kennedy, the meeting of the grand panjandrums, the universal recognition that a prolonged deadlock, with much bloodletting before the television cameras, would be disastrous. But whereas in the Johnson dream former President Harry Truman plays the role of sympathetic listener, in the Symington dream the former President plays a far more active part.

In the Symington dream, Truman comes out for Symington strong and hard, while Truman's former counsel and Symington's chief strategist, Clark Clifford, puts forward the key Symington argument. This is that Nixon will be beaten not by an individual but by the Democratic Party, which all evidence suggests is the national majority party by a huge margin. What the party needs, then, is a new face, a man with a good record in business, administration and elective office, but above all a man who can hold the party together and alienate no important faction.

Lyndon Johnson is unacceptable to the liberals, and he would endanger, as a Southerner, the Negro vote in the key industrial states. Humphrey would disastrously alienate the Southerners and the moderates. Stevenson is a too-familiar face and a two-time loser who would almost certainly lose again. Who else, then, but Stuart Symington?

The panjandrums are convinced, the break for Symington starts. On an early ballot Symington's nomination is made unanimous, with no abstentions, as the convention goes fairly wild. In the Symington dream, it should be noted, no serious attempt is made to pressure Kennedy into taking second place, although another Catholic—notably Pat Brown of California—would doubtless be welcome in that position.

So much, then, for the dreams of the Democrats. The reader can guess as well as anybody else which dream has the greater ring of reality. It can be no more than a guess, since there are questions which cannot now be answered. What will Pat Brown do in a showdown, for example? Or Gov. David Lawrence of Pennsylvania? Or the "New York crowd"? Where will Lyndon Johnson turn, if he can't get it himself? Or Adlai Stevenson? Or, for that matter, Jack Kennedy? Above all, what will happen in Wisconsin?

The mists, to be sure, will begin to clear after Wisconsin. It is the best guess of this reporter—who has sometimes been wrong—that if Kennedy wins handsomely in Wisconsin, he will be impossible to stop unless all the anti-Kennedy forces form a firm coalition behind another candidate. And who might that candidate be?

In any case, the dreams of the Democrats, of course, do not end with the nomination. They end with the moment when the candidate—a candidate no longer—on a temporary stand in front of the Capitol, raises his right hand to swear to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. And one thing is clear about all five of the Democratic dreams. All five are less likely to end with that moment of high drama than seemed probable only a few months ago.

The American political scene has a way of changing unpredictably and almost overnight, which is one of the things that make the great game of politics so eternally fascinating to its players. The political situation has changed recently in all sorts of ways. But there has been one central, basic, overshadowing change. That is the change in fortunes and prospects of Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

Only a few months ago Nixon was scoring lower in the public-opinion polls than

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON
DEBBIE REYNOLDS
By Pete Martin

COLLEGE SHOULDN'T TAKE FOUR YEARS
By Dr. Grayson Kirk,
President of Columbia University,
as told to Stanley Frank

IN COLOR:

INTERNATIONAL ROAD RACING IN FLORIDA
THE SPECTACLE OF SEBRING
By Ken W. Purdy

WHY GAMBLING FLOURISHES IN NEWPORT
KENTUCKY'S OPEN CITY
By James A. Maxwell

FIDEL CASTRO'S CUBA:
STATE OF CONFUSION
By Harold H. Martin

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Harry Truman scored in 1948 when it was universally believed that he didn't have a prayer of being elected. Nixon had a formidable rival in Nelson Rockefeller, and the rivalry between them seemed certain to become bitter and to damage Republican prospects. To a man, the Democrats were sure—and quite sincerely sure—that if Nixon were the candidate, almost any Democrat could defeat him.

Now, a few months later, and lo, all is changed. In the polls Nixon is shown beating any Democrat. Barring another total reversal in Nixon's fortunes, Nelson Rockefeller is safely out of the picture. Ask any one of the Democratic candidates about the prospects for beating Nixon, and he will tell you that Nixon will be very hard indeed to defeat—and he will then go on to explain why he is the only man who can do the trick.

"You know," mused one wise old Democrat recently, "I'm beginning to think that s.o.b. has the one thing that a politician needs to carry him all the way to the top—luck."

Obviously the dramatic improvement in Nixon's prospects has not all been luck. As in the Russian trip and the settlement of the steel strike, there has been plenty of good management as well. But Nixon has been lucky, too, and his luck, as is so often the case with a good poker player (Nixon is a brilliant poker player), seems cumulative—it grows by what it feeds on. And there is one way in which Nixon is lucky that is rarely mentioned. It is no reflection on Jack Kennedy or his religious faith to point out what almost all the pros believe, although they are not saying it. Nixon is lucky that, for only the second time in American history, a Roman Catholic is a serious contender for the Presidency.

The fact that Kennedy is a Catholic might not matter very much if there were between the parties some real "gut issue," as the politicians call the kind of issue that really stirs the emotions of the voters. But there is no such issue. Nixon and the Republicans have made it abundantly clear by this time that they have no intention of trying to repeal the New Deal. And the Democrats are hardly likely to come out strong against either "peace" or "prosperity." The Democrats may be right in contending that the peace is weakly defended and the prosperity artificial and unstable. But that doesn't make their problem any easier.

For there is really only one way for the Democrats to make *honest* issues of defense weakness, or the urban blight, or the school shortage, or the slowdown in the expansion of the economy, or the other issues Democrats like to talk about. That one way is politically painful. For the only way to deal with these problems is to spend more money to solve them. Spending more money means asking for more taxes. Asking for more taxes might conceivably be good politics for the long haul, but the short run is what elects politicians. And because it is so difficult for the Democrats to make honest issues against the Republicans without asking for higher taxes, fake issues are likely to take the place of honest issues, on the old vacuum-filling principle.

The "religious issue" is a fake issue. As long as a candidate subscribes unconditionally to the First Amendment, as Kennedy does, there is no reason why non-Catholics should vote against a Catholic—or why, for that matter, Catholics should vote *for* a Catholic. But because there is no great and real issue to shove the fake issue aside, the "religious issue" is sure to play an important, and quite possibly a decisive, part in the coming campaign. And that is true whether or not Kennedy becomes the Democratic candidate.

Suppose he is nominated. There is one quite simple and obvious reason why he would then be only the second Catholic nominated for the Presidency in American history. According to surveys prepared for Kennedy himself, there are about three non-Catholic voters for every Catholic voter in the United States. Suppose that only 20 per cent, say, of all the voters vote on religious grounds—Catholics for Catholics, non-Catholics for non-Catholics. Then the Catholic will almost certainly be defeated, however well qualified he may be and however inept the Protestant.

Studies prepared in the Kennedy camp indicate that more Catholics vote for a candidate because he is a Catholic than non-Catholics vote against him for the same reason; and the very large number of Catholics who have been elected as governors or senators in recent years also suggests that it may be a positive advantage to be a Catholic. But the Presidency is another matter, and a good many Catholic Democrats—such as Governor Lawrence, of Pennsylvania—believe that Kennedy's religion would become a central issue and a highly damaging one, and they therefore oppose Kennedy's nomination.

But suppose that Kennedy is not nominated after having scored a clean sweep in the primaries. What then?

Kennedy himself raised this interesting question, in December, at a rather tense meeting in Pittsburgh with Governor Lawrence and other Democratic pros. He said that being a Catholic gave him no special claim on the nomination. On the other hand, he said, if he could prove in the primaries that he was the clear choice of the Democratic voters and he was then denied the nomination, many Catholics would assume that he was counted out just because he was a Catholic. And that, Kennedy calmly remarked, could have very serious consequences in November.

Indeed it could. The Democratic Party has traditionally been heavily dependent on attracting a majority of the Catholic voters to its ranks. The defection of many Catholics was one reason for Adlai Stevenson's crushing defeats in 1952 and 1956. There is evidence, moreover, that Nixon has a special appeal for the Catholic voters—in part, no doubt, because of his anti-Communist reputation, and also perhaps in part because, although he is not a Catholic, he is of Irish ancestry.

Moreover, since the Republican Convention follows the Democratic Convention, Nixon will be able to adjust accordingly. If Kennedy is nominated, it is a good bet that Nixon's running mate will be a Protestant, on the theory that it will then be of no use to compete for the "Catholic vote." If Kennedy is not nominated, it is an equally good bet that Nixon's running mate will be the personable Secretary of Labor, James Mitchell, who is a Catholic. And if a lot of Catholics conclude that Kennedy has been counted out because of his religion, it is not at all hard to imagine the defection of several million normally Democratic Catholics to the Nixon-Mitchell ticket.

The Kennedy candidacy, in short, confronts the Democrats with a most painful dilemma. Either they nominate Kennedy and risk the loss of an undetermined number of votes among the non-Catholic majority, or they turn him down and risk the loss of perhaps a larger number of votes among the Catholic minority. There are only two possible ways out of this dilemma.

One is for Kennedy to stumble badly somewhere along the road to the convention. A defeat in Wisconsin would probably do the trick, and a defeat in West Virginia as well as Wisconsin would certainly do the trick. If Kennedy stumbles badly, the professionals will then have a chance to count him out on purely practical and nonreligious grounds, amidst many heartfelt sighs of relief.

But if Kennedy does not stumble, and nevertheless is not nominated, there is then only one other way out of the dilemma. That is to nominate him for the Vice Presidency, and make the nomination stick. With Kennedy on the ticket, even in second place, the risk of alienating millions of Catholic voters would be overcome, or so the pros believe. But only Kennedy, they believe, would do—the nomination of another Catholic would be taken by many Catholics as an insulting sop to their sensibilities.

This second way out of the Democratic dilemma involves a curious and fascinating four-cornered human-political equation. No one thinks Kennedy would accept second place with Symington—and oddly enough, by the Alice-in-Wonderland logic of American politics, this must probably be counted among Symington's assets. Kennedy does not greatly admire Symington, and he is said to believe that Nixon would beat Symington hands down. But in addition to these private reasons, Kennedy also has logical public reasons for refusing to take second place with Symington, in that he has a bigger public reputation than Symington and is his senior in point of Congressional service. Kennedy could have only one logical reason for refusing to run with Lyndon Johnson or Adlai Stevenson—and that one might very well be fatal to Johnson or Stevenson.

Both Johnson and Stevenson are far higher in the party hierarchy than Kennedy. He has often expressed admiration for both, which he has not done in the case of Symington. Before he stated that he would not take the vice presidential nomination, Kennedy had said privately to many persons that he would consider second place on a ticket headed by Johnson. And only four years ago, he fought, bled and nearly died for the privilege of being Stevenson's running mate. If he refused, at forty-three, to run with either man, he could give only one convincing reason for doing so—that he had been offered the nomination entirely for the simple and cynical purpose of attracting Catholic votes. And whether he publicly gave that reason or not, it would be universally assumed that it *was* his reason for refusing. And that, in itself, might very well be enough to hand the White House to Richard Nixon on a golden platter.

Johnson is burdened, in any case, with his Southern origin. If the country's largest minority, the Catholics, and its second-largest minority, the Negroes, both had strong reasons to vote against him, what chance would he have? As for Stevenson, both surveys and election results strongly indicate that he is already weak among Catholic voters, perhaps in part because of his divorce, and Kennedy's refusal to run with him would in all likelihood assure his third defeat.

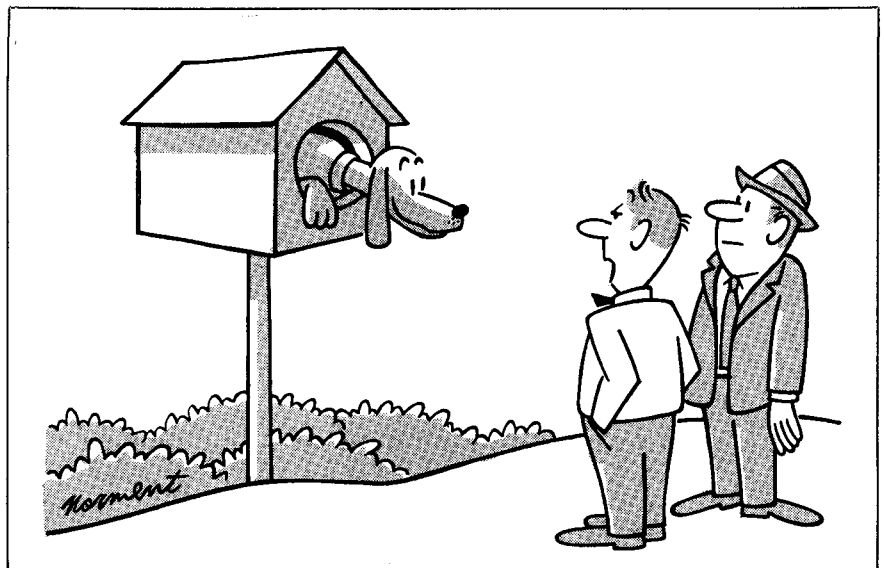
In short, if either Stevenson or Johnson is nominated, and if either is to have a reasonably good chance of winning in November, he *must* have Kennedy as a running mate. Suppose, then, that Kennedy is stopped short, that Johnson or Stevenson is nominated. Inevitably Kennedy will feel the whole terrible weight of pressure—to take the Vice Presidency—which a great national party is capable of bringing to bear on a man. Will he really turn it down? That could well turn out to be the key question of this political year.

Imagine the scene. The sweating delegates crowd the aisles, asking one another the same question over and over—"Will Jack take it?" The excitement which any convention generates is edged with near-hysteria, for the delegates know that if the answer to the question is "no," the White House is almost surely lost. Perhaps the presidential candidate himself puts Kennedy's name into nomination, and the convention nominates Kennedy for Vice President by acclamation. What happens then? Does young Jack Kennedy really mount the rostrum to refuse, and thus play Samson in the Temple to his party's hopes of regaining executive power? Or does he bow to the inevitable and accept?

No one—not even Kennedy himself—now knows the answers to these hypothetical questions. The best guess is that Kennedy, who is a very cool customer despite the boyish charm, would make a coldly objective analysis of the chances of winning in November. If he thought the ticket would win, he would accept and become the heir apparent. If he thought the ticket would lose, he would adamantly refuse. For in that case many people would blame the presence of a Catholic on the ticket for the ticket's defeat, and in all probability no Catholic would be nominated for the Presidency for a generation or more.

But all this, of course, is conjecture. Over the years a political reporter learns one simple fact—that trying to predict the outcome of conventions or elections is as unrewarding as trying to make a living betting on horse races. At any rate, our great quadrennial political horse race is now really on in dead earnest. "They're off"—and the whole world occupies the stands and breathlessly awaits the outcome.

THE END



"He thinks he's a bird dog."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Master of Movie Horror (Continued from Page 31)

The main ingredients of Castle's alchemy consist of gimmickry and pitchmanship carried to extremes that Phineas T. Barnum himself might have boggled at. The great humbug, incidentally, has long been Castle's beau ideal. "I've modeled my career on Barnum," he says. "Exploitation's the big thing in the picture business today. Stars and content don't mean much at the box office any more. The people who go to see pictures because of what's in 'em, they're a minority. Gimmicks, surprise, shock—that's what draws the crowds."

The gimmick Castle contrived for "*McKabra*," as he pronounces it, involved the services of Lloyd's of London. Before he had even hit upon a sufficiently gruesome story to film, he applied to the venerable insurance firm for a blanket policy covering any member of the audience who died of fright, the beneficiary to receive $1000. After some debate over the propriety of such a transaction, Lloyd's actuaries solemnly computed the statistically probable number of casualties to be five, and the policy was issued at a premium of $5000. Excluded from indemnity, however, was "any person with a known heart or nervous condition."

Upon this fragile foundation Castle erected a tower of trumpery. At the box office the preponderantly adolescent customers were handed "beneficiary agreements" to fill out. In the lobby, by a medicine chest, a model wearing a nurse's uniform dispensed "nerve-steadying pills." ATTENTION DOCTORS! read a sign, PLEASE LET A THEATER ATTENDANT KNOW WHERE YOU ARE SEATED. YOU MAY BE NEEDED DURING THE SHOWING OF *Macabre*.

In the 9000-odd theaters where approximately 7,000,000 people have witnessed *Macabre* to date, the managers have reported no reactions more alarming than uncontrollable laughter or boredom. "Of course," says Castle, "it would be an awful thing if somebody actually did die in the theater." And he adds wistfully, "The publicity would be terrific though."

Costing $325,000, most of it in promotion, *Macabre* grossed $1,200,000 the first year. "Without the insurance gimmick," Castle admits, "it would have flopped."

For *The House on Haunted Hill* he revived a stunt that was worked to death by the barnstorming stock companies of yore. "Emergo" he called it. At the height of the nonsense, after the villain has been reduced to a skeleton in a vat of acid, out from the proscenium pops a lighted skeleton and slides on trolley wires up into the balcony. As Castle originally planned it, the skeleton was papier-mâché, weighing fifteen pounds. But during a tryout attended by Allied Artists' chief of studio operations, Eugene Arnstein, an extremely important personage, the skeleton slipped its moorings, fetching Arnstein a nasty thump on the head. When the uproar had subsided and apologies had been accepted, Castle promised to use less ponderous skeletons thereafter.

To furnish Emergo to all the theaters booking *The House*, he set up a small factory on the Allied lot. It shipped a thousand units—consisting of an inflatable plastic skeleton and electric motor—which, costing $150 each, came to as much as the shooting budget itself. A dozen electricians, meanwhile, took to the road to install and service the contraptions. Breakage has been high, for as the balloonlike skeletons wing overhead they present irresistibly attractive targets to small boys with slingshots.

Following what Castle shamelessly refers to as the "screamiere," a fan signing himself "Tommy Morris, the Jazz Drummer, Leader of the Rhythm Kings" wrote to him, "A great job of Motion Picture Technique, The Gimics are tops, Music Modivation Spine-Chilling-Acting-Top-Picked, Special trick Off-Screen-Audience-pick-um-up. Great!"

"I would appriciated it," wrote another enthusiast, Ronald Podrazik of Bayonne, New Jersey, "if you would send me the detials on ho to adapt my home to Emergo."

The Tingler, with its accompanying gimmick, "Percepto," Castle considers his masterwork. "Today," he announced in an invitation to the Hollywood press during the shooting last spring, "the stages at Columbia Studios, where the Tingler has been loose for two days, will be open. We reluctantly had to close the set for your own protection as the Tingler is the most gory, ghastly, grisly gimmick that ever satellited to the screen from a launching pad of screams. The Tingler is still on stage, but safely locked up. However, this unpredictable mass of pent-up fury that soars beyond the wildest flights of your nightmare fantasies, may somehow escape from bondage. For this reason, every visitor to The Tingler set will be insured for $100,000."

A variant of the hoary "mad scientist" theme, the movie revolves around the notion that fear breeds a living organism in the victim's spine—the Tingler—which, if not nullified, will shatter the vertebrae. The only way to nullify it is to scream. The scientist who harbors this dotty theory, hammed up by Vincent Price as few but Price can ham it, resolves to isolate the Tingler so he can study it in the laboratory. But what sort of victim would be incapable of screaming? A mute, of course. Such a subject the doctor finds in Judith Evelyn, whose husband operates a movie theater. Scared to death by a series of induced hallucinations, including bathtub taps that run blood, Miss Evelyn ends up on Price's dissecting table. Presently a crawfishlike creature slithers to the floor, escapes and proceeds to stalk other victims. A reel later it breaks into the bereaved husband's theater during a performance and assaults the projectionist.

At that point, in the actual theater, the screen goes blank; and through directional loud-speakers pours Price's malted-milk voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, please do not panic, but scream, scream for your lives! The Tingler is loose in this theater, and if you don't scream, it may kill you!" The juveniles usually comply, while the loud-speakers project general hysteria—"It's on me! Help! . . . Look out, it's under your seat!" What touches off the climactic pandemonium is Percepto, a hookup of low-voltage electric motors beneath the seats that buzz the occupants.

In the Chicago neighborhood theaters *The Tingler* outsold *Anatomy of a Murder* and *Gigi*, both widely acclaimed films. "Now that's wrong—what's the matter with people?" Castle wonders happily.

The critical response to Castle's efforts has ranged, for the most part, from

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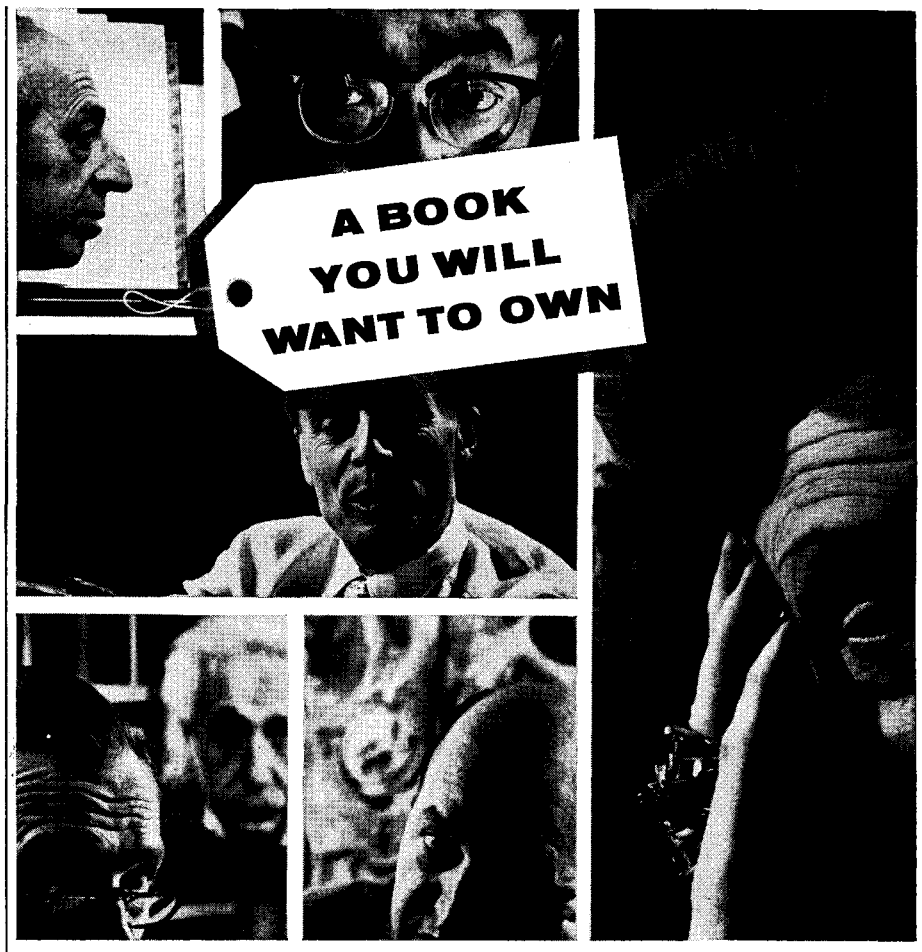
The woman who does her own canning nowadays is probably a business executive.

CHARLES RUFFING



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merciful silence to tolerant amusement, with an occasional hoot of derision. The harshest verdicts have been voiced by the *Los Angeles Times*' Philip K. Scheuer. Castle had the misfortune to invite Scheuer and his wife to a private preview of *Macabre*. Mrs. Scheuer suffers from a heart ailment. Though *Macabre* failed to frighten her, a close-up of a decomposing corpse so sickened her that she had to swallow a nitroglycerin tablet.

"Bill," she asked upon recovering, "why produce such trash?"

"I've got to make money," replied Castle somewhat sheepishly, "and this is what the public wants. When I've made enough money, I'll make better pictures."

Not a charitable word since has either Scheuer or the *Times*' second-string critic, Charles Stinson, found to say about a Castle production. "Beneath serious consideration," typifies their sentiments. "The most monumental and pretentious bore since Mr. Castle's last ludicrous horror venture. . . . The performers should all be fined by the Screen Actors Guild for debasing their talents . . . stale, stilted talk . . . insipid . . . stupefying."

Gimmicks only partly explain Castle's triumph over artistry. Equal importance must be ascribed to the frantic energy with which he personally ballyhoos his films. Most producers would disdain as undignified handling their own promotion, leaving that responsibility to the studio flacks. But no such fastidiousness inhibits Castle. Indeed, to the long-frustrated ham in him personal appearances are distinctly congenial. Having released a new film, he will precede it around the country for months at a stretch, overlooking no antic that might sell a ticket.

In Boston, wearing a top hat, black gloves and black cape, he drove a hearse with posters taped to the windows proclaiming RESERVED FOR VICTIMS OF *Macabre*. In San Francisco he toured the playgrounds by sound truck, exhorting the young to patronize *The House on Haunted Hill*. In Chicago he telephoned a hundred people, chosen at random from the directory, to announce, "This is William Castle, producer of *The Tingler*. I would like you to be my guest tomorrow night at the screamiere." Those who accepted found their host waiting for them in the lobby with phosphorescent amulets guaranteed to preserve them from death by shock. Castle's favorite stunt, affording him as it does considerable scope for histrionics, is the "live trailer." While his massive image still adorns the screen in a conventional trailer, he leaps up from a front-row seat, somberly introduces himself and, amid the crunch of popcorn and the slurp-slurp of soda pop, expounds the horrors of his forthcoming film.

All together Castle's exertions on the road would prostrate a less dedicated man, but they have won for him a personal following among teen-agers almost as riotous as Elvis Presley's. In the course of a typical week last summer, preceding the Detroit run of *The Tingler*, he appeared on fifteen radio and six television shows, held four press conferences, performed thirty live trailers, judged a Negro beauty contest, staged a "ghoul ball" with prizes for the most repulsive getups, persuaded hotel bartenders to feature a "Tingler cocktail" (crème de menthe and bourbon), directed the advertising campaign ("A movie for particular people who like their Bloody Marys made with real blood"); supervised the installation of a lobby insurance-policy dispenser, a machine to measure blood pressure and a cabinet displaying hypodermics and bottles labeled POISON and planted girls in the audience to scream and faint. *The Tingler*'s Detroit take was $40,000.

When not tearing across the country, the "Master of Shock," as his teen-age fans have acclaimed him—or as a Hollywood punster put it, "Master of Schlock"—hews close to a line between his gleaming, push-button home in Beverly Hills and his office at Columbia Studios. He makes the daily trip in a chauffeur-driven convertible, with a streamer on the bumper advertising his latest opus. Wholly absorbed by work and family, Castle has no close friends and little social life beyond what studio politics demand. He likes to recount the way he met his wife.

Thirteen years ago, in a Hollywood restaurant, a colleague introduced him to a slim, blond Dutch immigrant named Ruth Falck, who struck him as inordinately lovely. Upon learning she was dated up for weeks ahead, Castle, no man to shun corn, remarked, "You haven't got a twin sister, have you?" "As it happens," rejoined Miss Falck, "I have. Her name is Ellen." Invited to dine at the Falcks' not long after, he found the beauties to be indistinguishable. Six months later he married Ellen and, as a token of his devotion, made a painful sacrifice to her tastes. Out of the house went a cherished collection of shrunken heads, fright masks and wax monsters. No carry-over from Castle's gory professional pursuits troubles the couple's domestic tranquillity today except his tendency to shout in his sleep—"Cut! The blood looks phony. . . . Scream louder! . . . O.K., print it." The Castles have two small daughters, neither of whom is permitted to watch papa's movies.

The displaced museum of horrors—since augmented by such props as a rat's skeleton used in *Macabre* and the original model for Emergo—now embellishes Castle's Columbia headquarters. The exhibits make fine conversational pieces when reporters drop around. Though somewhat humorless and not naturally prone to practical jokes, Castle has been known, while plugging *The Tingler*, to slip a reporter a shock with a handbuzzer. He also wired an office chair for Percepto. "Do that again," said a recent visitor, "and I'll slug you."

It is a mark of Castle's present ascendancy that his associate in charge of logistics, Miss Dona Holloway, formerly served Columbia's late despotic president, Harry Cohn, as an executive assistant. "With Mr. Cohn," she says, "I always worked on classy pictures. My friends wonder what I'm doing *here*." But she adds loyally, "Mr. Castle has the enthusiasm of a child and the mind of a genius."

The genius's predilection for both dramatics and horror developed simultaneously in early boyhood. At the age of nine, living in Upper Manhattan, he would sit by the hour before a mirror making himself up to look like Lon Chaney as the hunchback of Notre Dame. When the great actor died, seven years later, Castle managed to buttonhole his director, Tod Browning, long enough to tell him, "I want to replace Lon Chaney." "Son," said Browning, "nobody can replace him. He's immortal." The rebuff still rankles. "How pompous can you get!" Castle snorts. "Of course, I could have."

Born to a struggling umbrella salesman called Schloss—"Castle" in German—he Anglicized the name when he obtained his first theatrical job. Both parents died before his tenth year, leaving him in the care of his older sister, Mildred. At twelve he ran away to Greenwich Village, beglamoured by such *avant-garde* groups as the Provincetown Players, who were producing Eugene O'Neill's early plays. The police restored him to his sister.

Three years at George Washington High School completed all the formal education Castle ever got. While there he organized a neighborhood repertory company, the Castle Group, which in rented halls inflicted fearful violence upon the murkier plays of Ibsen, Chekhov and O'Neill. Castle both directed and assigned himself the fattest roles. When his sister married a dress salesman, he decamped again to Greenwich Village, this time never to return. He was then fifteen.

But for the beneficence of a prosperous, art-loving eccentric named Albert Strunsky—affectionately known to Villagers as "Papa" Strunsky—Castle might have starved or frozen to death. From Strunsky's appearance nobody would have suspected his wealth. A rotund little Russian, he customarily wore an aged derby, frayed velvet collar and spectacles with a cracked lens; and he often forgot to shave. But he owned a lot of Village property, including several cold-water flats and a restaurant beloved by Bohemians—the Three Steps Down. The flats he allowed many a struggling painter, poet and actor to occupy, never dunning them for the rent as long as they didn't cadge money for liquor. Whenever one of them achieved some small recognition, he would throw a party in the restaurant, cooking caldrons of spaghetti himself. Castle once wrote a non-horror novel around Papa Strunsky, titled *Hero's Oak*, which sold few copies, but won critical plaudits.

"How does pork chops and mashed potatoes sound to me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Snow was blanketing the Village when Castle, inquiring of passers-by where he could find lodging, chanced to run into Papa Strunsky. "Boychik," said the art patron after Castle mentioned his theatrical hopes, "I got a flat in MacDougal Alley you can have for three bucks a month." Some months even that modest sum surpassed Castle's means. He stilled his frequent hunger pangs in cafeterias with a glass of water and a slice of lemon. "But it was the most exciting time of my life," he says. "I feel sorry for people who were born rich."

A department store gave him his earliest employment of a theatrical nature. He portrayed Simple Simon in a Christmas display. "For fifteen dollars a week," he recalls, "I fished all day out of a bucket." Papa Strunsky visited the store to cheer him on. "Boychik, you made it," said he.

At liberty again after the holiday season, he scraped along as a dishwasher, movie usher, one of twenty walk-on monks in a religious drama and a perennial contestant on amateur nights, impersonating famous actors. His highest pay was six dollars a week. In Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* he landed five nonspeaking parts as well as the assistant stage managership and shortly became stage manager—the youngest, at the age of sixteen, on Broadway. By representing himself to be Sam Goldwyn's nephew, he finally won his first speaking part, that of a clam digger in a fiasco called *Ebb Tide*. Stage fright tied his tongue, and at his first entrance he stepped on a tack. Several critics, however, mistook his anguished contortions for dramatic realism. *Variety* reported, "William Castle, as the simple-witted, stuttering clam digger, was the only mentionable actor."

Castle survived the depression by writing and acting in radio soap operas. During five summers, at a borsch-circuit resort hotel, he was the *tumler*, or social director. "Never dance with the pretty girls," the proprietor instructed him. "They got no problems. Dance with the dogs, make 'em feel good so's they'll wanna come back. If they do, you get a cut." Accordingly, into the ears of wallflowers, as he whirled them around the ballroom, he would murmur, "I'd love to see you again. Couldn't you make it up here next weekend?" He fulfilled a similar function during three winters on Caribbean cruise ships and earned extra money in commissions from the souvenir shops to which he steered the passengers.

The turning point of Castle's career came in 1933 when a producer of second-run Broadway hits let him try his hand at direction. To his unutterable delight the play was *Dracula*, and the leading actor, that master of the fiendish laugh, Bela Lugosi. Sweet music to the fledgling director's ears were the screams that burst from the audience opening night. "Scaring people was my supreme joy," he says. "Creaking doors, bodies falling out of closets—that kind of thing." Flushed with

(*Continued on Page 100*)

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"How fresh can you get?"

Get with today's RC! Sprightlier, fresher, with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. Made the new-day, modern way — from fresh protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup. Have a fresh, frosty Royal Crown Cola. Have another!

Royal Crown Cola

the *fresher* refresher

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(*Continued from Page 98*) success, he went on to direct such horripilating classics as *The Last Warning* and *The Cat and the Canary*.

By 1938 he had accumulated enough capital to take over the management of a summer-stock company at Stony Creek, Connecticut. One of his first offerings bore the deceptively jolly title, *This Little Piggy Had None*. It concerned a bank clerk so humiliated because of his porcine features that he goes insane, murders a girl who repels his advances and finishes in a madhouse, snuffling and grunting. The program described it as an adaptation of a French play by one René Michel. The sole culprit, however, was Castle. "I figured a foreign name would give the thing more tone," he confesses. Evidently the ruse succeeded, for a local critic professed to recognize in *This Little Piggy* "all the shades and nuances which European writers lovingly interject into their productions."

Stony Creek was also the scene of Castle's first major Barnumesque exploit. The company included a German actress, Ellen Schwanneke, whom the *Reich* had exiled the year before for snubbing Hitler. Specifically, she had declined an invitation to attend a Munich festival glorifying Nazi art. When she recounted the episode to Castle, he promptly passed it along to the press. Late that night he stole back to the theater, scrawled swastikas all over the doors and smashed a couple of windows. Next day state troopers responded to his appeal for protection against German-American bundists. The hoax brought national publicity to *Frau* Schwanneke, Castle and the Stony Creek Theater.

Happiest result was that a Columbia executive informed him, "We need somebody like you," and when the Stony Creek season ended he set out by car for Hollywood. En route, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, a traffic cop stopped him for making an illegal turn. The rear seat of the car was crammed with props Castle could not bear to part with—among them guns, knives and blackjacks—and it so happened that a Cheyenne gas station had been held up the day before by a thug answering to Castle's description. He spent three days behind bars before he could establish his innocence. "I shared a cell with a man who strangled his wife," he recalls. "Never enjoyed a chat so much."

The headlines further enhanced his value to Columbia. "William Castle, late of Cheyenne prison," announced a Hollywood columnist, "is now ready to start picture work." Formidable president Cohn himself signed him to what Castle defines as a "seven-way contract" whereby he could be called upon as an actor, dramatic coach, dialogue director, film cutter, assistant director, director and producer. The remuneration for all this totaled forty dollars a week. "We're going to teach you the business from the ground up," Cohn promised. Castle's initial assignment was coaching Rita Hayworth.

As a director, first for Columbia, later for Monogram and Universal and again for Columbia, climbing by painfully slow stages to the $1000-a-week plateau, he slapped together some seventy movies—none in more than ten days or at a cost exceeding $100,000, and the majority of them drenched with gore. Nevertheless, a few early efforts, notably *The Whistler* and *When Strangers Marry*, the critics hailed as "exceptionally competent. . . an obscure masterpiece. . . a gem of mystery storytelling."

Heady praise, it determined Castle to strive for quality only. But the admired "sleepers" proved less lucrative than the schlock, and the studio brass commanded him to stick to the latter. For a while he rebelled, despite a series of suspensions. Marriage and fatherhood obliged him to strike his flag, and no taint of artistry has defiled his output since.

His Hollywood career was briefly interrupted during the war by the Office of War Information, which requested him to produce an educational film exposing black-marketeers. With the termination of his second Columbia contract he decided to launch himself as an independent. Not long before, he had produced a television series, *Men of Annapolis*, the script for which was written by Robb White, a wartime Navy air commander from Thomasville, Georgia. A quiet, pleasant, hardworking man whose heart belongs to Thomasville, where he owns 12,000 acres of pine stands, White had impressed Castle so favorably that he now offered him a full partnership. But no bank or studio would finance the enterprise, and he required White to invest $100,000. "What can happen to us?" the Georgian asked. "We can lose our shirts," said Castle. His confidence fortified by such candor, White handed over his check without further discussion. Castle raised his share by mortgaging his home and negotiating personal loans.

"I broke White into horror," he says proudly. To Castle the resultant trio of shockers has brought all the appurtenances of Hollywood success—including an eighteen-month course of psychoanalysis. Last autumn he achieved the crowning distinction—the privilege of sharing the big brass's low-calorie luncheons in Columbia's Executive Dining Room. White, who claims few virtues for *Macabre* and the others and proposes to write his scripts hereafter in Thomasville instead of his present Malibu Beach cottage, reflects, "There's an X number of people who go for this stuff, and I suppose sooner or later we'll get them all."

In his restless sleep Castle frequently dreams of an ultimate gimmick. It would, as he conceives it, assail all the five senses simultaneously. "The audience," he muses, "would taste the fog drifting through a cemetery. They'd smell the freshly dug grave. They'd feel the touch of ghastly fingers. . . ."

Meanwhile, for his next production, he has developed something he calls "Illusiono," the nature of which no torture could force him to disclose. "The bushes are full of imitators," he mutters darkly. In the movie itself, originally titled *Thirteen*, now *13 Ghosts*, the hero inherits a house haunted by that number of ghosts. As Castle tells it, it promises to be another slice from the same ripe Limburger—and it will probably gross millions.

THE END

Wedding Ring

By Hannah Kahn

By this circlet without end
Nor beginning, by this round
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The Happy Orphans of Metera

(Continued from Page 26)

Until a few years ago the fate of such a girl in Greece—or in the United States and most other countries—would have been only too apparent. The odds were high that she would eke out an existence until her baby was born and then turn to prostitution. Her baby probably would be handed over to an institution, kept there for years suffering from the terrible dullness, apathy, slowness and mental retardation which too often afflict infants in many foundling homes and orphanages, and at last turned loose on the world as an emotionally starved misfit.

"It is true that some children can go through extended periods in the atmosphere of ordinary foundling homes and yet become happy, well-adjusted, successful adults," says one modern psychologist. "Unfortunately this happy ending is infrequent."

Since 1955 Greece has been engaged in a radically different program to provide aid for girls like Maria Spanoudakis, and for their babies—a program which has excited the imagination of medical men, psychologists and hospital experts all over the world. Maria discovered this project herself when she was quickly picked up by the Greek social-welfare service, a remarkable peacetime "underground network," with its operatives working in every city and large village.

"I did not know how to go to them," she says. "Somehow those wonderful people learned about me, and found me, and offered me help."

Soon she was taken to the outskirts of Athens and shown a group of low, gleaming white buildings with red-tile roofs, cool lawns, bright gardens, and playgrounds equipped with swings, slides and playpens. There were also dozens of surprisingly young nurses, their arms seemingly loaded with babies.

"This is Metera," Maria was told. "Until your baby comes and you decide what to do, use it as your home."

During the remaining months of her pregnancy, members of Metera's staff followed her clinical condition carefully, but they did no probing into her morals, and they did not explain to her that she had sinned.

"We make no moral judgments on the women here," says Metera's director. "Each of them is simply a mother with a new baby on the way."

Maria was eventually taken to Athens' excellent National University hospital and there delivered a husky boy named Nikos. She had already decided she could not keep the child, and soon left for a job which the Metera group had found for her in northern Greece. Meanwhile, young Nicky was turned over to Metera and given the care which has made this center world-famous.

Along with two other infants, Nicky was entrusted to two young, unmarried nurses. Thereafter, as long as he stayed at Metera, those two nurses—one a graduate, one a student—were his family. They bathed him, dressed him, fed him, played with him, cared for him when he was ill and gave him their unlimited attention and affection. Other people could come and see him, somewhat like visiting aunts and uncles, but they never interfered in his care. If his own two nurses were transferred to another ward, Nicky and the two other babies in his family were transferred with them.

This was "tender, loving care"—the kind of attention theoretically required by every hospitalized patient—actually being rendered throughout an entire institution.

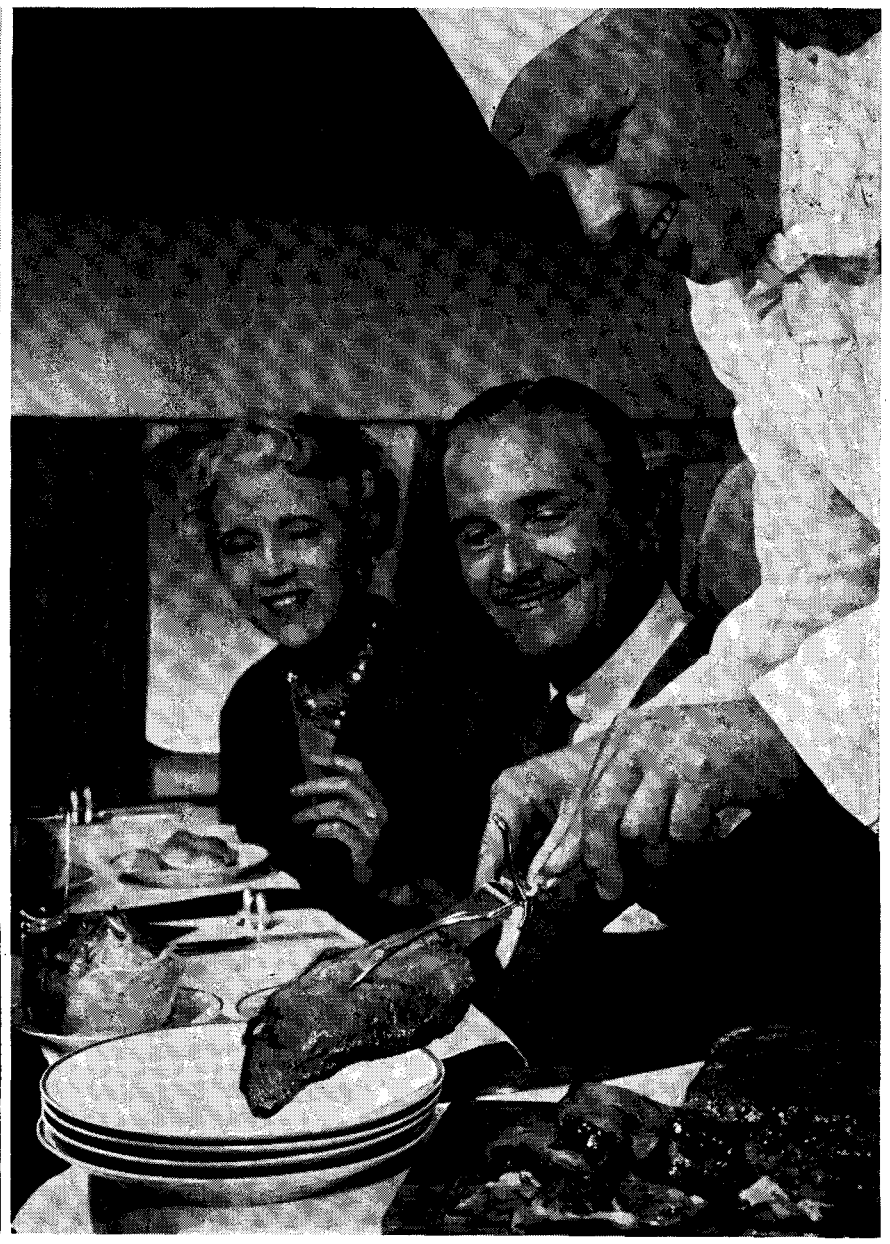
"Since our nurses are young and unmarried," says Metera's medical chief, "they have no outside family responsibilities to concern them. They have no divided loyalties. Their complete attention is focused right here. They live here, with their babies. And they have drilled into them the fact that love and attention are more important than exact feeding schedules."

The Metera nurses are not only young and unmarried. Most of them are also highly attractive. They have time off, and they go out on dates. But even when they are not on duty, and sometimes even during a date, they drop into the ward to see how their young charges are doing.

This relationship quickly forms a close bond between each baby and its temporary parents.

"Such a bond is vital," claims the director. "It enables the child to grow and develop normally in an atmosphere of security. When the time for adoption comes—and we try to have it come within a very few months—there is naturally an emotional blow or trauma. But it is far better to have a strong emotional bond and one single traumatic experience than no emotional security at all, or a succession of moves and a succession of little traumatic experiences."

For Nicky, adoption came when he was three and a half months old. He was taken by his new parents to their home in New Jersey, where all are reportedly living in blissful contentment. (For another couple's *(Continued on Page 103)*



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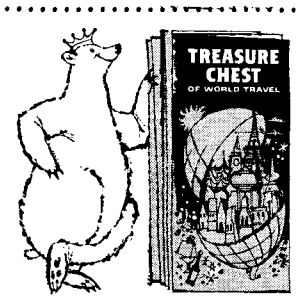

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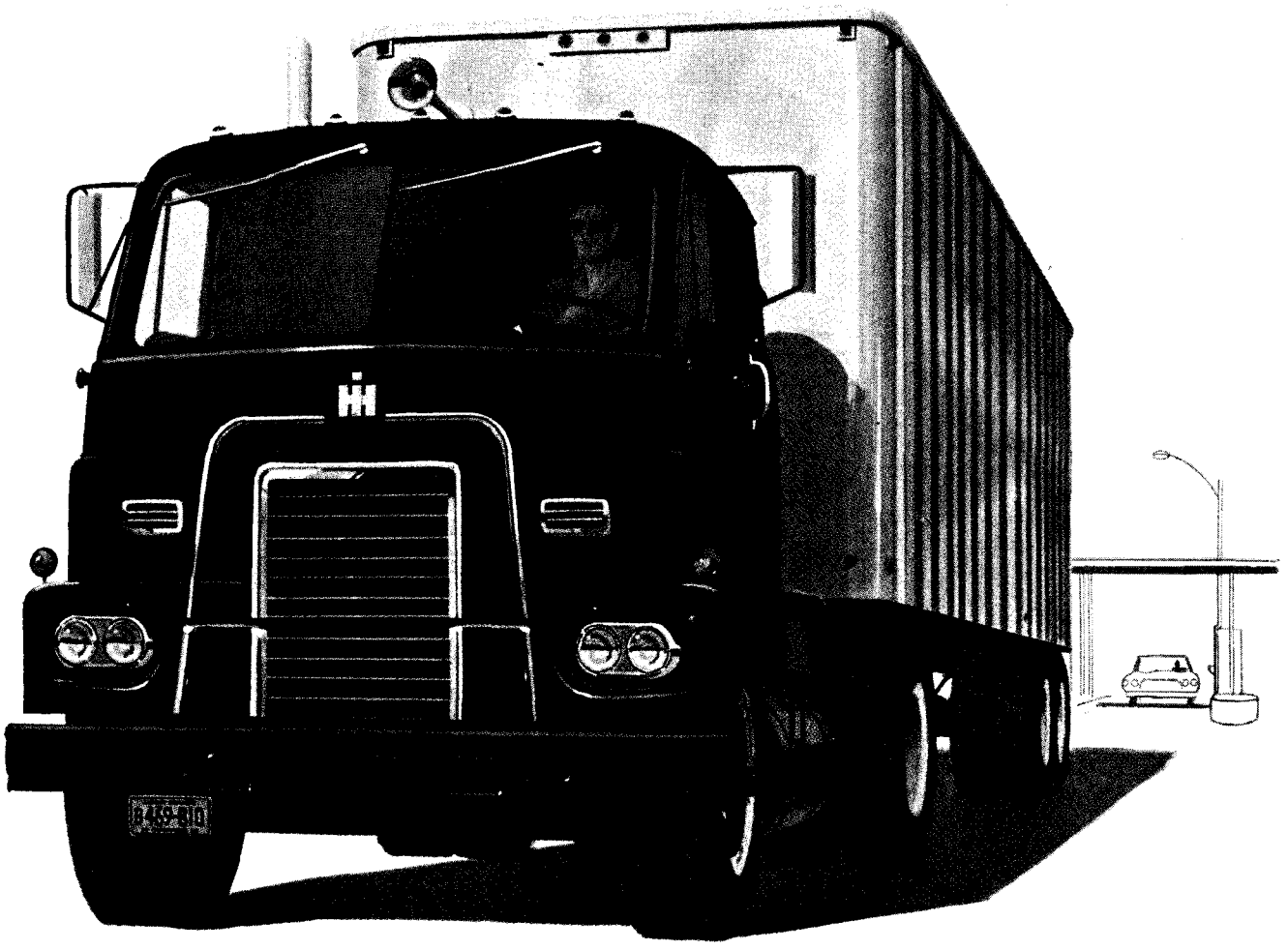

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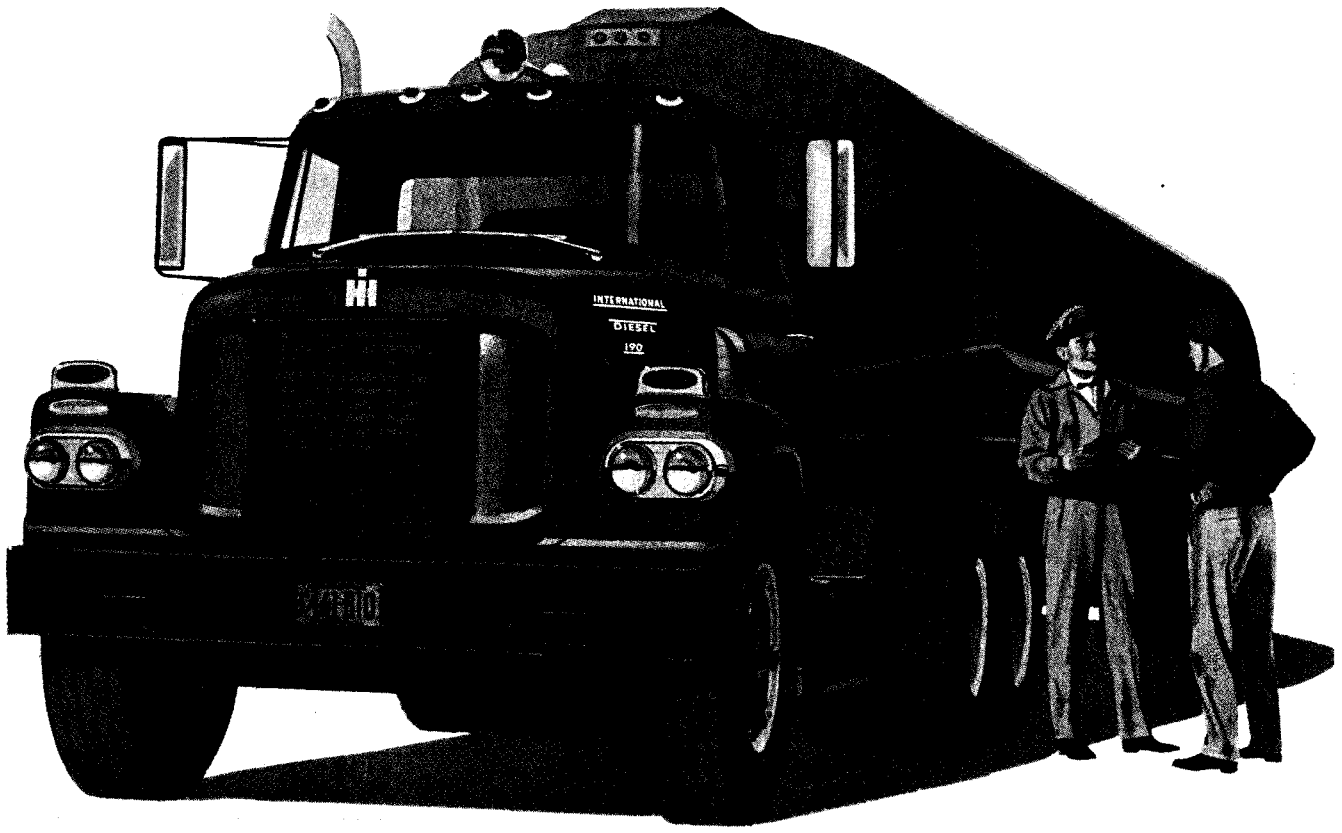

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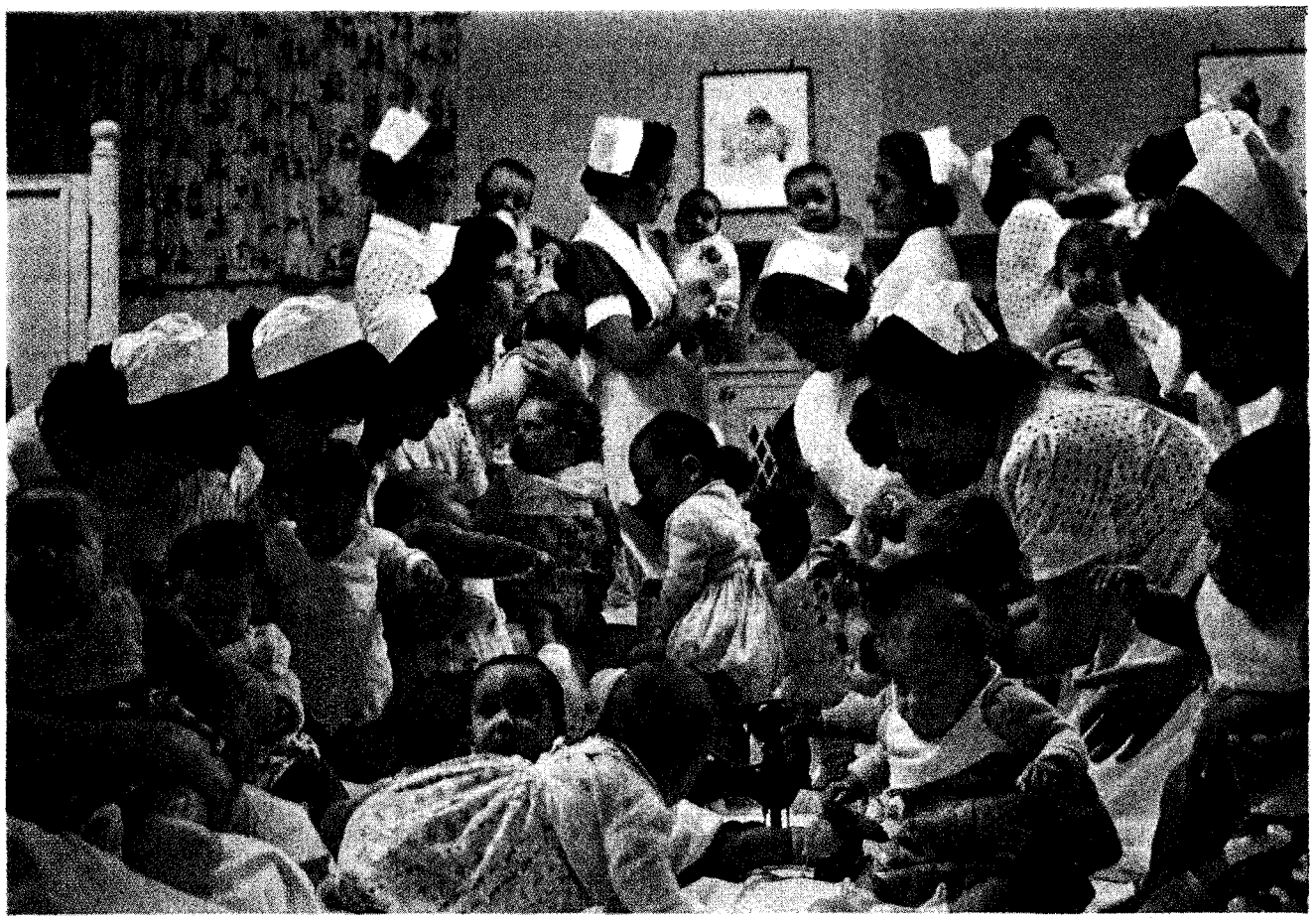
(*Continued from Page 101*) adoption story, see THE LAD AND I CAME THROUGH, by Philip Clarke, *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 3, 1958.)

To psychiatrists, psychologists and child specialists who have come by the hundreds to study this new center, Metera is built on principles which have been known in theory for at least half a century. It was brought into existence, however, only by the personal intervention of the queen of Greece, and by some financial transactions which would have staggered most lawyers.

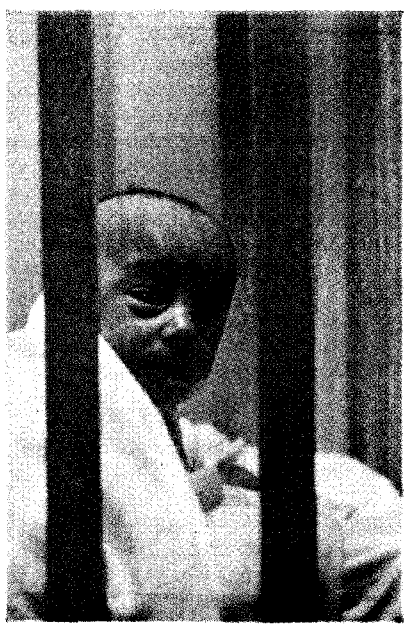
Prominent parts were likewise played by two Greeks, Litsa Alexandraki and Dr. Spyros Doxiadis, who had first collaborated closely during World War II, when Greece was starving under German occupation. Miss Alexandraki had just finished her training as a lawyer in 1940, and Doctor Doxiadis had completed medical school. When the German occupation began, they helped to open a food center for starving children. During that period the young Greek lawyer first learned that the children of Athens required more than solid nourishment.

"We found then that it was important not only to feed children but also to play with them," she says. "They were becoming old, sick and tired. They needed not only food but also play and love."

At the end of the war she spent four years at the London School of Economics, studying sociology, social work and juvenile delinquency, and returned to Athens to become a special advisor on child care to the Greek Ministry of Social Welfare. One day she visited the old foundling home of Athens. "I thought I was back in the war," she recalls.



Nurses administering a massive dose of tenderlovingcare to a group of infants at the Metera Orphanage in Athens, Greece.



"Our nurses," says Metera's director, "have drilled into them that love and attention are more important than exact feeding schedules."

The old institution was jammed with orphans and the children of unwed mothers. Two or three children were lying on each bed. Most of them looked old and tired. Several were almost motionless and silent, their eyes fixed on the ceiling. "Tragic," said one doctor. "Probably encephalitis."

Officials informed her there was one nurse for every eighteen babies. "I learned later," she says, "that these officials found one nurse who 'adopted' one baby and carried it in her arms for a few hours each day. She was promptly fired because she was neglecting the others."

Isolation facilities were inadequate, and epidemics of diarrhea and other infections frequently swept through the wards. Toys had been donated to the home, but all were kept locked in a closet. "Otherwise," an attendant told her, "the children might play with them all over the floor, and this would be untidy."

One doctor explained to her, "You can't let these children play, or visit, or go to nursery school. You'd only waste your time. These children are different."

No accurate records of admissions or adoptions could be found, but it was generally indicated that the average child was kept in the home for about ten years.

The Athens home was distressing, but it was not unusual. In Europe and America there were hundreds, if not thousands, more or less like it. Experts had long been demanding reforms, but not getting very far; they were usually told that any changes would be too costly, too time-consuming, and probably not necessary anyhow.

In Athens Miss Alexandraki called on Michael Goutos, general secretary of the Ministry of Social Welfare, and reported her findings. Together they went to city officials and urged an immediate change, but they got nowhere.

"Foundling homes are like this all over the world," one high official told them. "We've been doing it like this for years. Why should we waste money in changing everything?"

Goutos was outraged. "I think," he said, "that we should go to see the queen."

Frederika, Queen of Greece, is charming, beautiful, widely beloved by her people, a happy wife, and a devoted mother. She is also a highly determined woman. She was induced to visit the foundling home. When she came out she was in tears.

"It is appalling," she said. "But that place can never be changed quickly enough. We must build a new center." She recognized that a new center would be expensive, and there was little extra money in the Greek treasury. "Perhaps," she suggested, "you might have Mrs. Venizelos visit the home."

Mrs. Sophocles Venizelos, the wife of the then prime minister, was taken through the institution. "It was terrible, terrible, terrible!" she claims. "I nearly fainted. I decided to tell my husband."

In an amazingly short time Prime Minister Venizelos decided that about $135,000 originally set aside to buy military aircraft might be diverted to build a new child center. How this fund could be legally transferred has never been explained in complete detail; the important thing was that the money seemed to be available. With financial backing thus in sight, Litsa Alexandraki and her fellow conspirators then looked all over Europe for the best ideas to adopt.

"We found everybody was agreed on what shouldn't be done," she says. "But nobody was putting all the good ideas to work on a full scale. We had to begin from the beginning—to make the plans ourselves. But we weren't psychologists or child specialists. We needed help."

It was at this critical point that Spyros Doxiadis returned to Athens. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families in Greece; one of his brothers was physician to the royal family, another was a brilliant economist and a third—a onetime Greek minister of reconstruction and now a world-famed city planner—had achieved the noteworthy feat during the war of kidnaping the entire Italian counterespionage headquarters in Greece, including the commanding general and all his files.

After the war Spyros Doxiadis had gone to England for seven years of special training in pediatrics.

"Until then," he says, "I was interested primarily in mumps, measles and infant feeding. But working under some of the top men in England, I began to realize there are things much more important than a baby's rashes and its digestive tract. I saw that a baby might sicken or even die if it were deprived of love and attention."

Shortly after he arrived in Athens, in 1952, he was called into consultation by the queen.

"We all feel that the old foundling home is hopeless," she told him. "There is no love in it. There is no—well, I don't

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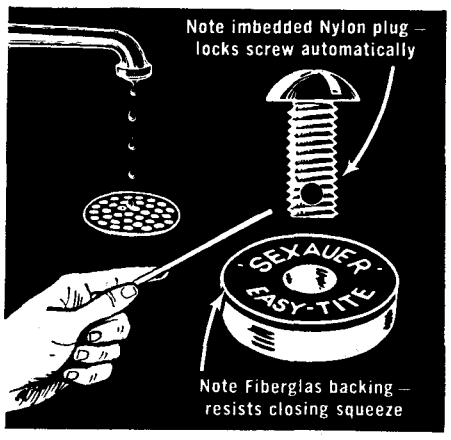
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know what you doctors call it, but any mother would know what I mean."

"I, too, know what you mean," Doctor Doxiadis said. "I have seen the place myself. I couldn't agree with you more. There must be a new institution."

"Excellent," said Frederika. "We're going to build a new one. Will you be the director?"

The young doctor—he was then only thirty-four—was already serving as pediatrician to the maternity hospital of the National University of Athens and trying to start his own private practice, but he agreed to become director of the new center, acting without salary. At once he began working with Miss Alexandraki, his wartime associate, and with the best physicians, psychologists, nurses, architects and designers he could find.

The new institution was named Metera, from the Greek word for "mother." It was to contain a number of small pavilions—three at the start—with space for twelve babies apiece. The babies were to be adopted at the earliest possible moment, before they developed the dullness and lethargy and other symptoms of prolonged institutionalization. While they were in Metera, the same babies were to be kept in the care of the same nurses in order to create a close though temporary family group. In addition, Metera was to serve as a training school for babies' nurses much like the old English "nannies."

"The welfare of the babies must come first, the welfare of their mothers second and the nursing training third," Doctor Doxiadis emphasized. "If we reverse that order of importance, we will not have a good center for babies. We will not even have a good training school for nurses."

Land was acquired in a pleasant vineyard a few miles from downtown Athens, and contracts were negotiated for the first pavilions. Those contracts were signed and construction was actually started before the necessary funds had been obtained. Litsa Alexandraki, with her early legal training, was slightly unnerved by this procedure. "We could all go to prison," she warned.

"Don't worry," the queen said. "The money will come."

And the money did come. The old military-aircraft funds were at length transferred formally to Metera. The queen financed the first pavilions with money sent to Greece for children's relief. Later other buildings were sponsored by groups in Sweden, Holland and Venezuela. One pavilion was provided by a Greek-American group headed by Spyros Skouras of Twentieth Century-Fox, another by Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos and a third by an anonymous Greek businessman who revealed that he himself had been an illegitimate child.

Each building cost about $40,000—a relatively modest sum in such countries as the United States, but a fortune in Greece.

Metera now has accommodations for 110 babies, plus temporary quarters for sixteen mothers. Each pavilion is built of marble from the same quarry which, twenty-four centuries ago, furnished the stone for the incredibly beautiful Parthenon of Athens. Inside each babies' pavilion, cheerfully decorated in pink and blue, are four airy cubicles with ample space for three cribs apiece. There are roomy play areas, sheltered porches, a special formula kitchen, a snack kitchen for the nurses, and a small private bedroom for each nurse assigned to the pavilion. There are also plenty of toys, not locked in closets but kept where the babies can reach them.

"Each pavilion is as clean and sanitary as a hospital room," says Doctor Doxiadis. "But we don't want it to look like a hospital. Actually we've made only two concessions to standard hospital appearances. We have a central milk-control system, and a quarantine unit for seriously ill babies."

In 1955 Metera accepted its first babies. A few of these were legitimate children who could not get proper care at home, mostly because of the extreme illness of their parents. The overwhelming majority, however, were born to unwed mothers who had come here, usually terrified and desperate, from all parts of Greece.

On specific instructions from the queen, Metera's social workers tried to find some way in which every unwed mother could keep her baby. Rarely did this prove possible, but there were some happy exceptions.

For example, there was a twenty-year-old woman—let's call her Christina—who had been engaged for three years to her sweetheart, Stefanos, in a village in northwestern Greece. Both families were in favor of the marriage, but Christina's parents had trouble in raising money for the essential dowry. One day she found she was going to have a child.

"I told Stefanos, but he said the dowry must come first," she related to a social worker. "Then I told my father and mother. My father told me to leave if I didn't want to be stoned to death."

Christina came to Metera, had her baby—a girl—and then disappeared. Two months later she sent a letter to Metera.

"I am living in a village far from my home," she wrote. "Please send me pictures of my baby. I miss her so much. I am crying all day. Also the baby's father wishes to see the pictures."

The Metera workers promptly sent the photographs. Shortly afterward Christina returned to Metera with her parents and with Stefanos.

"We have come to collect my baby," she announced. "Also, I can tell you a secret. Next week I will be married. Stefanos has made up his mind that a baby is better than a dowry."

There is also the case of twenty-five-year-old Elisa, daughter of the mayor of a village on one of the Aegean Islands. She was sadly betrayed by her lover, a faithless character who fathered her child and then fled to marry another woman. The affair became public, and the whole village felt it had been disgraced. Moreover, Elisa wanted to keep her baby at home, but her father intended to ship both mother and child to relatives in America.

She brought her baby to Metera and said, "Please keep him for me for a little while. Maybe I can find some way to support him."

One of Metera's top social workers, Maria Agapitou, found a job for her in Athens and kept in close touch with her. One day Elisa announced she had met a wonderful man who wanted to marry her.

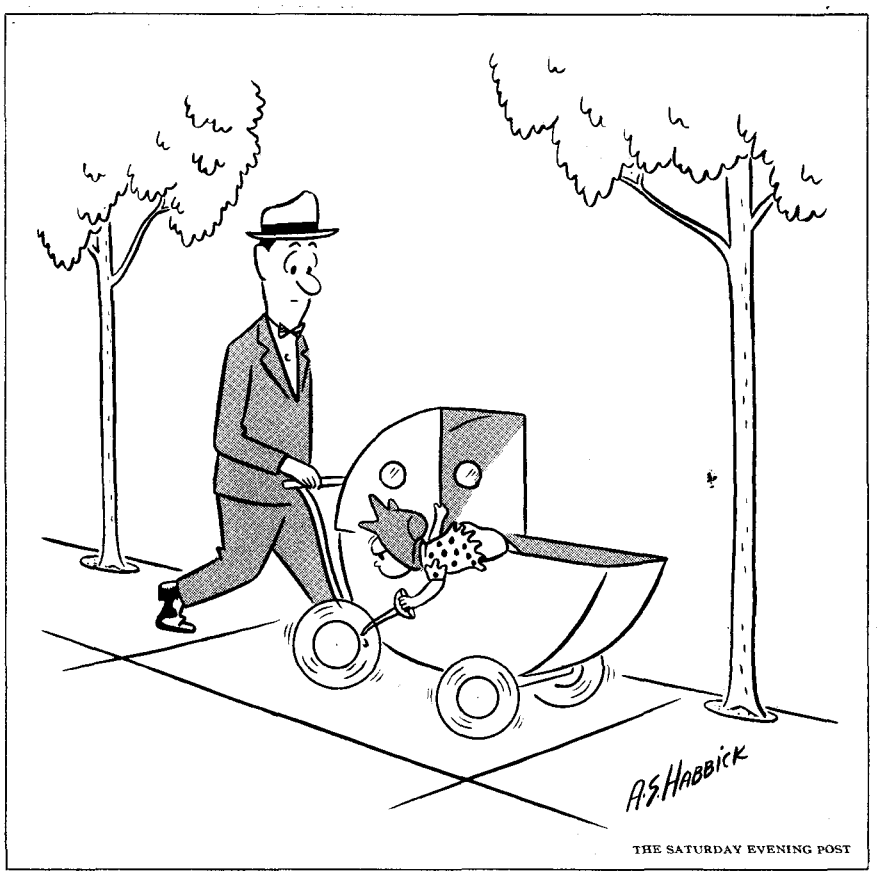
"He knows all about me," she said. "He wants to take my baby too. But he's very poor. He can't support us both."

The Metera worker went to Elisa's father, reported the situation and delicately suggested that some financial assistance from him would help his daughter and simultaneously remove the stain from the good name of his village.

The father relented. He deeply loved his daughter and, furthermore, wanted to see his grandson. He sent Elisa some money, which was used to buy her fiancé a small vegetable store in Athens. Maria Agapitou then went to friends who had been interested in Metera, and induced one to provide a small apartment for the couple and the others to equip it with furniture.

"The wedding was a bigger affair than we expected," says the social worker. "Everybody came, including most of us from Metera and practically everybody from Elisa's village. Of course, it was really more than a wedding. It was a kind of diplomatic triumph for everyone."

Although few of Metera's cases have turned out so well for both mother and child, most have ended happily for the babies. By last summer 543 babies had gone through Metera and 413 had been adopted, all of these by families which had been rigorously checked by approved investigators and found to be physically, financially and—of most importance—emotionally able to care for them. Approximately half of these children were adopted outside of Greece, partly because of the poverty of most Greek families and partly (*Continued on Page 106*)



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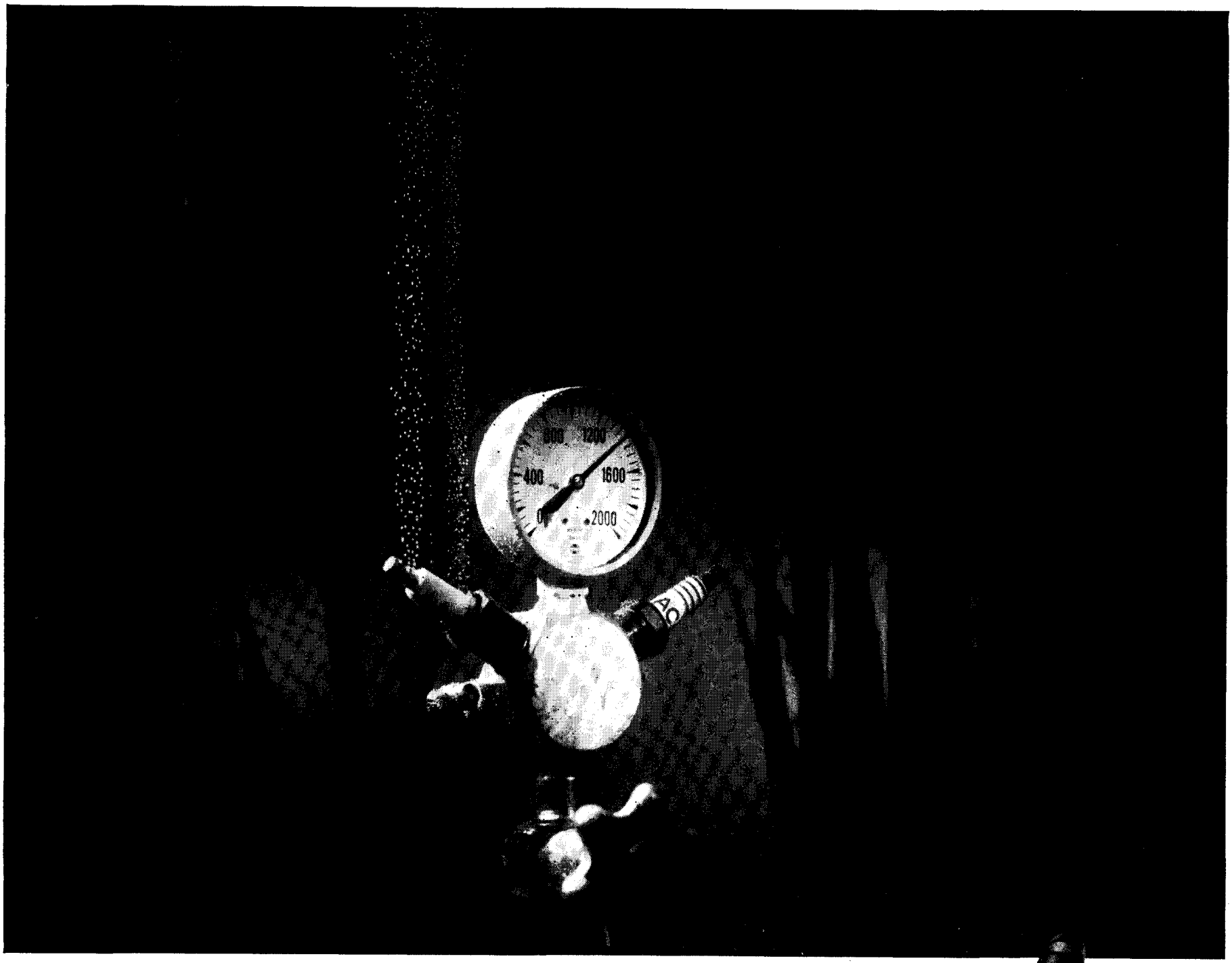

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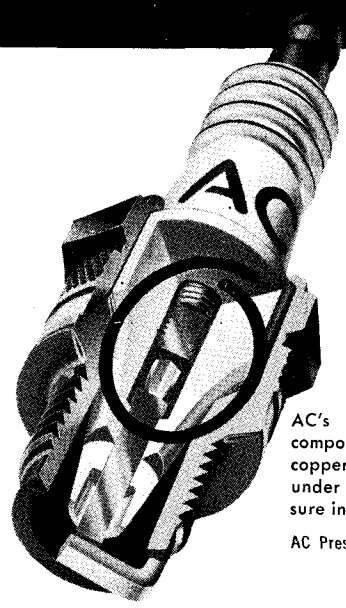

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(*Continued from Page 104*) because of an archaic law which declares that no Greek under the age of fifty can adopt a child. Of those babies who were adopted outside of the country, most have gone to Americans.

Some of Metera's babies are not eligible for adoption because of medical reasons. Some are born with physical defects which cannot be corrected and others have serious mental defects. These victims are kept temporarily at the center and then placed in foster homes.

"With these infants, we're stuck—as is the rest of the world," says the Metera director.

But most of the babies turn out remarkably well. This has proved particularly satisfying to psychologists who had predicted that an emotionally healthy environment, with ample affection and attention, would lead to emotionally normal development.

"We have tested hundreds of Metera babies against hundreds of babies brought up in their own homes," says Dr. Antigone Karagelli of the Metera staff. "Every psychological test has shown that, up to the age of nine months, our babies are just as healthy as the others. Actually most of our babies are adopted before they're four months old. But even if, for some reason, we keep them here for more than nine months, there's only a slight retardation—they talk a little later and they comprehend a little more slowly, but all their other reactions are about normal."

In striking contrast, Doctor Karagelli says, numerous studies in old-style American and European institutions have shown that babies kept for even three months in a cold, friendless atmosphere are seriously and permanently retarded in speech, comprehension, sitting, standing and walking.

"The evidence is quite clear," she claims. "At Metera we are turning out better babies."

No matter how the Metera babies leave, whether they go to adopting parents or to a foster home, the effect on the nurses—especially on the younger ones—is anguishing.

"I still remember my first babies at Metera," says nurse Anna Moniaki. "They were the first ones I ever had in my charge. I gave them everything. They became like my own babies, and I began to feel I'd never lose them. Then that American couple came and took my first baby. I couldn't believe it. They weren't good enough for him. They took him to some city in Utah—I didn't know where it was, but I was sure no baby could be happy there. All that night I cried. All the next night I cried."

A few days later Nurse Moniaki was given another baby to include in her "family." "He wasn't as good as the first one," she says. "At least not for a few days. And then I began to love him too."

Practically all the nurses have gone through the same heartbreaking experience.

"This is a difficult time for them," says Doctor Doxiadis. "But it is likewise eloquent testimony to the close ties here between the nurses and their babies."

Among the nurses who were so affected by the departure of their babies was tall, attractive Princess Sophia, oldest child of Queen Frederika and King Paul. Keenly interested in nursing since she was a schoolgirl, she became a member of the first class to graduate from the Metera training school. During her training, except for being called "Your Highness," she was treated like any other student. On orders from the king there was no bowing, hand kissing, saluting or escape from assignments. Often she studied until two or three o'clock in the morning, and the queen—like any other mother—came to Sophia's instructors and said, "What are you doing to the child? She's not getting enough sleep!"

But the princess survived the course, received the first diploma—from her father, the king—and served as a regular Metera nurse until her royal duties made this impossible. Even now, though she is no longer on the regular nursing staff, she leaves the palace whenever she can and serves as a temporary nurse.

A few months ago Sophia served Metera in a different way, laying the cornerstone for a new Metera center near Heraklion, on the island of Crete—the first branch of the Athens center. At the same time Metera workers were cooperating with local officials on the island of Corfu to reorganize an old foundling home along the lines of Metera. Interestingly, the "hopeless" old foundling home of Athens had already been reorganized and modified, and was following principles more acceptable to modern psychologists.

"We feel now that the Metera center at Athens is big enough," says Doctor Doxiadis. "In the future we want to plan for similar centers in every part of Greece."

To many experts who have studied Metera, the Metera idea should be spread to every part of the world where unwed mothers and their babies have society turned against them. Officials of the International Conference of Social Work visited the center here and extolled it as a "wonderful pioneer institution." Officials of the International Red Cross have praised it. American social-service leaders and specialists in pediatrics, psychiatry and obstetrics from such universities as Harvard, Columbia, Cornell and Chicago have described it in such terms as "admirable . . . magnificent . . . we must follow your lead throughout America."

In a special report by the World Health Organization, experts labeled Metera an "inspiring example," and listed it among the outstanding health developments of the past ten years. In their report the WHO experts noted, "Not only in his early years but even in his early months, the affection which the infant gets, or does not get, can leave a permanent mark on his life. . . . There is no medicine which can cure this deficiency disease."

One of the most significant observations was made last year by Dr. Richard Blum, the San Francisco psychologist who directed the recent eye-opening survey of malpractice in hospitals and medical groups for the California Medical Association.

"Metera has a meaning far beyond the care of babies," he said. "It could be the answer for all hospitals. Obviously the affection which the Metera nurses give to their babies cannot be applied in the same way to adult patients. But if the Metera spirit could be widely transplanted—if the welfare of the patient truly came first, if the nurses and the doctors and the whole hospital staff truly felt and demonstrated that they liked and respected their patients—then most of the troubles of modern hospitals would vanish."

THE END

The point at which your wife is most likely to meet you halfway is at a good restaurant.

HAROLD COFFIN

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A Touch of Scandal (Continued from Page 32)

"Nonsense, she just needs a new formula."

"Anyway she wrote this letter and put it in an envelope and addressed it, but apparently she had no intention of mailing it."

"Excellent therapy in one so young—for getting it out of her system, you know."

"Then one day I was straightening up her desk ——"

"And you found it and thought she'd forgotten it and mailed it."

Her daughter's irresistible compulsion to straighten out other people's possessions and meddle in their affairs was one of the reasons why Zilla had remained in California after the death of her second husband, instead of returning to the old homestead and her daughter—as was expected of the bereaved.

"The boy showed it to a friend."

"They always do—particularly at that age when they're neither here nor there and their egos need bolstering."

"The friend stole it, made copies of it and passed them around the class."

"The little dastard!"

"It came to the attention of the teachers, and some of the students took them home. As a result, Janey was the only girl in her class not invited to the birthday party Dora Buckworth gave for her granddaughter."

"Dear Dora." Zilla regarded the length of her fingernails with primitive satisfaction. "I must call on her and talk over old times before I go back."

"Several things happened like that; and then, ten days ago, Janey refused to go to school any more."

"What was your attitude toward all this? Did you weep, moan, groan, wring your hands, remind her that she had ruined her reputation, was disgraced, that no nice boy would ever take her out again, that the whole town was talking about her, that she would turn out, no doubt, exactly like her father?"

Ruth covered her face with her hands. "I—I suppose I did at first."

"And then?"

"Finally I called the doctor. I didn't know what else to do. He gave her tranquilizers and said it was the result of a traumatic experience—it might clear up by itself, but if it didn't I'd have to consult a psychiatrist. But it didn't clear up. It got worse."

"What do you mean—'worse'?"

"At first she'd go to the store, then only as far as the corner mailbox—and now she won't even leave the yard. It's been like a circle narrowing down, right before my eyes. So I sent for you."

"Phobic reaction," said Zilla. "Street fear, it's called."

"I don't understand," wailed Ruth. "I don't understand it all."

"Perhaps you can if I put it this way. She has been made to feel so damaged, so unfit to mingle with her fellow men that she literally can't bear to show her face. Also, the world outside represents temptation. If she stays inside, she is safe. You might have averted all this with an ounce of common sense."

"I know that now. Mother, can't you come back East until ——"

"Until Janey is safely married and off your hands?"

"I—I just can't cope with her any more."

Zilla hesitated, torn between aversion to living with her daughter and the compelling need of the person she loved best in the world.

"We'll see. Right now I need to think. I'd like to go to my room, have a bath and a rest and my dinner on a tray. Tell Janey that I have made a surprise visit but that I practically collapsed with fatigue and that she is to come to see me at eight o'clock tonight. Whatever I decide to do I expect your absolute co-operation and no questions. And I warn you that what I may say to her might be rugged on you."

"Anything, mother—anything."

Lying in bed with her feet propped on two pillows and witch-hazel-soaked pads on her eyelids, Zilla concentrated. It was her firm opinion that if a problem existed, the answer must also exist—floating around the universe somewhere—if you could only tune in with it.

The trick was to turn off the conscious mind and let the subconscious take over. But first the need must be formulated. She thought, *Janey must be made to see that she is not bad, but only young and foolish, as I have been in the past, as her own daughter will be in the future.* And then, because one must always be affirmative, she said out loud, "I know that I can do it." Whereupon she fell asleep.

When she awakened, the answer was waiting to greet her. She would have been surprised if it had not been. Promptly she went into action. As an appropriate costume for exploring attics and dislodging the nostalgic dust of yesteryear, she chose a handsome blue Chinese dinner suit, embroidered in gold, with slippers to match, and a pair of exotic shoulder-length earrings. That there would be no actual dust in Ruth's attic was a fact she could depend on.

Stealthily padding up to the attic, flashlight in hand, she opened an old

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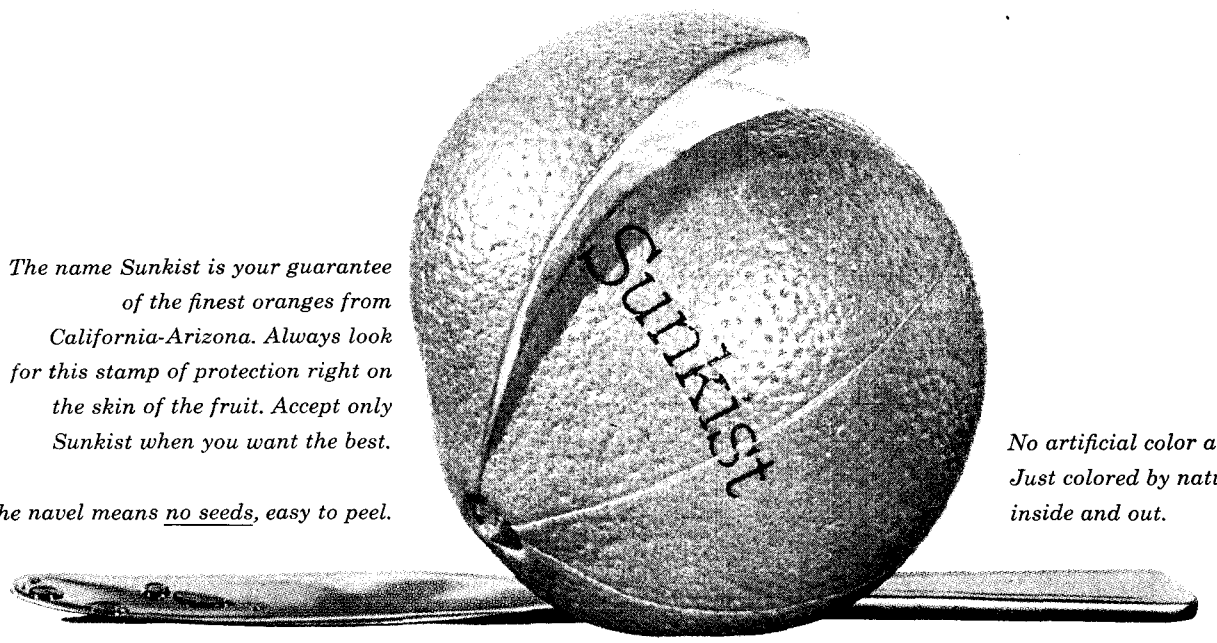

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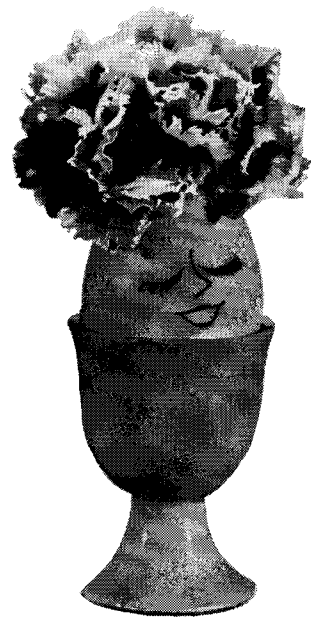

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steamer trunk and rummaged—perfectly sure that something would turn up, and it did. With a triumphant smile she brought forth a pink satin garter, ornamented with a silver disk set in a swirl of ostrich feathers, and she knew it to be the answer. For good measure she brought back to her bedroom an old photograph album.

Then she crossed the hall into the upstairs sitting room, which contained the extension phone, and locked the door. Sitting down with the telephone book, she mentally went over a list of old friends. She must get help from one of them, someone she could trust completely with enough imagination to fall in with her plan and sufficient psychological knowledge to understand the over-all picture. She shut her eyes and made of her mind a vacant blackboard on which, presently, a name would appear. In a moment it came, clearly, unmistakably.

She dialed a number and had a long, profitable and highly enjoyable conversation. Then she prepared the evidence.

Ruth, coming in with the dinner tray, was handed a rather bulky envelope. "When Janey comes to my room, take this to the post office. It must be sure to arrive in the morning mail."

"Yes, mother," said Ruth and trotted off docilely.

Promptly at eight o'clock there was a light tap on the door.

"Come in, darling," Zilla said.

"I'm glad to see you, grandma," said Janey in a small, tight voice. She stood in her black toreador pants and jersey blouse, dark bangs awry, uncertainly, with her hand still on the outside knob.

Zilla kissed her lightly on the brow and pointed to the hassock she had drawn up by the big chair.

"Honey," she said, "I know we should talk about your doings, but they will have to wait. Tonight we have to talk about me. You see, dear,"—she struck a pose and paused dramatically—"grandma's in a jam. And you are the only person in the world who can help her." Conspiringly she shut and bolted the door.

"Me?" Janey gasped, folding onto the hassock.

Seating herself comfortably with one foot tucked under her, Zilla lighted a cigarette and passed to her granddaughter a dish of particularly delicious candied fruit she had brought from California.

"Darling, what I have to tell you goes back a long time. I just want you to remember this—that everyone, when young, does thoughtless, indiscreet things. Sometimes we get away with them, and sometimes they catch up with us—even years later. That's what has happened to me. I do want you to understand that what I did was not bad; it was—well—just plain silly. Promise me that you will not judge me until you've heard it all."

"I won't," said Janey solemnly.

"Well, to begin with, you have to know the background. I was a wife at eighteen, a mother at nineteen and a widow at twenty. I had to come back to this house and live with my mother. I worked, and mother took care of the baby during the day. I was utterly knocked out—emotionally—and I stayed in every night for one whole year. And then nature asserted itself. I wanted to go out again."

"You couldn't live like that forever."

"My mother thought that all my free time should be spent at home with my child, even though I paid for a baby sitter. I won't go into details, but for seven years—until I married again and went to California—this was not a very happy home."

"Poor grandma," sighed Janey.

"My mother was a lot like yours," Zilla said. To herself she thought, *They were both natural-born policewomen.* Aloud she added hastily, "She was a good woman as your mother is good. Don't ever forget that. She used to sit up half the night sewing on a lovely party dress for me when I was a teen-ager; but she never kissed me and told me how pretty I looked when I put it on."

"My mother never kisses me either."

"Funny how the genes skip around."

"They skipped with us too. We are alike, aren't we, grandma?"

"Almost exactly. I knew it when you were an hour old."

"We even look alike, don't we?"

Two pairs of black-fringed, blue eyes sought the triple mirror of the dressing table. Two slim bodies twisted and posed. Two identical mouths smiled in pure, unself-conscious female enjoyment of the picture they made. The cropped silver head pressed against the dark one.

"I know what you're thinking, grandma—*This is how I once was.* And I am thinking, *This is how I shall be.*"

... ...

Lines Sung From the Bottom Rung

By B. G. Kremer

"Work hard! Think right!
And be reliable!
That you'll advance is
undeniable!"
I followed their advice.
What fudge!
My star-hitched wagon
does not budge;
Now I'm the faithful,
plodding one
Who does the jobs the
others shun.
(These guys are wise. They
know their luck to
Have poor me to pass the
buck to.)

... ...

Zilla smiled. Then she took a deep breath and plunged.

"I said that we are almost exactly alike, and that is true; but you are somewhat like your father too." Ignoring the sudden stiffening of Janey's back, she went on smoothly. "I'm glad of that because I've always liked and admired your father."

"You have!"

"Oh, I know that breaking up a family is a very serious thing, and it all seemed very tragic at the time he and your mother were divorced and he married his secretary. But it seems to have turned out not too badly for both of them. Does your mother seem to you an unhappy woman?"

"No."

"I'm sure she is not. She has you, her home and a very generous alimony. She has her women friends and her clubs and pet charities. You know, there are certain people, I'm convinced, who are not cut out for marriage; and she is one of them."

"Why?"

"There just seems to be something left out of their natures."

"Sex?" asked Janey distinctly.

"Let's give it a broader area. Let's call it warmth. If we try, we can understand these people; but no matter how hard they try, they can't understand us. So we have to be tolerant of their intolerance. Trying to get them to understand certain things in us is like describing a sunset to a person who is born color-blind. They can't help it."

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"I think I know what you mean."

"And Janey, your father was a man who appreciated beautiful sunsets."

"What you're trying to say is he was not really bad."

"Heavens, no. Just normal. I know he misses you terribly and I think it will be very good for you, also, to start seeing him again."

"But mother won't let me."

"I believe I know a way to change all that."

"How?"

"Blackmail."

"You don't mean it!"

Zilla laughed. "In a way I do—a polite, perfectly ladylike form of blackmail in that your mother wants a great favor from me, and if I grant it I shall ask for that in exchange. Incidentally, your mother didn't want to come to California with me. She loved her grandmother dearly and begged to stay here, so I let her."

"But, just the same, I think it was kind of mean to skip you and leave this house to mother."

"It was perfectly fair. Ruth was a great comfort to her grandmother all her life. They were much happier without me. You see, there was constant friction about everything when I was here—the hours I kept, my associates, my clothes. It was the Nineteen-twenties then—short skirts and ——"

Janey sat up straight. "I know all about that—the roaring Twenties. I saw it all in a picture—rumrunners, highjackers, bootleggers and gangsters. Did you ever know a gangster, grandma?"

"No, but I had a nodding acquaintance with a bootlegger."

"Was he shot?"

"He made pots of money and became a contractor. I understand he's a very respectable citizen now and sends his grandsons to Harvard. I believe I noticed as I came from the bus terminal that he's doing the new elementary school."

Janey looked slightly dazed. "I can't believe it!"

"But you mustn't think the Twenties was all speak-easies and gangster stuff. It was a wonderful time of intellectual achievement too." She chanted the names reverently. "There was Freud and Fitzgerald and Mencken and Millay. Sometimes we burned our candles to read by."

"Did you dance the Charleston, grandma?"

"I was known," said Zilla dreamily, "as the Charleston Queen of Norfolk County. And can you guess who my partner was? Edward Granger."

"Not Judge Granger?" Janey exploded into peals of laughter.

"Why does that strike you so funny?"

"Because he's so dignified and pompous and fat and ——"

"We won cups together," said Zilla haughtily. "He was very light on his feet. Plump people often are. I wouldn't be surprised if he could still dance circles around some of your puny, teen-age friends. Would you like to see some pictures of people in this town when they were young?" Zilla opened the album. "Here's John Harrington."

"Doctor Harrington? The one in the fur coat way down to his heels and those funny, big, wide pants?"

"Yes," said Zilla, "and I assure you that that was the height of sartorial perfection. It was a fashion known as 'collegiate.'"

"Why is he holding his coat open like that?"

"So you can see the pockets in the lining."

Janey looked closer. "What were they for?"

"Gin bottles," said Zilla. "During prohibition, people sometimes had to carry their own supply."

"Why, do you know that only last month he lectured in the town hall on alcoholism. It just shows what a hypocrite he is."

"It just shows," corrected Zilla, "how well he knows his subject. Now, do you recognize this one?"

It was a photograph taken at a beach, featuring a human pyramid of young men and women in bathing suits. Zilla pointed to the figure on top. "She was the lightest of us all, but I understand she's pushing two hundred today. . . . Give up? You know her as Mrs. Ronald Bridgeham."

Janey gasped. "But she—she's president of the garden club!"

"That day, sitting on top of Clarence Risenbaum's head, she would probably have been just as surprised as you are right now to hear the news. Well, dear"—Zilla closed the album—"we can look at this later if you wish, but right now I want to get on with my story."

"Yes, grandma."

"I was talking about my clothes and how my mother felt about them. Of course, they were pretty exaggerated. I remember I had a dress—a luscious pink, trimmed with ostrich feathers, with garters to match."

"Garters!"

"With such short dresses and rolled stockings, garters were important."

Janey giggled. "Did Mrs. Bridgeham wear fancy garters too?"

"All the girls did. And three of us, not satisfied with what this town had to offer, sent away for ours from a catalogue. Celia Witherspoon's were jade green and had mirrors on them, and Alma Prescott's were peach color with bells."

"You mean Miss Prescott who's been teaching eighth grade for a century?"

"The very one. All the garters were listed under special names in the catalogue, and hers were called Hell's Bells. People called her Hell's Bells Prescott for years afterward. What's the matter, darling? You look as if you don't believe me."

"It's just that—that everyone was so different than what I ——"

"Everyone who was young then acted exactly the way you and your friends do now. And when you're their age you'll act like them. Human nature doesn't change—just the setting and the clothes and the songs and the fads. Individuals don't really change much either. With the years they just develop a better social technique for handling themselves and their emotions more intelligently, covering up their weaknesses and exploiting their virtues."

"Grandma, there's something I ——"

"I didn't finish about my garters, did I? Well, it wasn't only that they were trimmed with ostrich feathers, they had a little silver disk on them, and—oh, dear, this is the part that upsets me. For fifty cents extra I had my initial put on them."

"Was that so terrible?"

"Think, darling. *Z* for Zilla. There wasn't a girl for miles around with *Z* for an initial. Can you imagine what happened then? I was hoisted by my own garter, so to speak."

"What happened?"

"It became known that I had initialed garters, and Edward Granger said he didn't believe it; and I took one off and showed it to him, and then ——"

"He took it!"

Zilla groaned. "And what's more, he showed it to everybody and even wore it on his arm."

"And you were terribly embarrassed."

"I was simply desolate. You see, they used to collect them. It was a sign of

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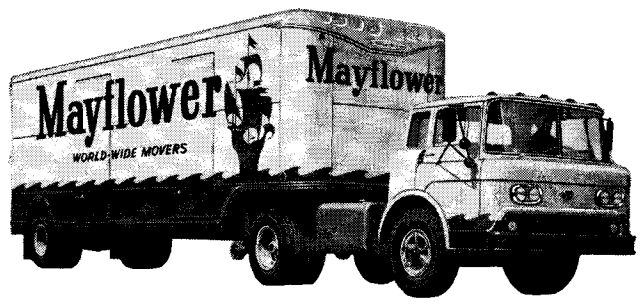

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conquest. This town was full of mean, gossipy old women who put the worst interpretation on everything—and widows were always supposed to be merry. For days I hated to leave the house."

"And what happened finally, grandma?"

"Another scandal came along—a real one this time—and everyone completely forgot about me."

"What was the scandal?"

"A friend of mine ran off with a traveling salesman."

"You're joking."

"Oh, she wasn't a farmer's daughter. Her father owned a little dry-goods store, and this man sold silks. He was twenty years older than she was, and it turned out he had a wife and five children in Oshkosh."

"I suppose she was terribly in love, poor girl!"

"I suppose so. But she did come back eventually to this town and married a very fine man. Her father built up that little hole in the wall until it became the best store in town. Then he died and left it to her." Zilla looked at her granddaughter through her lashes. "I think you might know her as Dora Buckworth—Mrs. Ralph Buckworth."

"Mrs. Ralph Buckworth!" Janey was standing on her feet, jaw outthrust, fists curled. "But she's the most puritanical, meanest, most malicious old ——"

"Sit down, darling," said Zilla quietly. "Have another apricot. When you've lived as long as I have, you'll know that that kind always is."

"It's just that—well—sometime, grandma, I'll tell you something she did to me."

"And sometime I want to hear it. But right now I want to finish the garter story." Zilla passed the dish of candied fruit.

Reluctantly Janey sat down on the hassock and accepted an apricot. "But I thought you said everybody forgot about you and the garter."

"I'm quite sure they did. But I have reason to believe that the whole thing is going to be revived. Can you imagine my embarrassment? Right now—and when I'm making this visit?"

"But how do you know?"

"I met Clifford Jamison on the Boston bus. He was coming from Portland, where he's been living for years, for a high-school-class reunion. They're planning all sorts of festivities, and Edward Granger had written him a letter about it. Do you know what it said?"

"I can't imagine."

"Edward wrote him, 'I was going through an old trunk the other day—and, boy!—wait until you see my memory book.'"

"But what did he mean?"

"I remembered what he said when I begged him to return my garter—'I'm going to keep it for my memory book.'"

"Oh, no!"

Zilla shuddered audibly. "I can just see them down at the hotel, drinking beer and passing around that miserable garter with the *Z* on it."

"Oh, grandma, I know just how you feel. Believe me, I do."

"This evening I phoned Edward and asked him if he would give the garter back, and he promised that he would. I said I'd send you down to his office for it about quarter of ten tomorrow morning."

"But ——"

"Forgive me, darling, I had to. I know it will be embarrassing for you to pick up your grandmother's garter, but just think how much worse it would be for me."

"You don't understand. I'd do anything in the world for you, but I—I've been sort of sick lately."

"Sick?" Zilla's eyebrows went up. "You don't look sick to me."

"It's a funny kind of sickness. It only comes on me when I go out."

"Tell me about it."

"I feel perfectly all right inside, but as soon as I go out, my heart starts to pound, and I feel as if I'm choking and ——"

"Go on."

"—and I feel dizzy and faint, as if I were going to fall."

"But you don't faint and you don't fall, do you?"

"No, but it's as if I'm terribly scared that I will—or scared of something. I don't know what."

"Janey, do you think it could possibly be that the something you fear is another kind of falling?"

Janey looked startled. "I don't know."

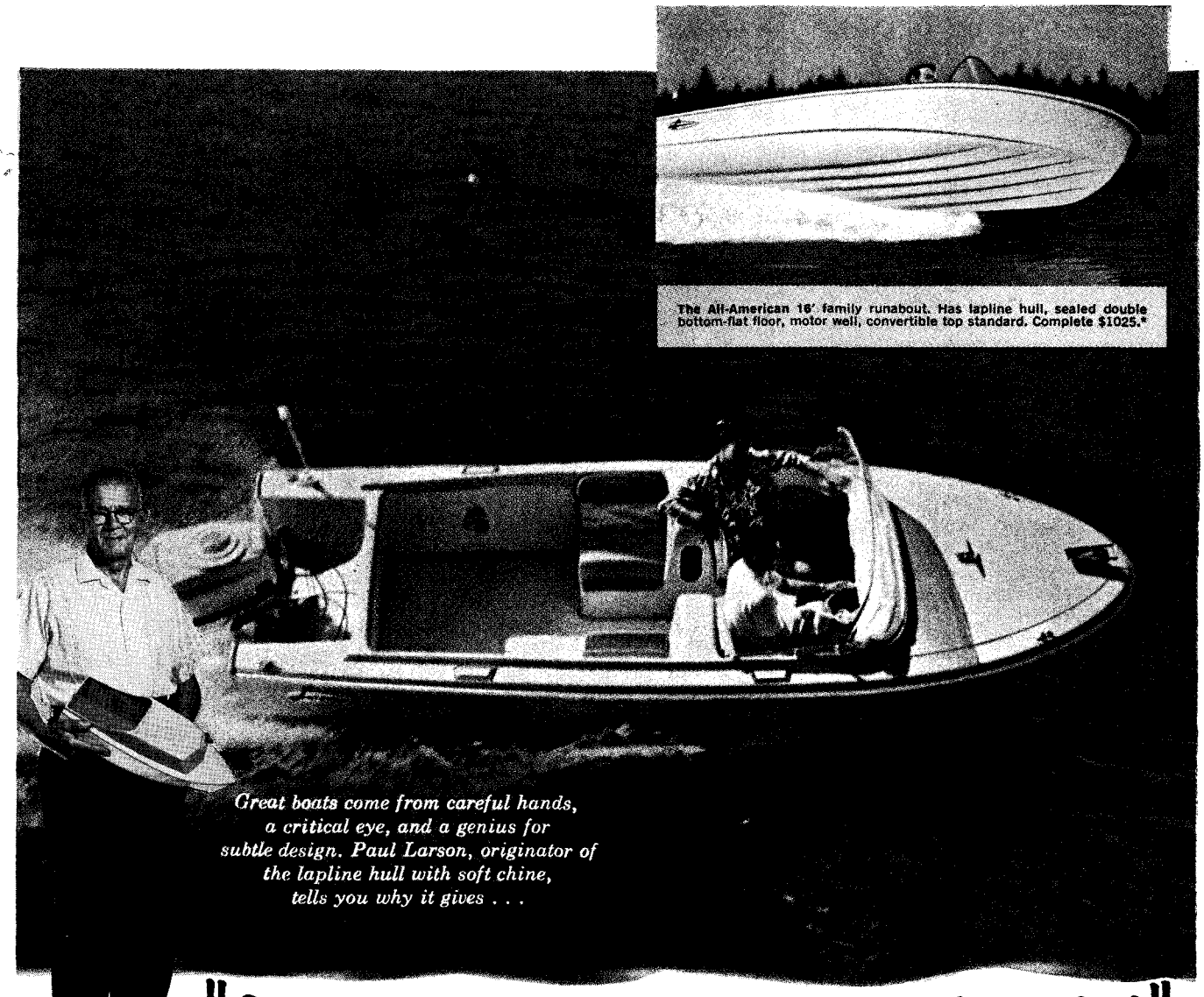
"Well, you think about that sometime, will you? I'm awfully sorry to hear about all this, but I wouldn't worry too much. I knew a girl in California who had the same thing. It lasted just ten days, and then—something happened to her overnight. On the eleventh day she found she could go out. Oh, it wasn't exactly pleasant, but each time she went out, it got easier. And do you know—it all went away, just like it came, and it never came back."

"Do you think it could happen to me like that?"

"I'm sure that it will."

"But what am I to do?"

"First of all, you must forget all about it in your conscious mind. That's what she did. You forget all about your own troubles and put your mind on grandma's troubles. Just before you go to sleep, just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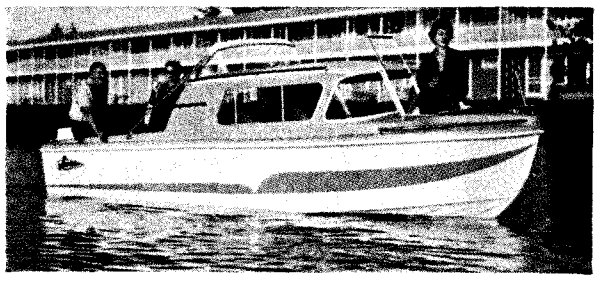

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for relaxation, I want you to think about all the things I've told you tonight, about all the so-called respectable people that startled you so much. Judge Granger's Charleston and Doctor Harrington's raccoon coat and"—she paused ever so slightly—"even Dora Buckworth and her traveling salesman. And now I think I'd better go to bed, darling." Zilla stretched and rose to her feet. "Remember—first thing—you're going to do that errand for me, aren't you?"

Janey got up from the hassock, smiling brightly. "I'll try."

At the door, as she turned, there was no trace of the smile. Her round young face was suddenly ravished. "Please don't leave me," she whispered. "I love you so terribly. Please don't go back to California and leave me, grandma."

Zilla took a deep breath. "I'll think about that," she said.

"Mother, what do you know?" Ruth, beaming with joy and bustling with her usual horrible morning energy, came in with a breakfast tray and parted the drapes with a great rattle. "Janey just left the house. She said she was going on a very important errand for you. How did you do it?"

Zilla leaned back against her sit-up pillow and closed her eyes for a moment. "Suggestion—partly—and telling her a few plain facts about some of our most respected citizens. Then I invented a story about Judge Granger and me, with his permission of course, telling just a few, harmless little lies to illustrate a big truth. Let's call it a fable. Fortunately I met an old friend on the bus coming here for a class reunion, and he kept talking about somebody's memory book. I hooked it all together, and it sounded so convincing I almost believed it myself. It involved this urgent errand, which was only practical therapy for getting her out of the house."

Ruth shook her head in silent, incomprehensible admiration and left.

When Janey returned, Zilla was sitting before the dressing table, taking the pin curlers out of her hair. "Oh, darling," she said, jumping to her feet. "You did go and you did get the garter!"

"I went, but didn't get the garter."

"What?" This was not according to the script.

"Oh, don't worry, grandma. I can explain everything." Zilla sat down in the big chair rather suddenly.

"First, when he told me he'd changed his mind, I felt terrible. I thought I had failed you utterly and I was desolate. But then he began to talk about you, and I could see he was keeping me there on purpose because he was enjoying it so much. And he asked me all kinds of questions."

"Like what?"

"Oh, everything about your life and how long you were going to stay."

"Well, really!"

"You know, since he's been a widower I think he's been terribly lonely, rattling around in that big house with only an old housekeeper. It's a beautiful house—the biggest one on Main Street—with all those huge white pillars."

"What have all those pillars to do with my garter?"

"I'm coming to that. Finally he gave me a message. He said he would give it back to you personally if you would have dinner with him tonight and go dancing. Not here, but in Boston. You'll go, won't you?"

Zilla looked suddenly rather pensive. "I suppose I have no choice."

Janey sat down on the foot of the bed. "I think if you stayed around a little longer you could catch him and live in that beautiful house and never go away again."

"This is so sudden."

"Just think, grandma," Janey bounced on the bed in uncontained glee, "if you married Judge Granger, you will have had three husbands!"

"When you say that, dear, please add that two of my husbands died from perfectly respectable causes."

"And I'll be your bridesmaid."

"There won't be any wedding or any date either if you don't stop this nonsense and help me."

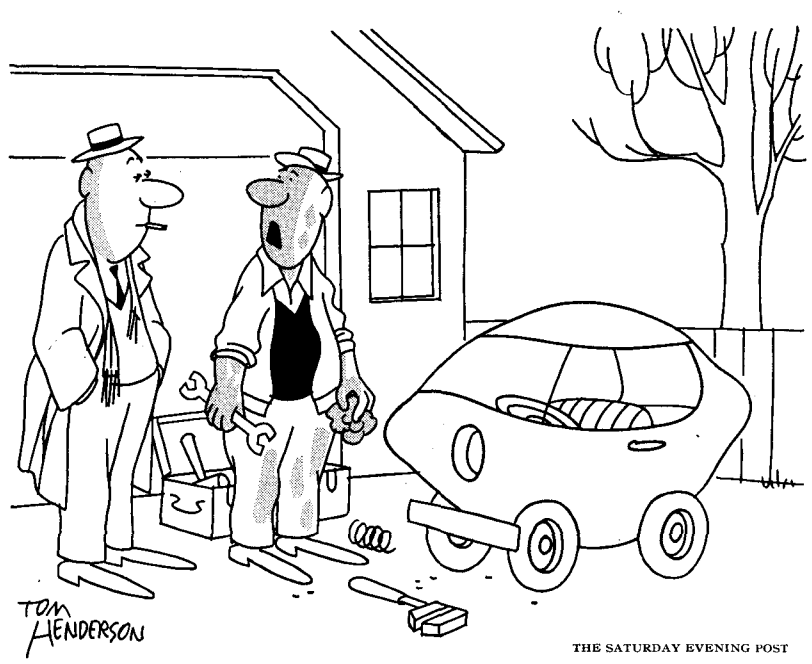
"I'll help you. I'll do anything you say."

"Well," said Zilla, wrinkling her brow, "since I came on the spur of the moment I'll need just about everything. Fortunately I did bring a black lace dinner dress and some rather lovely magenta pumps with rhinestone heels. But I'll need stockings—very sheer—and some kind of pack for my face and some perfume and—oh, dear!" She got up suddenly and rushed across the room to her dressing case on the window seat, pawing through it frantically. "Just as I suspected. I forgot my eyelashes."

"Your eyelashes!"

"My evening eyelashes. They're much longer and thicker than my daytime ones."

"I don't believe there's an eyelash to be had in this town."



"I think I bought a lemon."

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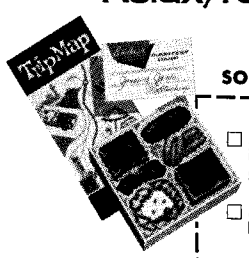

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"Then you'll just have to take the bus and do my errands in Boston."

"I'll go, grandma, as soon as I call the judge."

"By the way," Zilla asked casually as she stood before the mirror, trying on various pairs of earrings, "how did you feel going down to his office?"

"It was a little hard at first, but I kept on; and coming back, I was hardly bothered at all. I think it will be like you said—each time I go out it will get easier, until that funny feeling is all gone."

"I'm so glad, darling." Zilla's voice came out muffled from the depths of the closet. "Because what would I have done without you?"

She emerged holding black lace shoulder high. "Look at my dress—long, tight sleeves, boat neck and a split skirt."

Janey leaped off the bed, entranced. "It's pure Dietrich! What do you think he'll say when he sees you in that?"

Zilla cleared her throat in a perfect imitation of Judge Granger—"Well, Zilla, I see you've kept your figure."

"Well, Zilla, I see you've kept your figure," said Judge Granger.

They were alone in the hall. Janey had answered the door and discreetly departed as instructed. Zilla had descended the stairs, trailing mink over the banister. After several rehearsals they had decided that that was much more effective than wearing it.

"And I see you've kept your hair. Can you cha-cha, Edward?"

"No, but I'm willing."

"Ah," said Zilla, resting her stole and gloves and glittering evening bag on the main post while she posed on the last step but one. "An orchid. How lovely!" As she reached for the transparent box she laughed, gently lifting the flower from its nest of ostrich feathers. "And how like you, Edward." There was a pause, and then she said, "Oh!"

Side by side lay two identical pink satin garters. Two identical, initialed silver disks winked up at her wickedly.

"But I only gave you one!" she gasped.

"At a time," said Judge Granger.

Moon Pilot (Continued from Page 25)

The secretary was there to see where the three billion dollars went, and the senator had persuaded the President that the conquest of space was a foreign affair. Also, he never missed a chance for any free trip. So it was a distinguished duo of VIP's in the control room, with only the senator not fully briefed on the myriad technical problems; although he had once glanced through a science-fiction magazine which a page boy left in the Senate washroom.

"You mean to say he's been around the world *twice* while I've been smoking this same cigar?" The senator gazed in awe at the fast-moving blip on the radar screen.

"Two full circuits," General Vannemann nodded. "We will try to catch him on the third swing. He is due to pass over us in approximately five minutes."

"How are you going to bring him down?" The statesman was curious. "You've never been able to recover a satellite yet."

"We think we have finally licked that problem," was the general's cautious reply. "We are going to try and shoot this one down."

The senator stared at him quickly. "Shoot it down—with a live passenger inside?" He was shocked. This was an election year. "That's going to sound awful cruel to the American public, even if it is for science. Does the President know about this?" If not, he was ready to telephone him and stop it.

"Of course he does," the Secretary of Defense said, smiling at his friend's look of horror. "You tell him how it's going to be done, general. It's your invention."

The lanky scientist-soldier turned from the screen reluctantly. He had no great affection for politicians, even as privileged kibitzers. "The nose cone is fitted with forward-firing rockets which we will trigger electronically from here. They should act as air brakes to cut its speed, until the cone will be tugged downward by the earth's gravity."

"Very simple, very logical," the secretary remarked.

The senator was an expert only in matters of the nation's foreign policy, so that logical simplicities were not his line. However, his ten-year-old son had explained to him how the previous satellites disappeared.

"But how will you prevent it from exploding when it re-enters our atmosphere?" he inquired. "All those others burned right up. Wasn't a trace of 'em left."

"We have coated this one with a new plastic which requires a great deal of heat to vaporize." Vannemann tried to be patient. "It should boil off enough to keep the occupant from being cooked alive."

"We hope," came quietly from Major Dietz, Holloman's senior flight surgeon, a bald and thickset man with the hands of a concert pianist. The senator looked at him for further enlightenment.

"Even if he gets through the atmosphere, how will you bring him to earth? Won't he drop like a plummet and be smashed?"

"Not if everything works, sir," the major replied. "When it drops to thirty miles, a steel-ribbon parachute is set to open automatically. That should slow it down enough to let it land without injuring the passenger."

The senator grunted skeptically, and they watched the radar in silence for a moment, with no sound in the room but the hum of the recording instruments.

"Where do you think it'll land?" The senator was a stickler for facts.

"Within a hundred-mile radius of here, if we calculated correctly," the major told him.

"That's a mighty big area." The senator's worries increased. "He could fall into a remote canyon or somewhere, and we'd never find him. I got lost in New Mexico myself once—on horseback. Fool horse couldn't find his way home."

"We have anticipated that too," the secretary assured him. "Once the cone approaches the earth a small transmitter will broadcast signals to help our search parties locate it."

The senator was impressed by his civilian friend's erudition. "Where'd you pick up all this technical stuff, Walter?"

"Didn't you read that booklet we got up specially for you fellows, *Simple Science for Senators*?"

"No, my son swiped it," the other confessed. "But I looked at the pictures."

Vannemann glanced at him and wondered why someone didn't write another booklet, *Simple Senators for Scientists.* It would enjoy quite a sale among his confreres. Suddenly his attention was arrested by the radarman's terse announcement, "It's coming into range, general."

They turned quickly to the screen, saw the tiny blip of the satellite moving toward the hairlines that bisected its center like a bomb sight.

"He's now over northwest Utah," the radarman told them. "His E.T.A. is forty-five seconds."

Here it came, here was the payoff for thousands of man-hours and billions of dollars. Cigarettes were stubbed out. Vannemann turned to a control panel where the operator was watching him expectantly. "Stand by to fire," he ordered.

The technician's hand went to the row of buttons in front of him, hovered there. The countdown began, a tape-recorded voice synchronized with the sweeping second hand of the large clock overhead. The Silent Seventy stared at it. There was little more they could do except offer silent prayers for the pioneer passenger. They were all very fond of Charlie. No one on the entire base was more popular. He was still alive, they knew that much, but the next few minutes were the crucial ones.

The last few seconds ticked away with agonizing slowness. Every eye was now on the sweeping hand except the radarman's. Then "Zero, sir!" he announced.

"Fire the rockets," the general ordered.

The electronic buttons were plunged home, and "Rockets fired, sir," came the confirmation.

No one spoke, no one moved. The general turned from the group at the radar screen, crossed to a window and stared up at the empty blue sky. Then quietly he said, "O.K., Charlie. Now come on back to us safe and sound—God willing."

A thousand miles and more above their heads the bullet-shaped cone was racing through the inky empyrean. Suddenly from its nose came the red-tongued blasts of the rockets, firing forward, and their braking effect was almost immediate. The satellite began to lose speed, then the earth's gravity took over its powerful magnetic pull, and the missile's path started to curve downward.

It did the same on the radar screen in the control room. "Look, it's dropping!" the senator exclaimed and wondered why the scientists were so quiet about it.

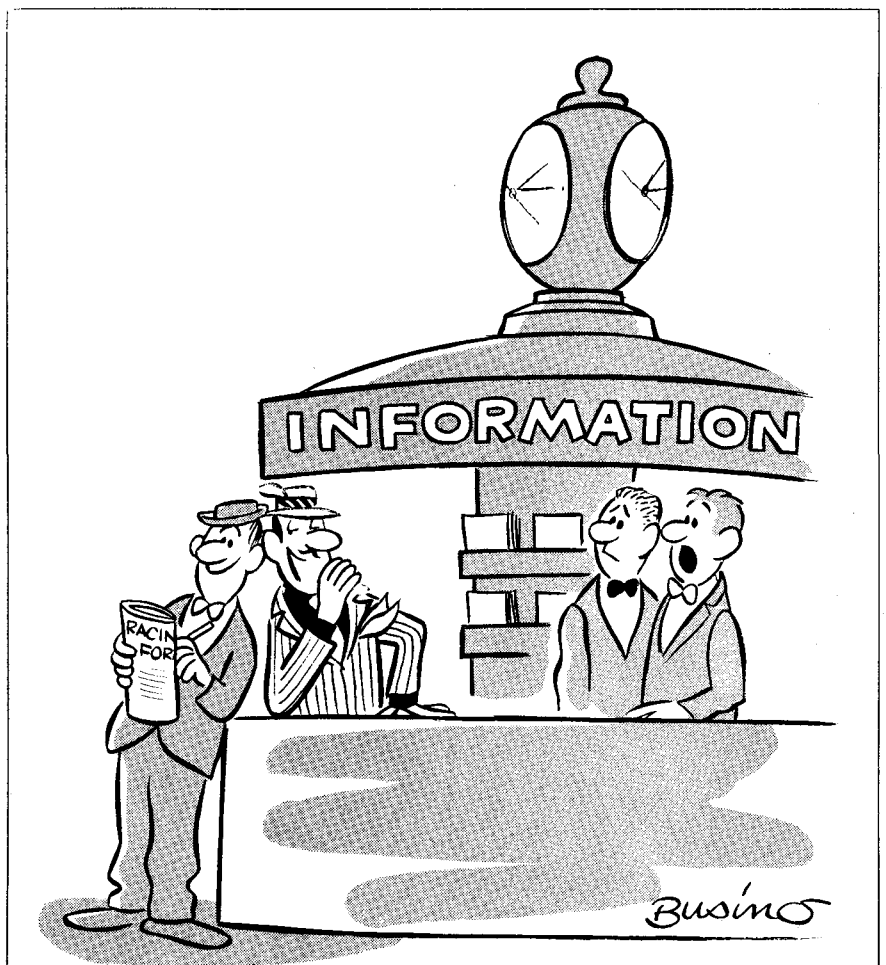
"The reversing rockets worked!" cried the Secretary of Defense, delighted that he would now not have to explain why they didn't, and he wrung Vannemann's hand. "Congratulations, general. You're going to bring Charlie back!"

"Save it." Vannemann was curt. "We may have to pick him up with a mop." He turned abruptly to an Air Force sergeant who stood waiting beside a radio. "Alert the search parties. Tell them he's coming down."

"Yes, sir!" The sergeant flipped on his transmitter and barked into the mike, trying to control his excitement, "H.Q. to all search units. H.Q. to all search units. Stand by. Here comes Charlie from the big blue yonder. Watch for him—watch for him!"

His voice flashed out across thousands of square miles of New Mexico to the search parties stationed at all points of the compass. Each unit consisted of three jeeps, a radio truck, a field ambulance and a dozen or more Air Force men, all in the charge of an officer. They were smoking or chatting at ease when the alert came through to galvanize their attention.

One party's post was on the brink of a canyon far to the south of Holloman, with an almost unlimited view across the rugged wasteland. This excellent vantage point had (*Continued on Page 114*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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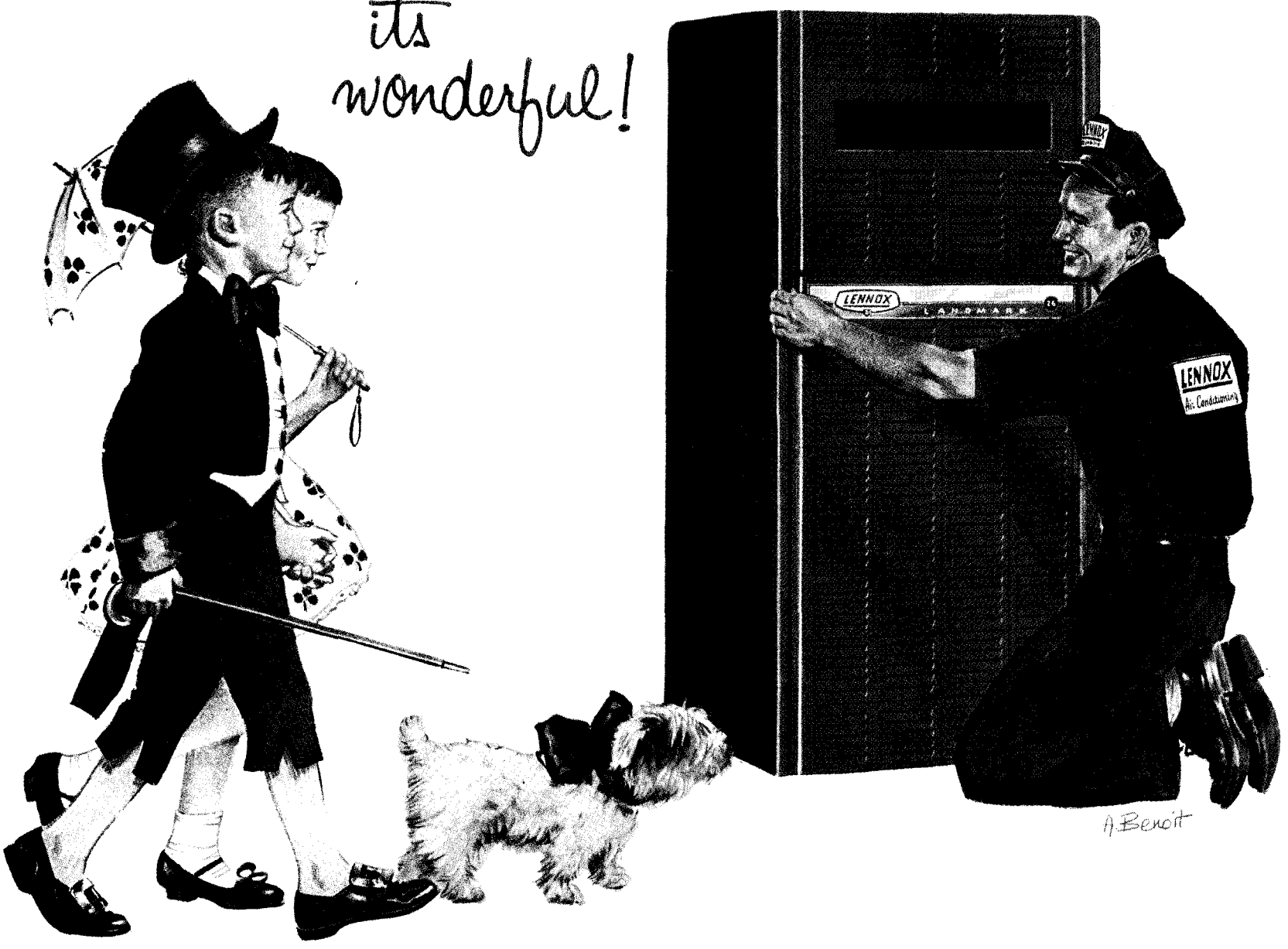

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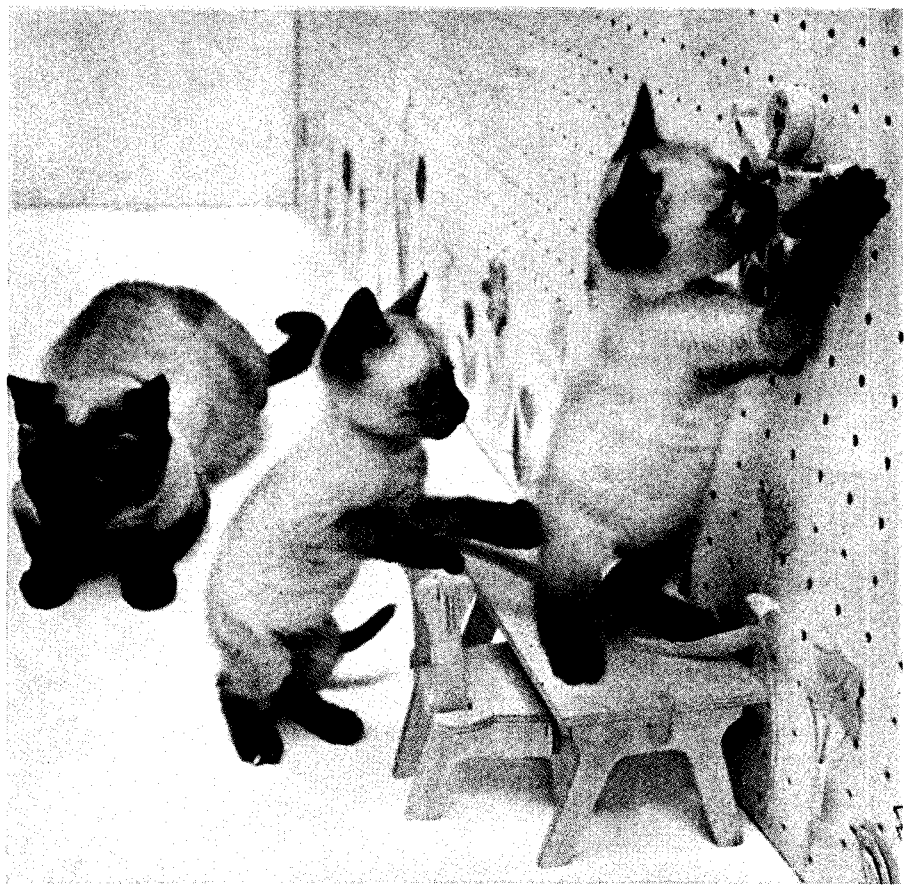

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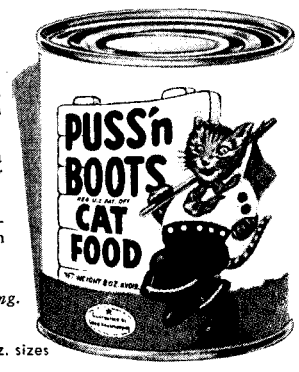

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FOREST FIRE PREVENTION

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(*Continued from Page 112*) been chosen with a meticulous care that was typical of their commanding officer, Capt. Richmond Talbot.

He was a capable-looking young man, and the shoulder patch of his sweat-stained shirt bore the insignia of the Air Force's most select branch of Aviation Medicine and Research—that brilliant group of scientist-soldiers who are clawing at the threshold of space.

Rich was thirty-one, of average height and looks—not handsome, but with a nice face that invited trust—and crew-cut blond hair. Several of Vannemann's staff wore their hair in the general's style as a sort of club badge. Otherwise Rich was an independent thinker—quiet, serious and highly regarded at Holloman, where his special skill was an essential part of this Project Starfire.

Now he and his party stared anxiously into the blazing sky with sunglasses, while their radioman crouched in the truck in hopes of catching a signal from the descending cone. Standing beside Rich was Sergeant Ellis, a graying veteran of World War II who had never fully adjusted himself to this rocket age.

"How do you figure his chances, captain?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm afraid to guess." Rich was frank. "Anything could have gone wrong. The cosmic radiation might have killed him, or oxygen failure, or explosive decompression." He bit a lip in sympathy. "Poor Charlie, it must have been terrifying sitting there, wondering if and when you'd burst apart like a popped balloon. I hope he didn't suffer too much."

The sergeant shuddered, then asked a very natural question. "Why didn't we send up a dog, sir, like the Russians did?"

"The reactions of a dog wouldn't tell us enough," Rich explained. "Their physical structure is different from man's."

"Yeah, I've noticed that." The other nodded. "And she was a female too. So it wouldn't have proved much even if she'd lived, would it, sir?"

"It might have." Rich was scanning another sector of the sky. "There are a great many things we've still got to know, sergeant, before we can explore outer space. But the first one is if man can survive all the dangers and return alive."

They looked up together for a few seconds before the other remarked, "Well, I'm sure glad it ain't me up in that thing. How about you, sir?"

Rich reflected, then answered honestly. "Yes, I'm not the hero type either. I never did have that kind of nerve. In fact, I don't even like to fly. I get violently sick, as a rule."

His companion was surprised. "Then how come you joined the Air Force, sir? If I'm not being too personal."

The officer hesitated. He seldom talked about himself, but the friendly question deserved a decent answer. "No, I don't mind telling you, sergeant. I grew up in a coal-mining town in Pennsylvania. It was crowded and dirty, and the air was foul day and night. Nobody's house or hands and face were ever completely clean. That's why I decided as a boy to be a chemist someday and work in a laboratory, the cleanest place I could think of. So I did. But I found it was just exchanging one set of smells for another, and worse. I still longed for nice clean air and open spaces and when I heard that the Air Force was looking for biochemists—well, I jumped at the chance."

Ellis smiled understandingly. "But you're still stuck in a lab most of the time, captain."

"That's true," Rich admitted, "but these problems are more exciting than working with laxative pills." He gazed up at the empty sky as Columbus must have stared across the Atlantic, enraptured by the unknown goal to which his life was dedicated. "Sergeant," he said, "we're working on the greatest challenge that men have ever faced, to conquer our environment, to expand our narrow horizons from this quarrelsome little planet and to know at last what's out there."

The simpler airman was impressed by the poetic statement of their task and fascinated by the last part. "Do you really think there might be other worlds, sir? Other people like us?"

"It's possible. We've got to find out."

"Why, sir?"

"Why?" Rich was surprised. "Because that's what science is for, to discover the unknown."

"I dunno." The sergeant was skeptical. "Look, sir, if there *are* people up there, why don't we let 'em find us first? Lots of folks think they already have, but just won't show their hands yet. When they do we can ask them all about it. That way it's no sweat, no trouble."

The officer smiled indulgently. "We haven't that much time. We can't wait for flying saucers or the Russians to bring us the answers. It might be too late."

This made some sense, and the sergeant's eyes returned to their job. "So we'll keep on sending up guinea pigs, eh, like poor Charlie, until somebody makes it."

"Right. But if Charlie lands alive, we'll know that we can make it, even to Mars and beyond."

Suddenly from the radio truck behind them the operator thrust out his head and called excitedly, "Captain Talbot, I'm getting the signal! It's coming in loud and clear!"

Rich looked around at him sharply, then back to the sky. "That means he's somewhere in this area. Keep a sharp lookout, you men. Watch all sides," he commanded; and their heads began to swivel in all directions.

They waited, watching intently while the transmitted *beep-beep-beep* from the cone grew stronger. But yet they saw no sign of it in the cloud-flecked sky. Then a pinpoint of light was reflected very high and far to the west. Three men spotted it simultaneously and yelled, pointing, "There he is!"

The others whirled quickly, peering after the outstretched hands. They saw the silvery fleck and the long steel-ribbon parachute trailing behind it. No orders were necessary now. Rich raced to his jeep with Sergeant Ellis; they jumped inside and roared away. The medics ran to the ambulance, the other airmen to the remaining jeeps, and the cavalcade plunged down the steep arroyo's wall at a break-neck angle, heading in a beeline for the spot where the cone was falling.

It struck the earth with a jolting thud when the rescue party was still a half mile away. They saw the spent satellite bounce off a rock and the chute sink slowly around it. Rich's jeep reached the scene first, skidding up in a plume of dust with the ambulance close behind. Two medics leaped out, clad from head to foot in white asbestos suits. They ran with Rich to where the cone lay on its side, followed pell-mell by the others carrying a resuscitator, stretcher and fire-fighting equipment.

The metal capsule was sizzling from its fiery ride through the atmospheric barrier, so that only the protected men could touch it. Working with practiced haste they released the intricate locking device in the cone's side and slid open the passenger's hatch.

Rich pressed up behind them despite the heat that scorched his face, anxious for the first glimpse of Charlie and fearful of what it would tell. Now he saw him, slumped low in the cramped seat, as the medics fumbled with their thick gloves

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to release his straps. Ellis and the other airmen edged up at Rich's back, eager to see and assist.

"Is he still alive, sir?"

"Wow, feel the heat from this thing!"

"You need any help in there, captain?"

The men in white eased the passenger out very gently, head first. The masked helmet and bulky pressure suit still encompassed him, both apparently intact. Rich took the limp body from them and carried it about thirty feet from the cone. Then suddenly it began to twitch—first the arms, then the legs, in weak spasms of returning life.

Having thought him surely dead, the officer's heart leaped with hopes. He unfastened the helmet and pulled it off slowly while the rest of the party crowded around them.

Charlie looked dazed, his bloodshot eyes blinked in the hard sunlight, and his short legs wobbled unsteadily. But they saw now that he was definitely alive, and the welcome sight brought a shout of joy from his rescuers. Rich threw both arms around him and hugged him.

"Charlie, you made it, old boy! You *made* it!" he yelled.

Charlie swayed in his arms, still stunned by his pioneer journey into space, and he gurgled something that sounded profoundly grateful, although it was not quite clear.

Perhaps it was because he was a chimpanzee.

In the hospital at Holloman Air Force Base the medics gave the hero a series of exhaustive tests which lasted for hours. He was seated in a chair while Major Dietz and his assistants removed the last of the pads and wires from various parts of Charlie's anatomy. Then the senior flight surgeon turned to report his findings to the general, the secretary and the senator, who were as anxious as fathers in a maternity-ward waiting room.

"It's extraordinary," Major Dietz marveled, "even better than we dared to hope! He took over eighteen G's of pressure and shows no ill effects whatever. Every test is normal—blood pressure, heart, lungs, metabolism, everything!"

"No traces of cosmic radiation?" The general was almost afraid to ask.

"We find none at all, sir."

Charlie gave a burp and slung a leg over the arm of his chair. "He looks kind of groggy to me," Senator McGuire said.

"That's only a natural tension, sir," Major Dietz told him, feeling Charlie's pulse. "He's relaxing now. His pulse is already dropping."

"If we only knew what he thought and felt up there," the general mused. "If he had any ocular-agravic illusions."

"Only a human being can tell us that, sir," the surgeon reminded, and the other kept looking thoughtfully at Charlie before he replied.

"Yes, and now we are ready for him. If a chimpanzee can survive safely, so can a man. There is practically no difference between them."

"There is some in *my* state," the senator disagreed. He was still worried. Not being science-minded, he regarded human beings less objectively, perhaps as voters. "There'll be an awful howl from the public if we send a man to the moon and he doesn't come back—especially from his relatives. I wish there were some other way to explore the universe first."

General Vannemann looked around from Charlie to the lesser VIP. "If you know what it is, senator, we wish you'd tell us." He waited, but got no answer; then he asked, "Where else can we find a self-maintaining computer with built-in judgment, which can be mass-produced by unskilled labor and by people who like their work so well?"

He smiled slightly, and the secretary chuckled at this old joke of the space medics. But the senator was not amused. "Well, you may be right," he admitted. "Only I hope it's nobody from my state." He was struck with sudden curiosity. "By the way, have you already selected the man?"

"Not yet," said the general. "We are going to do that after dinner."

"You mean here—tonight?"

"We can't waste any time." The general nodded and turned to go. "Come along, gentlemen, the candidates are waiting for us."

They had reached the doorway and started out when Charlie jumped down from his chair and waddled hurriedly to join them. Two of the medical assistants grabbed him. "Hey, hold on there, Charlie," one of them grinned. "You weren't invited to this party."

The general stopped, looked back at the friendly chimp and ordered, "Let him come, boys. He's earned the right to see who's next."

They released him, and Charlie scampered away to reach for the scientist's hand. He extended the other to the senator, who hesitated, then shrugged and took it, remarking, "Well, I've sat with 'em on committees before."

They went out hand in hand, a trio symbolic of the close teamwork that modern science demands.

It was a dinner never to be forgotten in Air Force annals. For two years it had been anticipated with a mixture of dread and morbid fascination by the entire Holloman staff. There were thirty-seven officers arranged carefully in order of rank around a long U-shaped table, with the lowly lieutenants and captains at the open end and an imposing array of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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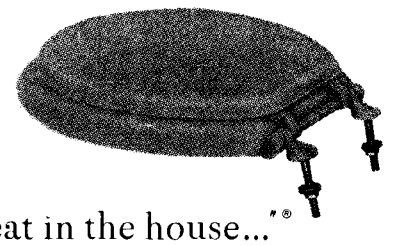

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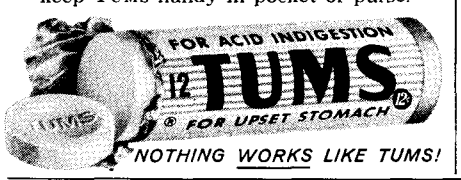

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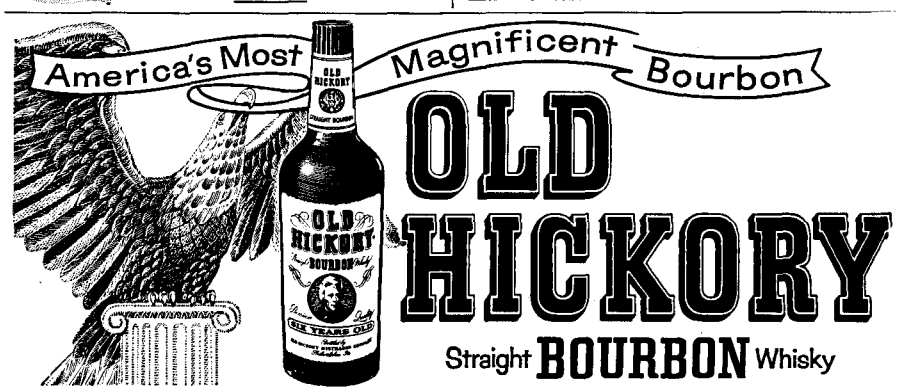
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majors and colonels between them and the head of the table, where General Vannemann was flanked by the dignitaries from Washington.

The only other unmilitary diner was Charlie, seated at one of the far ends as a special guest, with Captain Talbot at his side to mind his manners; for it was well known by all that a warm friendship existed between these two and that no one could handle him better than Rich. Not that Charlie was gauche. Except for an occasional search for fleas, or lovesick howls in the night, he was a model for cultured chimpanzees. This was visible now in the way he handled his ice cream with a spoon, needing only infrequent glances from Rich when his slurping drew looks from other guests.

Except with Charlie, the dinner was finished, and General Vannemann was speaking, ". . . and there isn't a man among you who doesn't deserve the honor. In one field or another you have all contributed equally to the preliminary success of Project Starfire." He surveyed with pride their intelligent, nervous faces. "Thanks entirely to the brilliance and perseverance of you men here tonight, we now stand on the brink of space—ready for the Big Jump."

They listened with mixed emotions—two or three eager beavers who hoped to be selected, and the rest who feared that they might be. Rich was of neither group, but completely relaxed. His natural modesty and common sense could not conceive the possibility that he would be chosen among so many famous scientists who also outranked him. And he was quite right—he had not been chosen.

"Now, we all know the big question that's been uppermost in everyone's mind for the past two years." The general resumed his tantalizing overture. "Who will be the first man to go around the moon and bring back the answers?"

He lifted a finger to show them where the moon was, and several of the officers began to shift in their seats. "The Air Force has ordered me to select the man for this venturous mission. So I made out a list of those I thought to be best qualified. But I find that I cannot choose among these men without being accused, rightly or wrongly, of favoritism."

He paused to let his Solomonlike dilemma sink in. The room was silent except for Charlie. Rich turned to shush him and observed with a frown that the guest of honor had abandoned his spoon for a fork and was trying to spear a roll from the plate of Lieutenant Walker, a young psychologist who sat across the table. Rich tried to get the fork, but Charlie refused to let go; so he scowled again as one does to an unruly child, and returned his attention to his boss.

"I have memorized the personal records of every man here," the general informed them. "But I have finally decided not to order anyone to undertake this assignment. Instead of that I am going to let him volunteer."

His staff sat completely stunned, staring from him to one another. They had braced themselves to hear him give the name of the chosen martyr. Now the hot personal potato was tossed neatly into their laps, and it violated their basic faith that computing machines and research will provide the answers for everything.

The dazed hush was unbroken until the general said understandingly, "Take your time about this, gentlemen. We know what a tough decision it is to leave this earth voluntarily, with your return ticket open."

It was quite clear that they knew it too. But they also knew that somebody had to go, as they had all been working toward that goal. The pride and honor of the Air Force was at stake. Two or three officers glanced down at Charlie to reassure themselves of his healthy condition. They felt slightly ashamed that a chimp could make chumps of chemists, physicists and psychologists. The very dignity of man was involved here. Then they remembered that his neck was, too, and they hesitated.

Suddenly from the end of the table an officer arose, white faced but stiffly erect. "I—I would like to volunteer, sir," he said somewhat hoarsely.

All heads swiveled toward him. His comrades regarded him with awed admiration, and several with traces of relief.

"Thank you, Lieutenant Walker." The general was deeply moved. "Your courage and initiative will be remembered." Then he sighed. "But I am sorry to say that we cannot accept you. You're a married man."

The rejected officer sat down slowly, disappointed, and muttered across the table to Rich, "Heck, that's why I wanted to go."

Silence descended once more upon the reluctant spacemen. The married among them relaxed, and the others avoided their chief's roving gaze. Only Rich seemed unembarrassed, having no slightest intention of volunteering. Then a tubby, brisk-looking major leaped to his feet as if shot from springs.

"I'll take the job, general!"

General Vannemann studied the second volunteer for a moment, but again shook his head regretfully. "You are not on my list, Major Bassett. You are thirty-nine years old, twenty pounds overweight and you once blacked out in the vertical accelerator. The man we want must be young, in tiptop condition and unmarried. I hate to reject you, Joe, but thanks. That took a lot of guts."

The plump major sank back to his chair, deflated, but hoping that the Pentagon would at least make a note of the offer in his dossier. The velvet hush fell again. The officers around thirty-five and forty began to breathe normally. Only a dozen or so eligible men were left and they really began to sweat now—except for Rich, who tried once more to recover the fork from Charlie as he harpooned another roll.

The general was not visibly impatient or disappointed with his staff, but he was acutely aware of what the Secretary of Defense and Senator McGuire might be thinking about its courage—and perhaps even about the Air Force's budget. He cleared his throat to regain the officers' attention.

"It may interest you gentlemen to know that we have urgent orders from Washington to find our man tonight. And they have good reasons to be in a hurry. The Army also is ready to shoot a man to the moon. And we think the Russians are too. It would be disgraceful if either one of them beat us to it." He paused for this long-feared news to take effect. "But, as I said before, take your time. We are not going to pressure anyone." He sat back and lighted a cigar.

Rich glanced around the table and wondered who would stand up next. The only sound in the room came from Charlie, drumming on his plate with the fork. The noise made the tension unbearable, and Rich turned to admonish him quietly, "I told you, Charlie, sit still! And put that fork where it belongs."

He tried once more to recapture it, but Charlie snatched it away with a mischievous twinkle, enjoying the game.

Lieutenant Walker leaned across the table to whisper, "What about your volunteering, Rich?" he suggested. "You're not married."

The other smiled and whispered back, "That just proves what a coward I am."

At this precise moment—and unnoticed by anyone—Charlie's long hairy arm moved around Rich's chair. Then suddenly the chimp jabbed his fork very hard into the young officer's behind, and Rich jumped to his feet as if catapulted.

No one ever rose to fame more quickly or more to his own surprise. He clapped a hand to the seat of his pants and looked down at Charlie, while every eye in the room riveted upon him. General Vannemann was also now on his feet and beaming at Rich.

"I was hoping you might stand up, captain. You were up near the head of my list." He turned to the VIP's from Washington as Rich stared at him dazedly. "Captain Talbot is a biochemist, one of the finest young scientists in the Air Force (*Continued on Page 118*)

What's Going On Here?

The Civil War is still in its indecisive first year. A Confederate ironclad, unlike any ship ever seen before, makes a deadly thrust at the wooden warships of the Union blockading an important Southern port. The ironclad, built on the wooden hull of an earlier vessel, meets with an unforeseen obstacle in the form of another ship. As a result, the fame of its historic feat is considerably lessened. What ironclad, and what ship foiled her attack?

Olney Rhode

(*Answer on Page 118*)

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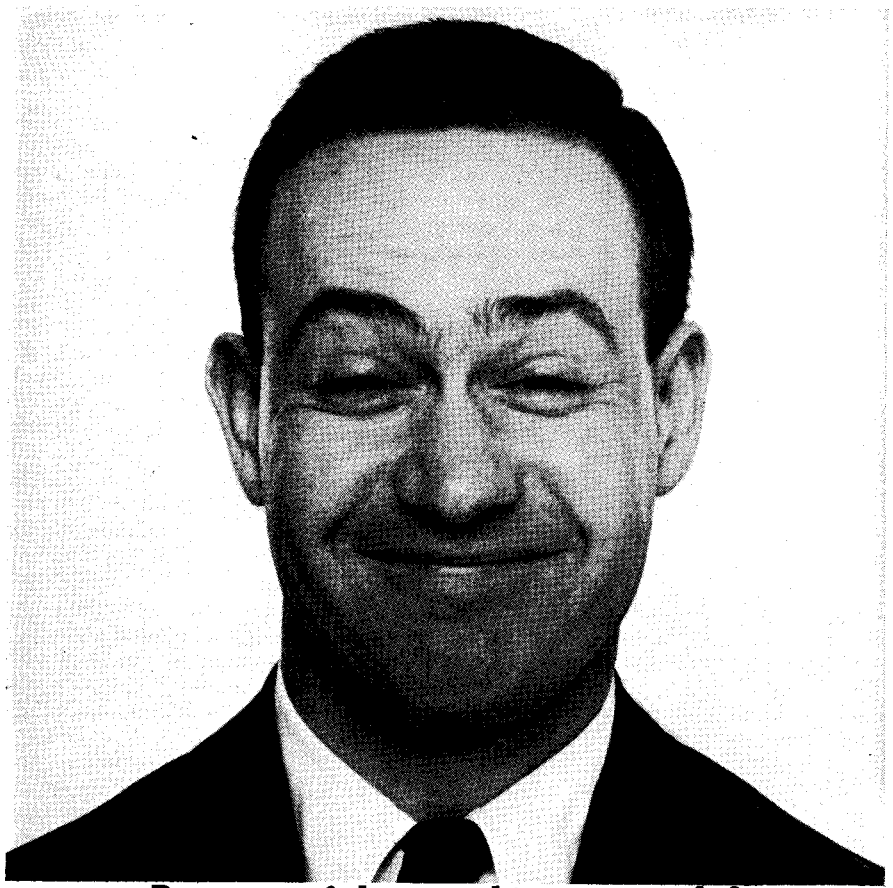

Because of the way his eyes smile?

Or the way he kisses?

Or because of his prospects?

Or the fact that he looks a little like dad?

What are the official rules for falling in love? Are they posted, so that a man or woman may read and heed—before falling?

It so happens they are. At least, some of the rules marriage counselors have checked and double-checked are posted in Ladies' Home Journal, in the special feature called "Making Marriage Work." It's typical of the Journal to want to make things work. For this is an optimistic, a believing magazine, which has probably done more to strengthen the fabric of marriage in this country than any other publication, whose "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" is perhaps the best read of any continuing series. That is one of the reasons why women believe in it so unshakably. This belief shines all through a just-completed Hooper survey, which shows that women like the Ladies' Home Journal far and away best of the leading women's magazines. No doubt it accounts, too, for the fact that, year after year, Ladies' Home Journal stays first in circulation, first in newsstand sales and first in advertising.

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Ladies' Home Journal

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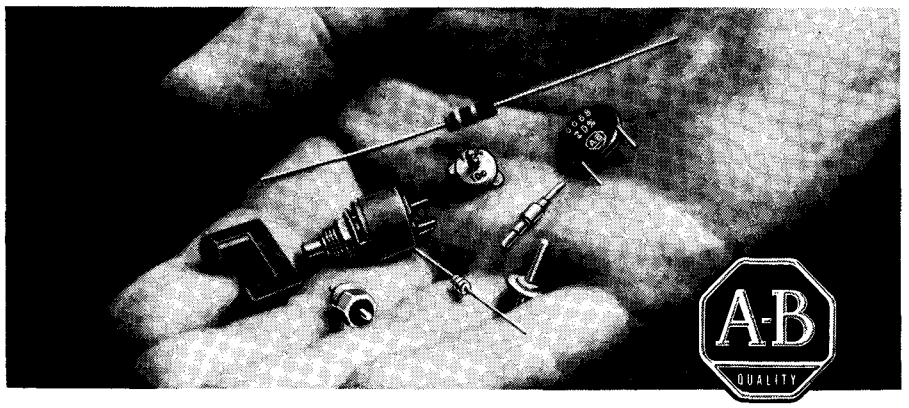

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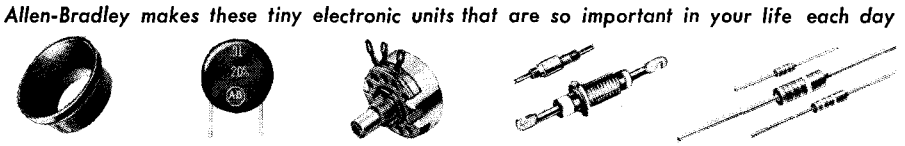

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(*Continued from Page 116*) and with a very promising future. He is young, single, physically fit and sharp as a tack. We couldn't have found a better man for the mission."

The secretary and senator looked at Rich together, impressed by the glowing recommendation, and they arose in tribute to his daring spirit.

"Good! Wonderful!" the cabinet member exclaimed and he strode down to the end of the table. "Let me be the first to congratulate you, captain." He grasped the bewildered volunteer's hand. "I think I may safely presume to speak for our President—and for the entire people of our country—when I say that we accept your brave offer with the greatest of admiration and the deepest gratitude."

Senator McGuire was close at his heels, not wishing to be outmaneuvered by a Republican, and elbowed him aside to grab Rich's limp fingers. "That goes double for me and the Senate, Captain Talbot! Your name will go down in history—the first man into outer space. By the way, son, are you a Democrat?" he inquired quietly.

Rich nodded, then shook his head, too confused to hear very clearly. But the senator was in a magnanimous mood. "Well, never mind. I still say you'll be a bigger hero than Christopher Columbus or Charles Lindbergh!"

"If he comes back, that is," said Lieutenant Walker, a realist; and the senator looked at him, hesitating.

"And even if he doesn't, he'll still be a hero." He turned to reassure Rich, pumping his hand. "You can't miss, son—you can't miss!"

Rich regarded him bleakly. Now all at once his fellow officers swarmed up around him in a clamor of admiration, fighting for his hand.

"Well, what do you know! Old Rich beat us to it!"

"You lucky guy; I was just getting ready to volunteer myself!" another one lied.

"Here, let me shake your hand, boy. I'm proud to know you!"

They all were. The honor of the Air Force was saved—and so, incidentally, were they.

As for Rich, he was speechless. Now, in the midst of this hearty back-slapping, he threw a bitter look at the cause of it all. Still seated with the fatal fork in hand, Charlie smiled back at him with bland and utter innocence.

With the choice made, events moved swiftly at Holloman Air Force Base. A tight security lid was clamped down immediately. All passes were cancelled. No one was allowed to leave or enter. The telephone lines were frozen except for calls from the Pentagon's topmost brass.

Rich was unable to sleep that night. He sat until long after midnight, slumped in a chair in the officers' club, chain-smoking and still dazed with frightful visions of his imminent future. It was too late now to confess Charlie's prompting. That disgrace he could never live down. Destiny had tapped his shoulder—or more accurately his behind—and there was no turning back. His officer friends interpreted his quiet mood as a naturally sober reaction, and they tried to cheer him up with the brighter sides of the picture.

They described the huge rewards that unquestionably awaited his return from the moon, the fortune to be won from books and television and lecture tours. He would clean up. Honors and promotions would shower upon him. Beautiful women would throw themselves at him. His birthplace would become a national shrine, and his family famous. What more could any man want?

Rich showed no reactions until they mentioned his family. Then with a start he thought of his mother. He would not get to see her again or tell her good-by. This struck him as highly unjust, even cruel. For a man with perhaps only a week of life left, it was pretty ungrateful of the Air Force not to grant him a last home leave.

What was the harm in asking? As he thought more about it his chin set stubbornly. Ask, nothing! He still had some private right as a human being. He would go to General Vannemann and demand it. He arose suddenly, squared his shoulders and marched out of the club without explaining his purpose.

The righteousness of his mission stiffened his spine as he approached the headquarters building. The first awful shock had now passed away. He was resigned to go up in the moon-probe rocket, but only on his own terms.

The general was in conference with the Secretary of Defense and Senator McGuire when Rich was announced and ushered inside. The office was impressive, its walls and tables filled with astral maps, enlarged photographs of the major planets and models of rockets and spaceship moorings. But it soon became filled with the much more human and earthly problem of the visitor's firm demands. They were not well received.

"I am sorry, captain, but it's out of the question," the general said. "The blast-off is set for next Friday, and we must maintain absolute secrecy until then. That is why we are holding every man on the base, even these gentlemen"—he nodded to the two VIP's—"to prevent any possible leaks."

"And believe me, young man, I'd like to get home too," said the senator. "I've got an election coming up."

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 116)

Not the *C.S.S. Virginia*, or *Merrimac*, but the Confederate ram *Manassas*, a turtle-backed ironclad constructed at New Orleans by Captain John A. Stephenson. Like the *Virginia*, which was built on the hull of the wooden frigate *Merrimac*, the *Manassas* was constructed on the wooden hull of another vessel, a tugboat. On the night of October 12, 1861, nearly five months before the *Monitor-Virginia* engagement, the *Manassas* attacked the *U.S.S. Richmond* and three smaller wooden blockaders below New Orleans. Fate minimized her success. The shock of the ramming attack was broken by a small coal schooner, lying unnoticed alongside the *Richmond*. The *Richmond* reeled, with a gaping hole in her side, but failed to sink. The ramming jarred the *Manassas* so severely that her engine faltered, and she had to be towed home.

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"Every method of communication from Holloman to the outside world is cut off," Vannemann explained to Rich. "And they will *stay* cut off. The newspapers or anyone else will know nothing about this flight of yours until you return from it safely."

"But, general, sir, that's just my ——"

"Don't interrupt me, captain. This project involves a great deal more than yourself. We don't want another publicity mess like we had with that Vanguard failure a few years ago."

"No, sir!" the senator agreed emphatically. "That made us look ridiculous, telling the world, 'Hey, look at us,' and then falling flat on our faces."

"This time we're going to wait until we've got something to boast about." The secretary backed them up. "We're not going to tell anybody."

"Now, do you see why we can't afford to let you go home, captain?" the general closed the matter—or thought he did.

"No, sir," said Rich simply. "Because I won't tell anybody either."

His superiors exchanged glances, realizing that he might be difficult. The senator looked back at him shrewdly.

"Not even your own mother?"

"No, sir—not even her."

"You wouldn't have to tell her," the senator replied. "She'd worm it out of you. I know mothers. I had one. Never could hide a thing from her. They're psychic."

"Not mine, sir," Rich told him. "She believes whatever I say."

Another pause followed. They were at a loss how to handle such calm stubbornness. The general eyed the homesick hero suspiciously. "Is this an ultimatum, Captain Talbot? Are you telling us you won't take the ride in that rocket unless you can go to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, first?"

Rich hesitated, took a deep breath and nodded. "That's about the size of it, sir." He waited in painful silence, then added hopefully, "I guess you'll want somebody else now."

The general glowered back at him and weighed the knotty problem. He had already told the Pentagon that their volunteer was the ideal man for the mission. "I don't know yet," he growled. "I'll have to think about this."

"I'm sorry, sir." Rich gulped and went for broke. "But I'll have to know now."

All three stared in sharp surprise. This was worse than insubordination. It was outright mutiny.

"If I *can* go I want to get started tonight," Rich explained. "It would take me two days by train each way, so I'd only have a few hours at home and ——"

"What do you mean 'by train'?" the general demanded. "You could fly there in three hours."

"I—er, I really don't like to fly, sir," Rich confessed meekly, and this news really startled them.

"You . . . don't . . . like . . . to . . . fly?" Senator McGuire was dumfounded. "That's a heck of a statement from a man who's going into outer space!"

"Well, I guess Charlie didn't like it much either, sir, but he went."

"He's a chimpanzee!" the general reminded him sharply. "And he didn't have any choice. You did. You volunteered to go around the moon." He pointed to a large picture of it on the wall, and Rich glanced at it. He was tempted to explain Charlie's responsibility. but pride stopped him. "Well, didn't you?" his commanding officer insisted.

"Yes, sir, to the moon or somewhere."

He avoided the general's gimlet eyes. He was licked. Then slowly and with an unaccustomed surge of humaneness, the space chief's face relaxed. Like the senator, he had once had a mother too. He sighed and sat back. "All right, captain, you may go."

Rich looked up, surprised, uncertain. "You mean I'm dismissed, sir?" He backed toward the door expectantly.

"No, I don't mean you're dismissed. I mean you can go home, blast it!" Although he had surrendered, the general became tough again. He arose, shook a finger in the young man's face, and his words crackled with the bite of command. "But if those are your conditions, you've got to accept ours—we will give you exactly four days' leave. That means you will fly East tonight and report back here at nine hundred hours on Thursday, May twenty-sixth. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir. Nine hundred hours on the twenty-sixth."

"What's more, you will sign a pledge not to reveal one single word about our plans—not to anyone at all."

"Oh, no, sir, not a word," Rich promised earnestly.

"And don't talk to any strangers," the Secretary of Defense warned him. "They could be newspaper people—or spies—who know you're an Air Force scientist and might get curious. Keep strictly to yourself."

"Yes, sir," Rich nodded. "I don't mix very well anyway. I'm kind of shy by nature."

"Good. See that you stay that way," said the general.

"Yes, sir." Rich saluted briskly and had started to go when the C.O. stopped him.

"Wait a second. I haven't finished my orders." Rich froze to attention again. "When you climb into that rocket next week you've got to be in A-one physical

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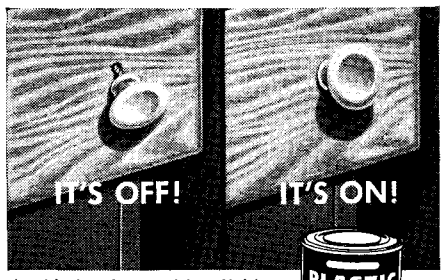

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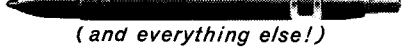

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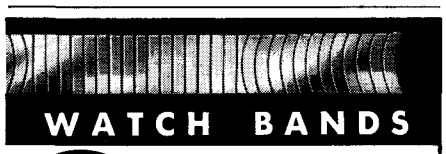

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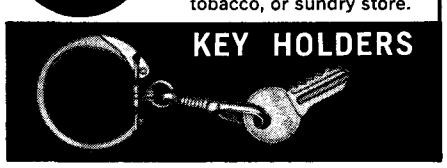

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shape. That means from this minute on you are not to touch any tobacco, alcohol or stimulants of any kind. That's why we wanted to keep you here, to watch you for your own good." He turned, opened a drawer of his desk and brought out something that looked like an unlabeled tooth-paste tube. "Now, as to food—you will eat nothing else for the next four days but this. It's a highly concentrated nourishing paste, the same thing you'll eat on your trip to the moon. By starting now it will preshrink your stomach and get you used to the taste."

"Yes, sir." Rich looked at the tube with no enthusiasm. He liked good food and had been looking forward to his mother's.

"And while you're on leave," the general's orders continued, "don't forget for a moment that your body and brain need absolute calm for the ordeal ahead."

"No, sir, I won't."

"That means—well, to put it bluntly—no lady friends, if you get the point."

"Yes, sir. You won't have to worry about that. I haven't got any steady girl right now, sir."

"Well, don't even get an unsteady one—not for a week at least." The point was emphasized. "Get plenty of rest and always alone, in a locked room. You just might talk in your sleep." He paused. "Now confirm your orders."

"Yes, sir—locked room, no sleep ——" Rich started to repeat the long list, then corrected it. "I mean no talk, lots of sleep, no girls, don't smoke, eat this, no drinks and don't talk to strangers."

"That's it. And one thing more. This is most important. Make certain that you telephone me, here, every twelve hours on the dot—noon and midnight, your time. We want to be sure nothing happens to you."

"Yes, sir. Shall I call collect?"

"Of course, collect—you're working for the United States Government," the general replied testily, and behind him the two men from Washington glanced at each other significantly, because it's things like this that run up the national debt.

"Well, have a good trip, captain." The general offered his hand in dismissal. "Enjoy yourself."

Rich took it, hesitated, then with curiosity he asked, "How, sir?"

It was almost daylight when Rich crossed the yard of the air base, carrying a suitcase and now in civilian clothes. He was accompanied to the main gate by his friend Lieutenant Walker, who was awed by the dramatic situation.

"And there you'll be," he pictured it, "walking around Philadelphia and Wilkes-Barre with the hottest secret in the world on your chest—only nobody will know it, and you can't tell 'em. Boy, that beats any whodunit I ever read! How does it make you feel?"

"I'd hate to tell you," Rich replied quietly.

Suddenly he stopped, staring off at a point just ahead, to where Charlie's cage stood in a corner of the yard between two barracks buildings. The space pioneer was having a ball for himself, racing wildly around the bars, then leaping up to his trapeze and swinging upside down, bouncing his head against the cage's top; all the while giving out weird sounds.

"Say, what's got into Charlie?" Rich was puzzled. "I never saw him do that before."

"Oh, he's just fooling around," his companion assured him and glanced at his watch. "You'd better hurry up, Rich," he warned, "if you hope to catch that plane in Albuquerque."

Rich backed away from the cage uncertainly, still watching Charlie's strange behavior. Had his mind been affected by something up there in the ionosphere, he wondered. Something that didn't show up in the tests? And if so, was it hiding there waiting for him too?

He turned, troubled, and went on toward the gates with the lieutenant. *Well, at least I know what's waiting for me back in Pennsylvania*, he mused, and the thought gave him some pleasure.

TO BE CONTINUED

My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 38)

She wouldn't budge, so I packed my bags and went to New York. I wasn't mad; I just had to get out. I rented a room at the Salmagundi Club and a studio at 80 West 40th Street. The first few weeks everything was fine. I had convinced myself that I was in the right, and I was so busy painting a *Post* cover that I had no time for brooding.

One evening, while I was visiting a friend who had a studio in the same building, we heard a rumbling in the wall. "That must be the dumb-waiter," he said. "I discovered it when the painters scraped off the wallpaper. Let's see what's on it." He opened a little door, and up came the dumb-waiter—three open shelves loaded with bottles of champagne and Scotch. This was in 1925, during Prohibition.

"Where do you suppose it's going?" I asked.

"I don't know," said my friend, taking one of the bottles of champagne, "but we can't overlook an opportunity like this."

A couple of days later, as we were sipping highballs from a purloined bottle of Scotch, my friend suddenly put down his glass. "I know where it's going," he said. "Texas Guinan runs a speak-easy in the penthouse. She must store her liquor in the cellar."

My friend and I weren't pigs about it. Just every so often, when visitors dropped by, we'd wait until the dumb-waiter rumbled up the shaft, open the little door and say, "What'll you have?"

So, as I say, the first few weeks of living alone passed comfortably. Then I began to go into restaurants, order dinner and leave before the waiter brought food to the table. I didn't sleep well. I'd wake up in the middle of the night, dress and walk around Central Park, disturbing the pigeons and thinking, *You can't go crawling back. But you're miserable. What are you going to do?*

I did nothing. Oh, I worked during the day—a *Post* cover, an advertising job—and occasionally I'd call up Irene and ask her to send me some of my paints. I drifted in a haze of misery for four or five months. Then, just as I was about to go all to pieces, what with loneliness and worry and feeling such a fool, I went to the hospital with tonsillitis. Irene visited me there, and after I had recovered we bought a house in New Rochelle to live in by ourselves.

It was a cheaply built, imitation English cottage, which we soon traded in for a better place. I immediately made plans to build a studio onto the garage. Dean Parmelee, a friend who was an architect, persuaded me that the studio should be early American in design—the antique craze of the middle '20's was at its height.

We used fieldstone for the outer walls. Inside there were rough beams and a pegged floor, and a wagon wheel with candles in it for a chandelier. Set into the south wall was a large fireplace of old bricks, topped by a fake balcony. I hung a Revolutionary War musket below the mantelpiece and set out quill pens, pewter mugs, a ship model and an old clock. Inside the fireplace we installed imitation bread ovens and a crane supporting an iron kettle. All around the room I hung relics and antiques—powder horns, a brass bed warmer, an old bullet pouch, steer horns, and so on. The furniture was all antique—a wing chair, a battered stool, a Windsor chair, a long tavern table, a grandfather's clock. The only concession Dean and I made to modernity was putting a big studio window in the north wall. In the end my love affair with the antique cost me $23,000. Still I liked my studio and considered it extremely up to date, in an antique way.

The leading families of New Rochelle were organizing the Bonnie Briar Country Club. Irene and I accepted an invitation to become charter members. Suddenly we were (*Continued on Page 122*)

"Just let me adjust these sights here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This is the smile dividends are helping to pay for

Here is a beautiful smile in the making. It will require the practiced skill of an orthodontist. It will be expensive.

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(*Continued from Page 120*) attending parties almost every night. I made connections with a bootlegger and joined the Larchmont Yacht Club and took up golf. Pretty soon I was getting to be a snob.

Suburban society was an amoral and yet a curiously naïve world. Everybody drank quite a lot, and the only rule of conduct was that nothing was to be taken seriously. It appeared sophisticated; yet the silliest things were done with pompous gravity. One summer, while Irene was visiting her mother at Louisville Landing, I lived in a room at the Larchmont Yacht Club. Every day after work I'd change into white ducks, blue blazer, saddle shoes and a yachting cap. One of my friends owned a Victory Class sailboat, and I was a member of the crew. We'd polish the railings or varnish the mast or something for a while, then change into evening clothes and meet at the bar for cocktails. If I said, "This is a good drink," my friends were ashamed of me. Among us sailors a drink wasn't a drink, it was "grog."

Clothes were vital. I bought a complete golfing costume—tight tweed knickerbockers, a jacket which buttoned to the neck, shoes with a long tongue flapping over the laces, all very British. Afternoons I'd dress up and drive to the club in my canary-yellow roadster—an Apperson Jack Rabbit—my golf bag propped up on the back seat, my cap at a jaunty angle and a pipe in my teeth. Oh, I was a sport, make no mistake; I was right off the links at St. Andrews.

Then the Prince of Wales was seen playing golf attired in loose, baggy knickers which reached almost to his ankles. All of us discarded our old knickers, bought ones like his and considered ourselves aristocratic.

How could we have been so serious about clothes? I didn't even enjoy golf. It took time and bored me, but I thought it was smart. I yearned to wear the right clothes, hold right opinions, play the right games. My new friends used to tutor me. "Get your hair cut," one of them said, "and part it. People don't wear pompadours any more." So I had my hair cut and parted down the middle. "That's awful," said my friend. "Part it down the side, man, down the side." I wore a stickpin in my tie. "No, no," my friend said. "Stickpins went out during the Civil War. Look here. . . ."

I did everything he told me to, even though I was getting sick of golf and tired of going to party after party. Just the same, it was mighty flattering to be taken up by the "county" people. My family had been poor when I was a kid, but look at me now—the gay man about town with wealthy, sophisticated friends. I didn't realize that I was made welcome as a kind of curiosity or conversation piece. Someone once blurted out, "They're not asking you to dinner—they're asking your reputation."

My work didn't change. I kept right on painting dogs and little boys and old men, unaffected by the parties, the promiscuity and the drinking. And Irene and I were getting along well. She was socially ambitious. We went to all the parties, and acted just like everyone else. But we were really fish out of water.

One summer in the mid-1920's I went to Europe with Dan Parmelee and Bill Backer. I remember it as a sort of sunny, carefree interlude. When I boarded the *Aquitania*, carrying a fat sketchbook under my arm, I happily turned my back on the frenzied life I'd been leading.

In England we toured the southeastern coast in a rented Rolls-Royce. After a few days' practice, I developed a quick sketching technique, a sort of shorthand. At night, in my hotel room, I'd carry the rough sketches a step further, adding little touches of water color here and there.

We flew to France. My sketchbook was filling up, and it was good stuff. I was carrying it everywhere I went; as a precaution I'd written my name and address on the end papers, front and back, adding, in French, German, Italian, English and Spanish, "A huge reward will be given to the finder."

We sailed down the Rhine on a steamer, journeyed to Munich for a beer festival and went on a walking trip. We walked from Munich to Venice, through sun-dappled forests and high mountain passes.

Then Spain. One day in Madrid I sat down in an art gallery to rest. After a minute I got up to look at *The Topers*, by Velázquez, one of my favorite paintings, leaving my sketchbook on a settee. When I returned, my sketchbook was gone. I never got it back. It was a terrible loss.

The night after I arrived home there was a party at the Bonnie Briar Country Club. I didn't especially want to go. I had a lot of work waiting for me—some ads, a *Post* cover, a couple of stories to illustrate. But Irene said "everybody" would be there, so we went.

We were right back on the merry-go-round. There were parties almost every night. Sometimes Irene went to one and I to another; sometimes we went together. But we were always with the same crowd. I planned my life around the evening, scheduling my work so that it wouldn't interfere with the parties.

One night we caroused at the country club until midnight, then piled into cars and drove to a raucous affair in Westport, Connecticut, where all the guests were dressed in pink jackets and riding habits. Everybody was drunk, and a woman fell into the swimming pool, and I thought it was all very grand because I met F. Scott Fitzgerald, the famous writer, and heard him sing a rowdy song. That spring I gave a party which cost me $1200. I even had two orchestras, one in the studio and one in the house.

It was an unnatural life for me—for Irene, too, I guess, though she took to it more easily than I did. The people we were going around with were used to it. They'd lived with wealth and leisure all their lives, and could handle it. I developed a principle: *If you don't love anybody*, I said to myself, *if you don't become involved, then you won't get hurt.* So I filled my days with work and my nights with parties and tried not to think about anything, succeeding pretty well.

Then, during that winter, a queer thing began to happen. I noticed that my kid models, some of them sons or daughters of my country-club friends, were shocked by their parents' behavior. Everything the parents did contradicted what they'd told the kids was right and honest. The kids had been told that you should avoid drinking too much, save your money and be strictly moral; yet they could see that their parents were drinking heavily, throwing money around and not troubling themselves about morals. The kids were bewildered.

My work kept me sane, but after a while the parties and wildness even began to mix with my work. I'd delay a job for two or three days because it meant tiring myself after some party at the club. Then, one summer in the late 1920's, I went to Europe with three couples. Again Irene stayed at home.

In Europe we did all the right things. We stayed at the Ritz in London and the George V in Paris. We visited the right night club on the right night. (I remember that you were supposed to go to the

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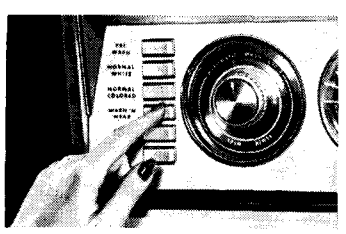

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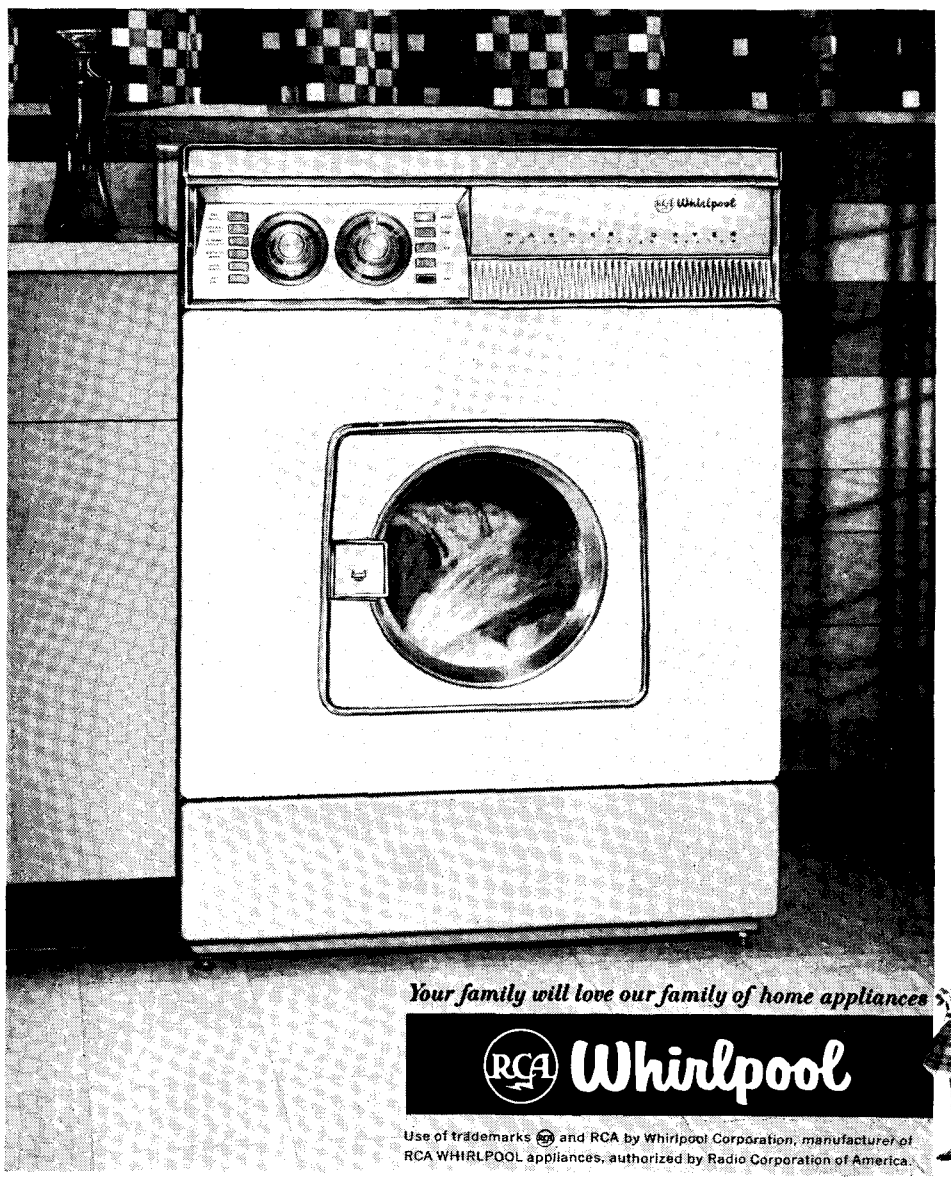

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Embassy on Thursday; it was vulgar to go there on any other night.) We went to the tennis matches, and attended a party in a British lord's flat, dressed in top hats and tails. I was living off the top.

One day in Paris I said, "Let's go to the Louvre." Somebody replied, "We've been to the Louvre." I didn't consider that a stupid remark. It was true; we'd been to the Louvre. Why go again?

That trip was the culmination of my career as a pseudo playboy. I thought I was at last really in society. I wasn't a hanger-on any more. I was one of the best people. When I returned to New Rochelle, everything collapsed. Irene asked for a divorce. After thirteen years of marriage, she had fallen in love with someone else.

Looking back on it, I don't think I was surprised. I'd known for a long time that we weren't suited to the sort of life we were leading; something had to crack. But if I wasn't surprised, I was hurt. A few weeks later Irene went to Reno, and I moved into a studio apartment in the Hotel des Artistes, on 67th Street off Central Park West in New York City.

It was a spacious apartment—a two-story studio with a library, dining room, bath and kitchen opening off it, and a balcony with two bedrooms and another bath. I moved in my furniture from New Rochelle and arranged it with great care. The first morning, when I came out on the balcony from my bedroom and saw my easel and palette table and chair grouped in the center of the studio before the wide, two-story window, I thought, *This is the life; no more mess, no emotional ties.* I skipped into the bathroom and shaved, whistling, then went downstairs and prepared my favorite breakfast, cereal and bananas, which I ate in the library.

Afterward I strolled over to Dorlan's Livery Stable and arranged for riding lessons. The riding habit I'd ordered at a Madison Avenue haberdashery wasn't ready yet, but I wanted to get started. You see, I was a bachelor again, and I was going to be sophisticated and gay.

A week or so later my riding clothes arrived: hand-made Italian boots, tan breeches, tweed coat with long skirt, black derby with a cord on the back which I hooked to my coat collar, light-gray stock held in place by a horseshoe pin and a leather riding crop. As I strode to Dorlan's, switching my boots with my crop, I felt I was the genuine article, the squire riding to hounds. The horse they gave me was a gentle old plug, but I was unsteady in my seat and posting was beyond me. When the horse went up, I came down, gritting my teeth.

I dined with friends almost every night and saw a lot of shows. At first I lunched three or four days a week with Emil Fuchs, a portrait painter who lived at the hotel, and his coterie of distinguished friends. Fuchs had a lean, aristocratic face and an elegant goatee. He had been court painter to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. Around his rooms—two studios like mine combined into one magnificent apartment—hung his life-size portraits of Victoria and Edward, his sketches of the royal family playing croquet or walking in the gardens at Windsor Castle and the death mask of Victoria, which he had made.

He had once been the pet of English royalty and had told endless stories about them in his autobiography, *With Pencil, Brush and Chisel.* The book was serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post;* Fuchs gave me an autographed copy.

When he painted, Emil Fuchs wore a linen apron over his velvet smoking jacket and held an enormous palette in his left hand. Every morning before lunch he fenced on the roof of the hotel with a fencing master. His luncheons lasted from twelve until two, and the food and wines were excellent. In short, he lived in the grand manner, surrounded by luxury.

I was flattered by the standing invitation to lunch. At first I went faithfully, but after a while I became bored. Besides, I couldn't give up two hours in the middle of the day, three or four days a week. I had to work for a living, so I began to attend the luncheons less often.

And then, after my fine start in bachelorhood—the riding, dining with friends, the theater, my apartment—things had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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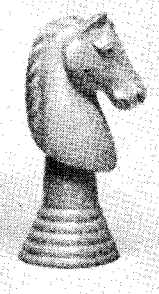

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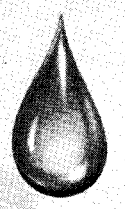

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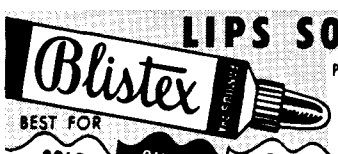

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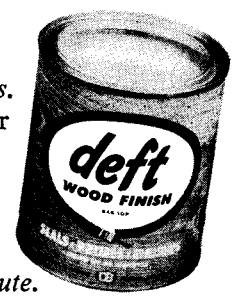

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begun to go to pieces. I ate alone four or five nights a week. Breakfast was worse. I'd get up and start shaving, and pretty soon I'd notice the silence in the apartment. So I'd fix my breakfast and eat standing up at the kitchen counter to get through with it quickly. Then I'd pile the dishes in the sink and change into my riding habit.

By now the wiry, sarcastic riding instructor was letting me go out by myself. Horses frightened me, and they knew it. They seemed so darned tall, and you could never tell what they would do next. Yet riding was better than going to work right after breakfast. I'd tried that, but it was too much like being locked in a prison cell. I had to see people and hear something besides water dripping in the bathtub. That was what bothered me most about living alone—the silence.

Emil Fuchs was showing his paintings and sculpture at the National Academy of Design galleries. I received an engraved invitation. When I arrived, he was seated at a piano, dressed in white tie and tails, playing Chopin. At a long table nearby waiters stood ready to serve champagne. I walked through the almost-deserted galleries, looking at the huge portraits and admiring the skill with which they had been hung. The paintings were conventional, all velvet drapes and noble poses.

I had a glass of champagne and congratulated Fuchs on his show. A few people drifted in. *It's queer.* I thought. *I wonder where everybody is?* Then a friend who lived at the Hotel des Artistes came in, and after a while we left together. I remarked that the show hadn't brought out many people.

"Don't you know about Fuchs?" my friend asked. "He hired the galleries himself. Thought if he had a comprehensive exhibition of his work he'd get the Vanderbilts and the Astors to commission portraits. You saw his stuff. It's good, but old-fashioned. He can't get the top commissions any more, and he's too proud to accept any others."

"That's not true," I said. "I see him bustling out of the hotel every morning with his paintbox."

"Sure he goes out," said my friend, "but do you know what he really does? He walks over to that drugstore near the hotel and sits in a back booth all morning, drinking coffee. Then he comes back to the hotel. You know how proud he is. He just wants to make people think he's still getting commissions, the big ones. You go over to the drugstore some morning about ten. You'll see."

So I did, and sure enough there was Emil Fuchs, sitting in a back booth with an empty cup before him and his paintbox on the seat beside him. For a while I went to his luncheon levees more often, out of sympathy. Then I quit going. My own work was beginning to give me trouble. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on really, just a general feeling of dissatisfaction.

Years later I discovered that in one *Post* cover I did during this period, one of a millionaire and a grocery boy looking at the stock-exchange quotations in January, 1930, I'd sort of put three legs on the boy. I'd shown him leaning forward, his legs bent, his hands on his knees. But there was another leg in the back of his pants, not bent, straight. The cover printed that way; it was a mistake that wasn't easily seen.

All this time I had a feeling that I was making an ass of myself at every turn. I remember one visit with Mr. George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor. Mrs. Riddell, the art editor, showed me in, announcing, "Norman is getting a divorce."

"Oh," said Mr. Lorimer. "Why?"

"My wife fell in love with another man," I said.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Mr. Lorimer.

"Nothing, I guess."

"In my day," he said, "we'd have shot the man."

The exchange made me feel like a fool. I was feeling awfully sorry for myself until one day when Marie, the maid who tidied my rooms and fixed my lunch, rushed into the studio all excited. "Mr. Rockwell," she exclaimed, "it's terrible! Awful! Mr. Fuchs has killed himself."

She put down her mops, brooms and pail, dropped into a chair and told me all about it. Emil Fuchs had been found sitting on his balcony, a pearl-handled revolver in his hand. There was an empty wineglass on the table beside him. At the other end of the studio, on easels arranged in a semicircle facing the balcony, were his portraits of Queen Victoria, King Edward and the royal family.

"He must have planned it deliberately," I said.

"Yes," said Marie; "but why would he do a thing like that?"

The poor old guy! I thought. He was rich and his reputation was secure. Could fresh commissions have meant so much? What I didn't know—what no one knew until the newspapers published the suicide note—was that Emil Fuchs was dying of cancer.

I was soon absorbed again in my own troubles. Living as a bachelor was misery. So, while I waited for something to happen, I gave a tremendous party—all my New Rochelle society friends, business acquaintances, an orchestra, three maids and a butler.

About one o'clock, when everything was humming, the art director of *Good Housekeeping* slapped my shoulder. "Whatta ya say, Norman?"

"Nothing much."

"How about that series I was talking to you about? The Life of Christ. You want to do that series?"

"Sure," I said, thinking he was pretty well lit. "Sure, any time."

"Good boy." he said. "You're a pal." And he went off to the bar.

Several days later the art director came up to my studio with his editor. "Well, now," said the editor, after I'd hung up their coats, "let's get down to work on the Life of Christ you're going to do for us. I believe one painting ——"

"Hey," I said, "I didn't know you were serious about that job."

"Sure we were serious," said the art director.

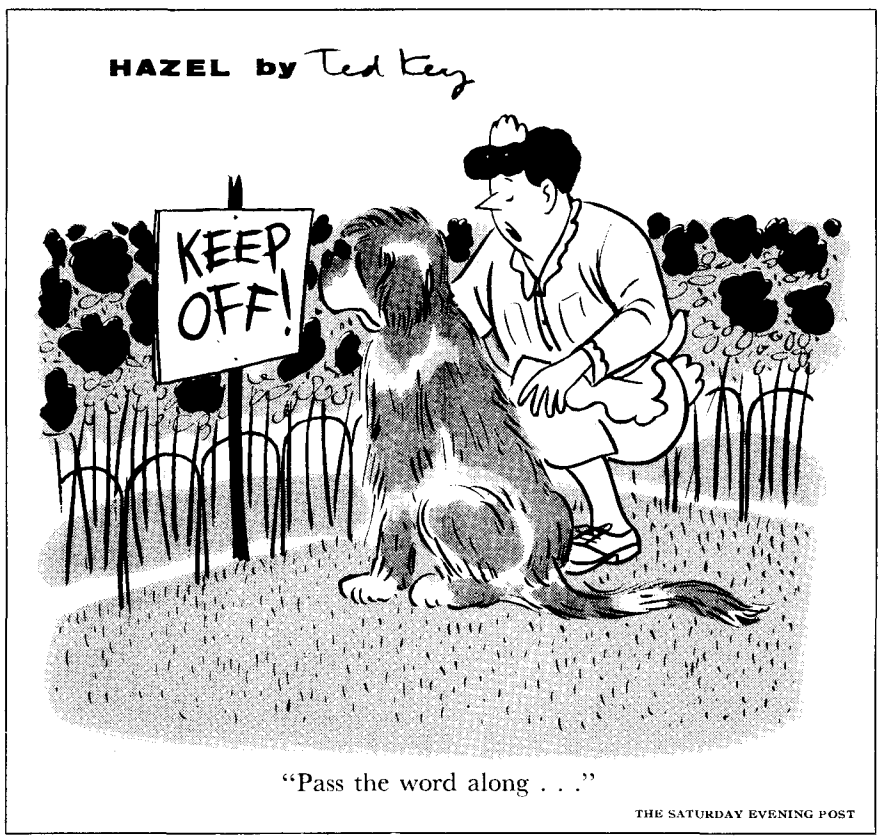
"It's impossible," I said. "*The Post* wouldn't let me do it. Besides, I've got commitments. I haven't time."

"Now look here," said the editor. "You said you'd do it. We've got a witness."

"No," I said, "I can't do it. That's flat."

"We'll call you," he said ominously, and they left.

The next day the editor rang up and told me that if I didn't do the series, *Good Housekeeping* would have to think of suing me. I rushed down to Philadelphia to ask Mr. Lorimer's advice. He sent me to *The Post's* legal department.



"Pass the word along . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hearst will probably sue," I was told. "They can't make you do the series, but they sure will make your life miserable. The best thing for you to do is get out of town for a while. And fast. Don't let them serve papers on you."

I was scared but happy that something had happened at last. Maybe it would bring a change. When I got back to New York, I entered my hotel by the service door. But where would I go to hide out? Clyde Forsythe, the cartoonist, who was visiting me with Cotta, his wife, suggested that I come to California with them. So we packed my bags, and I crept out of the hotel and caught the *Twentieth Century Limited.*

All the way out on the train Clyde and Cotta told me about a wonderful girl they wanted me to meet. "She's a young schoolteacher in Alhambra," said Clyde; "fifth, sixth and seventh grades. She likes art, and she knows your work and admires it. She's the daughter of an old friend of mine."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"And she's pretty," said Cotta.

"Not me," I said, catching the drift of their remarks. "I'm a bachelor, and I'm going to stay that way."

"Well," said Clyde, "you ought to meet her anyway. You'd like her."

"O.K.," I said, "but no entanglements for me."

The excitement of my escape from subpoena servers and the prospect of new surroundings had made me forget my loneliness. I'd been in California once before with Clyde and Cotta. They lived in Alhambra, near Hollywood, where the supply of artist's models was rich and varied. There were extras and out-of-work actors of all kinds—cowboys, old geezers, wizened crones, sleek matinee idols, lovely girls, plain girls.

So, as I say, I was excited on this trip West, mostly by the change of scene and the expectation of new models, but also a little by the prospect of meeting the girl Clyde and Cotta told me about.

I met her at dinner at the Forsythes' the second or third night after our arrival. Her name was Mary Barstow. She was wearing a bright orange dress and was extremely pretty, intelligent and charming. *Well,* I thought, *I'll ask her out; one date can't hurt.* When I called her the next day, she said she had a prior engagement.

That was that. It stood to reason a young girl, pretty and smart and all, wouldn't be interested in an old codger like me—divorced, thirty-six years old, fourteen years her senior. So I kicked the telephone stand and put her out of my mind and went back to work.

I needed a rawboned, glamorous cowboy for a *Post* cover: an actor dressed in chaps, boots and spurs having his lips painted by a hard-bitten little make-up man. I asked Clyde if he knew anyone who would fit the part. He took me to see a friend who was publicity director of Paramount studios. The publicity director suggested Gary Cooper. Wow!

"I'll send him over in the morning," the man said.

The next morning the door of the studio was quite literally darkened, and Gary Cooper strode in. What a man! When I looked at him, I felt thin and puny. He was a wonderful model and a nice, easy guy. But somehow I couldn't focus my mind on my work. I'd put a piece of charcoal to the canvas and then forget what I was about to draw—Gary's nose or his hands?

That afternoon Clyde asked why I didn't take Mary out.

"She didn't want to," I said. "Prior engagement. You know what that means."

"You dope," said Clyde; "she had to attend a P.T.A. meeting. She told her mother she liked you."

Well, for some reason I made a very good drawing that afternoon, and that night I took Mary to dinner. And two weeks later I proposed, and she accepted.

I wrote Mrs. Riddell at *The Post* that I was engaged to be married. A week or so later I had a phone call from Thomas B. Costain, now a historical novelist, then right-hand man to George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor. Tom had just checked into a hotel in Los Angeles. Would Mary and I dine with him?

I knew what was going on, and at dinner Tom admitted it. Mr. Lorimer had asked him to look Mary over and see if she was the kind of girl I should marry. His report to Mr. Lorimer was favorable; in effect I received another OKGHL.

Mary and I were married on April 14, 1930, in the garden of her parents' home in Alhambra. The next day we left for New York. Driving up Fifth Avenue, we saw a man wearing a top hat. Mary was astonished. People didn't wear top hats in California, and she wanted to see more of them. So we left our baggage at the Hotel des Artistes, went out to look and struck it lucky. Strolling past the Plaza we saw three men entering a Rolls-Royce, all wearing toppers. Mary was enchanted.

Next week, in the seventh of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell tells how he conceived his inspiring *Four Freedoms* paintings—and how he had a tough time selling the idea to the Government. —THE EDITORS

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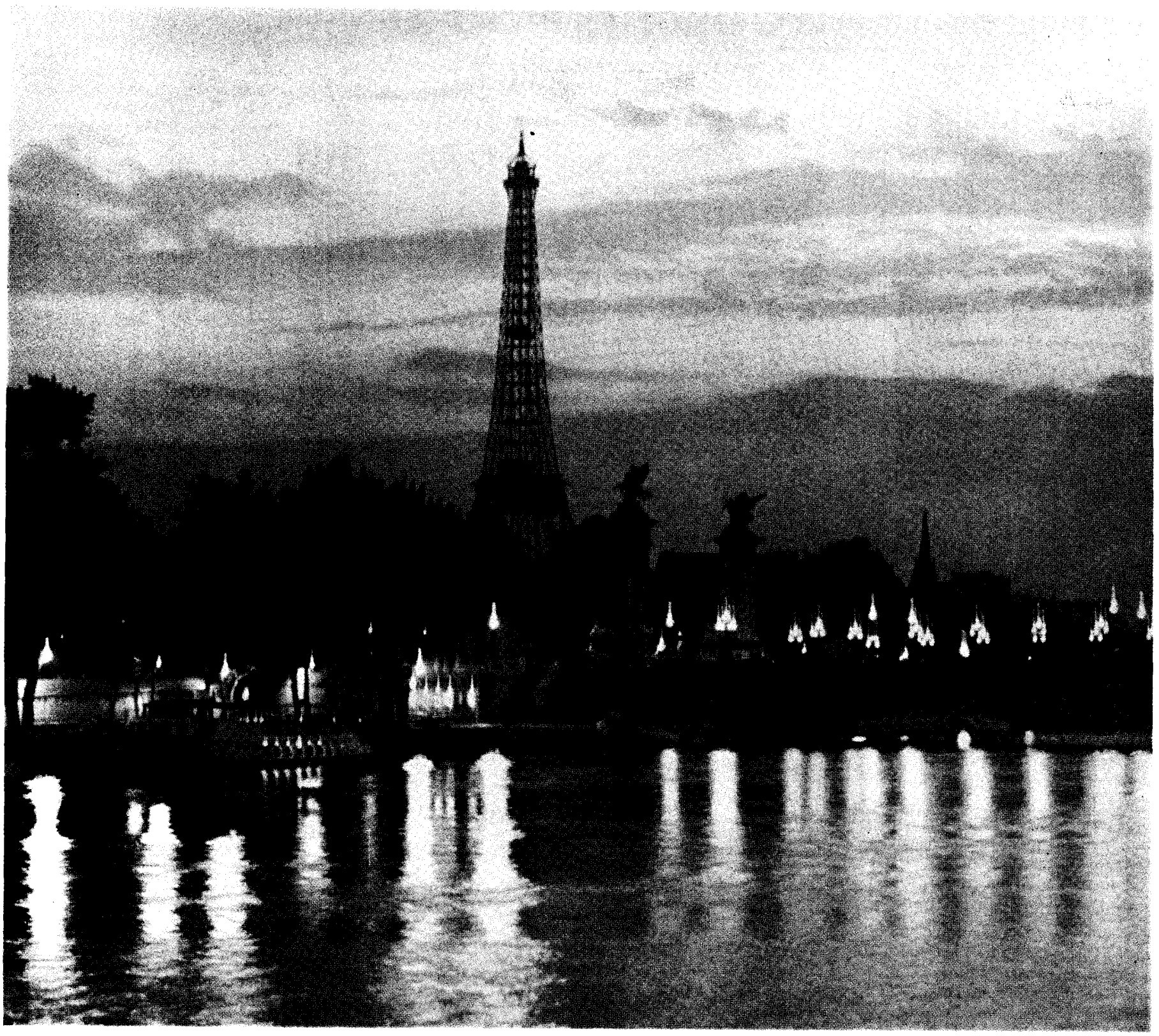

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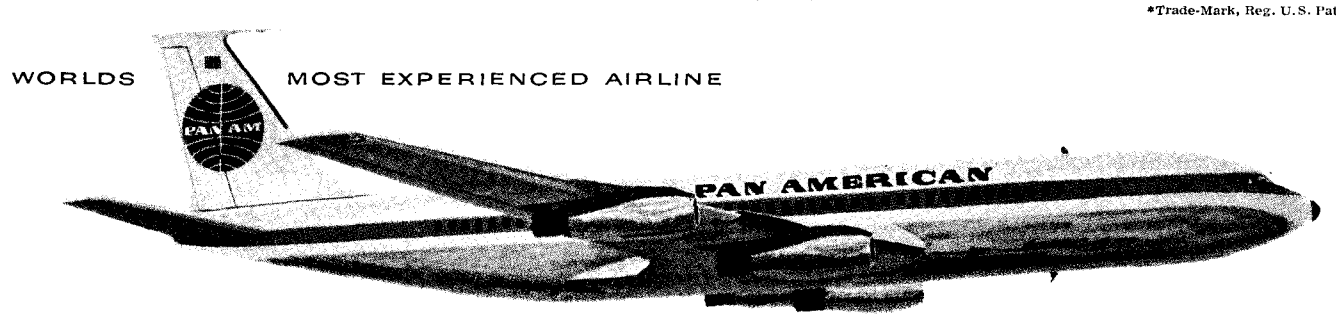

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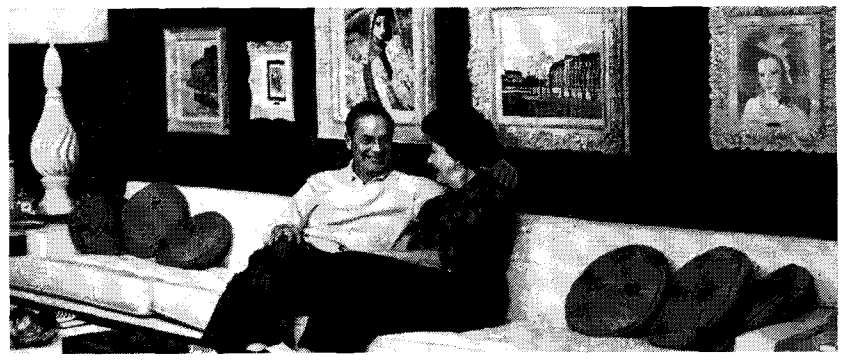
In Old New York

1904: Looking down Fifth Avenue, from a point half a block north of the scene on our cover.

With this week's gatefold-cover painting, we inaugurate a series of covers—to appear from time to time—on some of America's more illustrious streets. Some of those under consideration: Atlanta's Peachtree Street, Chicago's Michigan Avenue, New Orleans' Bourbon Street, Kansas City's Petticoat Lane. The Fifth Avenue scene chosen by artist **John Falter** seemed an appropriate introduction to the series, for in this delightful panorama we can observe the beauty and vitality of today and much of the charm of the past. Only a century ago this same area was a muddy crossroads, and its most notable landmark was the ice pond and clubhouse of the New York Skating Club, on what is now the site of the Plaza Hotel. By 1904, when the photograph at left was taken, the brownstone mansion was in its glory. The Netherland and Savoy hotels (left) were only a dozen years old, and the towering St. Regis, four blocks south, was brand new. No one dreamed that Cornelius Vanderbilt's French Renaissance château (right) would be demolished to make room for Bergdorf Goodman, the marble emporium at the center of our cover. The graceful Pulitzer Fountain seen on our cover had not yet been built, but General Sherman was already astride his bronze charger. Today the picturesque victoria carriages which line the curb along Central Park South are perhaps the most romantic link with the Fifth Avenue of the early 1900's. Most of the stately brownstones are gone, but in their place have come equally sumptuous structures of steel and glass. "The face of the avenue has changed beyond belief," one chronicler has written, "but its character has remained constant."

Tales of the Authors



Robert and Mary Buckner at home in Palm Springs.

David Niven and Doris Day in *Daisies*.

Robert Buckner lives in Palm Springs, California, but considers himself a Virginian. ("We Virginians never really become anything else.") He embarked for Hollywood in 1936 on a leave of absence from his newspaper and stayed on as a film writer (*Yankee Doodle Dandy*, *Knute Rockne*) and producer (*Life With Father*, *Mission to Moscow*). His first *Post* sale (page 24) is a delightful burlesque of the space race, and he says it's a pleasure to write something not destined to be "improved" by directors and actors.

Virginia Conroy has been told she is descended from the O'Mulconry, hereditary poets and scholars to the kings of Connaught; anyway, she finds it romantic and inspiring to believe so. She wants us to know that the armchair psychology applied in her first *Post* story (page 32) derives from her experiences as secretary to psychiatrists. Analyzing her own quirks, she confesses, "I have claustrophobia, detest elevators and won't put my foot in a subway—but then, neither will my analyst." Fortunately there aren't any subways in Providence, Rhode Island, where she resides.

Back in Menlo Park, California, after a string of overseas assignments, **Milton Silverman** fears he lacks the dash to pass as a full-fledged foreign correspondent. While researching his current article (page 26) he was presented to Princess Sophia of Greece. Instead of kissing her hand, he shook it vigorously, causing bystanding diplomats to pale. Nevertheless, the princess invited Silverman to fly to Athens in her private plane, and when they parted she extended her hand again. Figuring the honor of his country was at stake, Silverman planted a kiss that evoked a royal grin. "That's one thing I like about Americans," said her royal highness. "You really learn fast."

Jean Kerr is back in *The Post* (page 21) for the first time since her July 27, 1957, article, CHILDREN REALLY ARE NOT PEOPLE. That article was a highlight of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*, which was on *The New York Times* best-seller list for fifty weeks and now is an M-G-M film scheduled for an Easter-season *première*. New York suburbanite Kerr tells us she's busy "trying to write a play and get over the flu." She and her husband, drama critic Walter Kerr, have coauthored three Broadway shows and five sons, and she has done some playwrighting on her own.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"College Shouldn't Take Four Years"

Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University, suggests how we can save students' time and reduce the pressures of soaring enrollments.

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